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THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

By Rudyard Kipling.

Take up the White Man's burden—
  Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
  To serve your captives' need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
  On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
  Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
  In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
  And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
  An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
  And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
  The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
  And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
  (The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
  Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—
  No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
  The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
  The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
  And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden,
  And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better
  The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humour
  (Ah, slowly!) toward the light:—
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
  Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden—
  Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
  To cloke your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
  By all ye leave or do,
The silent sullen peoples
  Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden!
  Have done with childish days—
The lightly-proffered laurel,
  The easy ungrudged praise:
Comes now, to search your manhood
  Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
  The judgment of your peers.

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UNDER WATER IN THE "HOLLAND."

A VOYAGE IN THE DIVING TORPEDO BOAT.

By Franklin Matthews.

When one goes under water in the "Holland," there is a certain tremulous feeling as one climbs down the barrel-like turret and finds himself in a brightly-lighted steel cave that tapers off at one end in a constantly narrowing circle to the place where a slender shaft thrusts itself outside to a propeller, and, at the other end, stops short in a blunt compartment into which one cannot look without stooping. The man who operates the boat stands in the turret, and only his legs, as he stands on a bench, can be seen by those who are down in the body of the boat. You hear the top of the turret clamped down, and then you look about somewhat nervously to see what is to be done next. The pilot or commander in the turret rings a little bell, and one of the five men in the crew turns a wheel, and you see that the boat is under way, running along the surface. One of the crew is far in the stern, where the gasolene engine and the electrical appliances are. Another is near the center, where there are two long levers, by which he fills or empties the big water-tanks in the bottom of the boat. Another lies stretched on the bottom of the main

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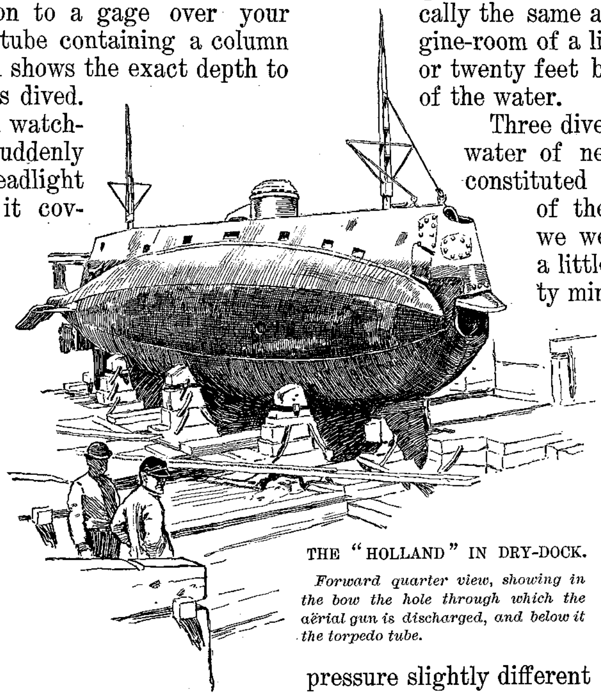
compartment, or sits on a camp-stool, with his hand reaching up into the turret, where he turns a wheel that controls the diving-engine. Another tucks himself into the small compartment at the bow, where he controls the apparatus for filling or emptying more tanks.

You look up at the tiny deadlight over your head, as you sit on your camp-stool, and you see the water dash over the glass in little waves. You hear the man in the turret give some order to the man at his feet; the floor tips slightly, and you know the descent has begun. You are so interested that nervousness disappears. Some one calls attention to a gage over your shoulder, a glass tube containing a column of mercury, which shows the exact depth to which the boat has dived. You are intent on watching that when suddenly you look at the deadlight again. You see it covered with water of a most vivid green color, and then your eyes go back to the gage. In a moment you begin to watch the crew and to listen attentively to the orders that are given. The man under the turret turns a wheel; the bow of the boat lifts a little, and the gage shows that you are coming to the surface again. The green covering slips away from the deadlight, and finally disappears, and you know that you are running along the surface again. A bell sounds with some order from the turret. You look up, and find the deadlight covered again. The boat is going down without dipping. The gage shows that, but there is no sinking sensation. The reserve buoyancy is being overcome by filling the tanks. Another bell is rung, and you know you are under way once more. The gage tells you that the flags on the standards are fluttering along the surface, and the steady rumble and chuggedy-chug throb of the electric motor tells you that you are moving steadily.



THE "HOLLAND" IN DRY-DOCK.

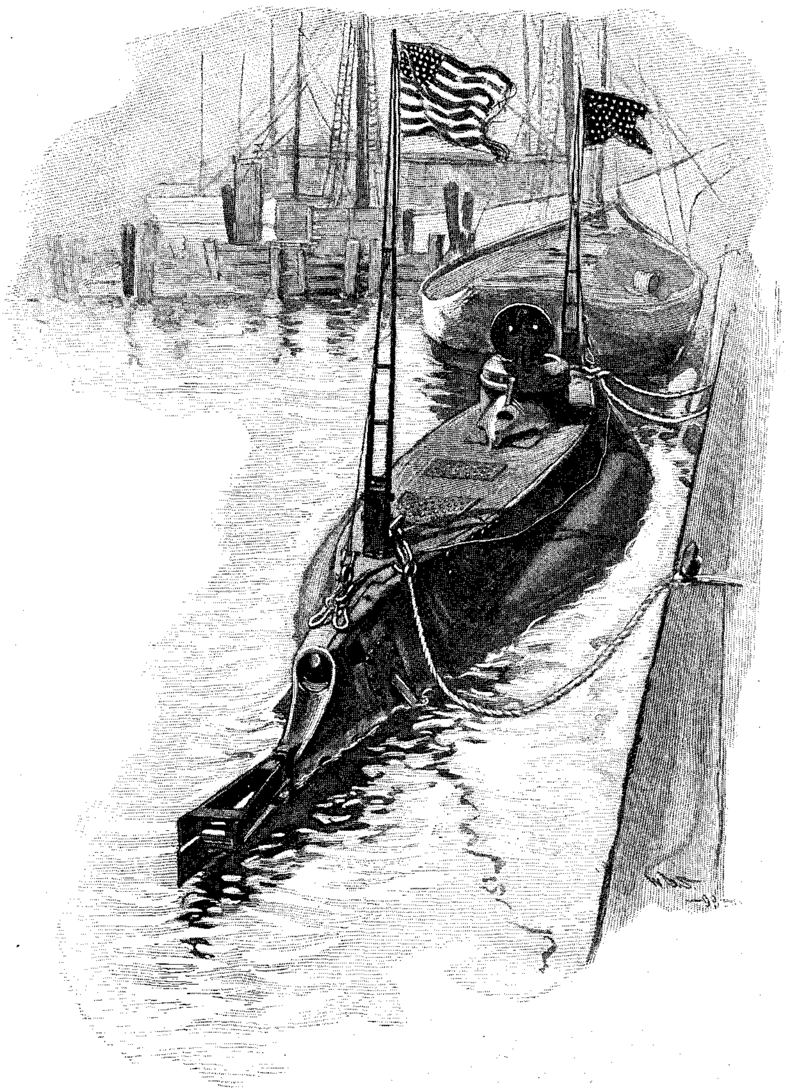
Forward quarter view, showing in the bow the hole through which the aërial gun is discharged, and below it the torpedo tube.

There is nothing to see but a little compartment filled with machinery, in which a few men half creep about and turn this or that wheel or push this or that lever, with entire complacency and no evidence of hurry or alarm. Conversation in low tones is going on whenever there is anything of special moment to be talked about. Every move that the boat makes shows that it is under perfect control, and a feeling of entire safety takes possession of you. In a few minutes the sensation of being under water becomes commonplace, and you begin to pity the people on the tugboat following you and who are perhaps worrying lest some dire thing will happen to you. Except for the cramped quarters, the sensation is practically the same as being in the engine-room of a liner at sea, fifteen or twenty feet below the surface of the water.

Three dives and a run under water of nearly three miles constituted the performance of the boat on the day we went down. After a little more than twenty minutes, we were on the surface again. The turret was unclamped, the air rushed down into the compartment, and the heavy feeling on the ear-drums for an instant showed that we had been breathing an atmosphere with a pressure slightly different from that on the surface of the water.

The "Holland," often called the "Monster War Fish," "Uncle Sam's Devil of the Deep," and the like, is, strictly speaking, a torpedo; but a torpedo controlled in all its workings by human agency inside the craft, instead of being automatic in its operations. The ordinary torpedo, by an arrangement of springs to counteract the water pressure, is made to go through the water at any depth set for it. It has to go in a path fixed for it beforehand. When it has run its course, it comes to the surface or sinks, in accordance with a predetermined plan. The "Holland" has men inside it to control it at will, from moment to moment, and with the additional power to discharge automatic water torpedoes, and to hurl aërial torpedoes as well.

The "Holland" is, in round numbers, fifty-



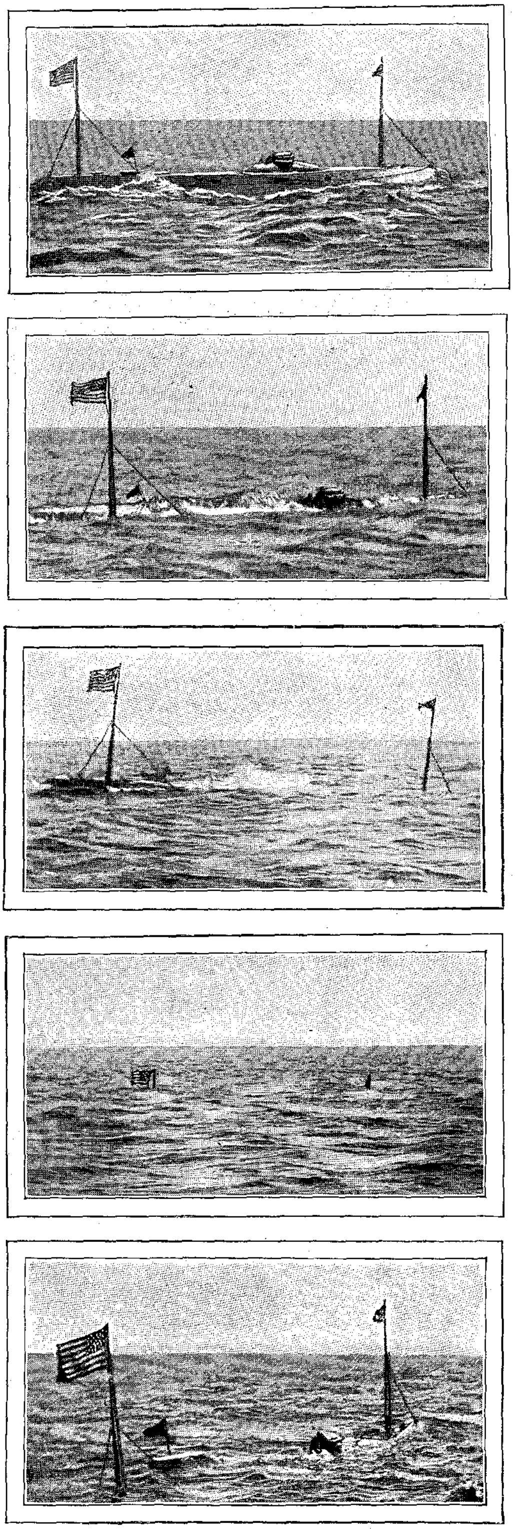
THE "HOLLAND" AT HER MOORINGS—(STERN VIEW).

three feet long, and in its widest part it is ten and one-quarter feet in diameter. It has a displacement of seventy-four tons, and what is called a reserve buoyancy of two-tenths of a ton. The frames of the boat are exact circles of steel. They are set a little more than a foot apart. They diminish gradually in diameter from the center of the boat to the bow and stern. On the top of the boat a flat superstructure is built, to afford a walking-platform, and under this are spaces for exhaust pipes and for the external outfit for the boat, such as ropes and a small anchor. The steel plates which cover the frames are from one-half to three-eighths of an inch in thickness. From what may be called the center of the boat a turret extends upward through the superstructure about eighteen inches. It is about two feet in diameter, and is the only means of entrance to the boat. It is the place from which the boat is operated. At the stern is an ordinary three-bladed propeller and an ordinary rudder, and in addition there are two horizontal rudders—"diving-rudders," they are called—which look like the feet of a duck spread out behind as it swims along the water.

The boat is propelled on the surface of the water by a gasolene engine, and beneath the surface by electricity from storage batteries. From the bow two-thirds of the way to the stern there is a flooring, beneath which are the storage batteries, the tank for the gasolene, and the tanks which are filled with water to submerge the boat. In the last third of the boat the flooring drops away, and the space is occupied by the propelling machinery. Another Holland boat, called the "Plunger," is, at this writing, near completion under Government contract at Baltimore, which will be propelled by steam on the surface and by electricity beneath the water. It has twin-screw propellers, and what are known as down-haul screws, to hold the boat at rest under water. It must carry a large steam boiler and three sets of engines, and must have a smoke-pipe; and it is further complicated by special requirements insisted upon by the Navy Department. It can discharge Whitehead torpedoes only. The "Holland" needs no boiler, has no smoke-stack or down-haul screws, and can discharge aërial as well as water torpedoes. The only raw material required for its operation is gasolene. With that it may run its engine to charge its storage batteries or compress the air in its tanks.

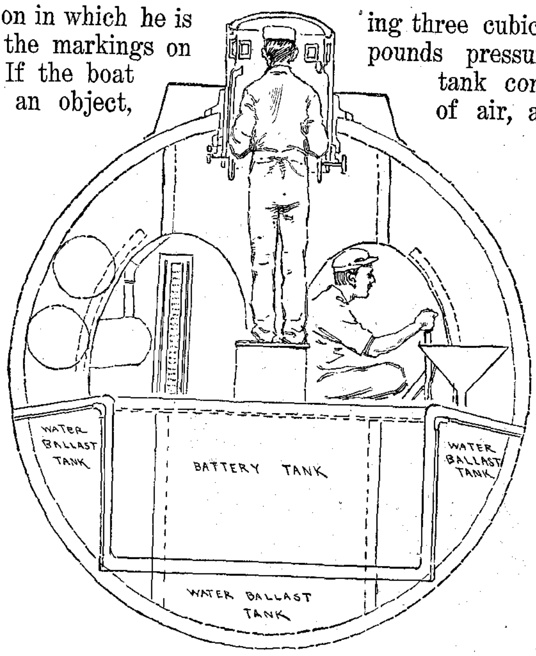
There are about a dozen openings in the boat, the chief being three Kingston valves, by means of which the submerging-tanks are filled or emptied. Others admit water to pressure-gages which regulate or show the depth of the vessel under water. There are twelve deadlights in the top and sides of the craft. To remain under water, the boat must be kept in motion, unless an anchor is used. There is always a reserve buoyancy which tends to make it come to the surface. It can be steered to the surface by the diving-rudders, or sent flying to the top through emptying the storage tanks. If it strikes bottom, or gets stuck in the mud, it can blow itself loose by means of its compressed air. It cannot be sunk unless pierced above the flooring. It has a speed capacity of from eight to ten knots, either on the surface or under water. It can go 1,500 miles on the surface without renewing its supply of gasolene. It can go fully forty knots under water without coming to the surface, and there is enough compressed air in the tanks to supply a crew with fresh air for thirty hours, if the air is not used for any other purpose, such as emptying the submerging-tanks. It can dive to a depth of twenty feet in eight seconds.

The interior is simply packed with machinery. As one climbs down the turret, he is confronted with it at once. There is a diminutive compass, which must be avoided carefully by the feet. A pressure-gage is directly in front of the operator's eye as he stands in position. There are speaking-tubes to various parts of the boat, and a signal bell to the engine-room. As the operator's hands hang by his sides, he touches a wheel on the port side, by turning which he steers the little vessel, and one on the starboard side, by turning which he controls the diving machinery. After the turret is clamped down, the operator can look out through little plate-glass windows, about an inch wide and three inches long, which encircle the turret. So long as the boat is running on the surface, these are valuable, giving a complete view of the surroundings, if the water is smooth. After the boat goes beneath the surface, these windows are useless: it is impossible to see through the water. Steering must be done by compass, until recently considered an impossible task in a submarine boat. A tiny electric light in the turret shows the



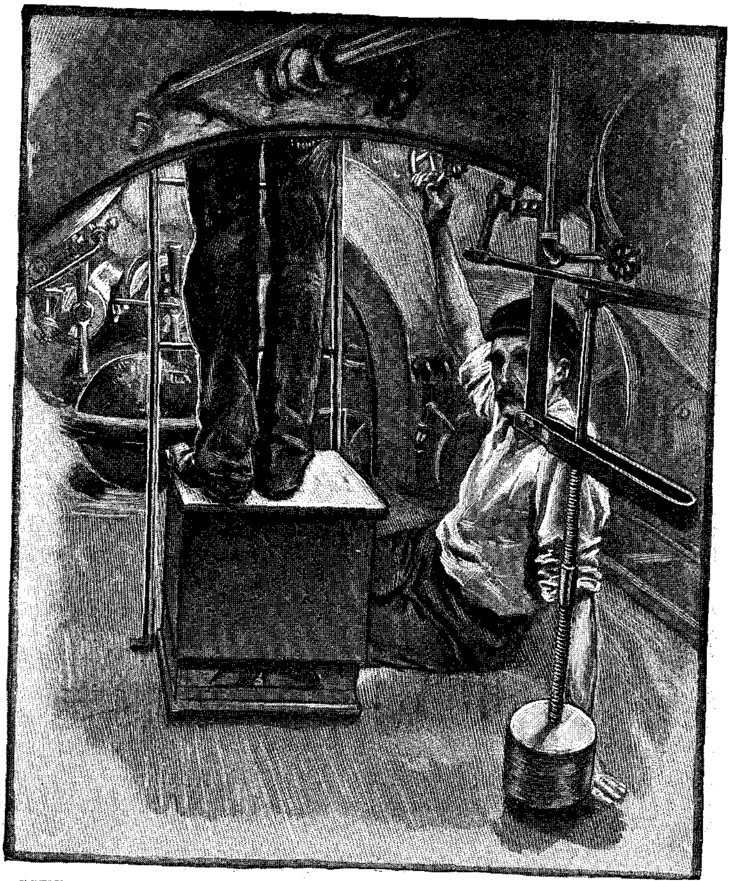
The series of photographs reproduced above, and kindly loaned by Mr. C. A. Morris, of the Holland Torpedo Boat Company, represent the "Holland" during her trip of July 5, 1898. *Taken in order, they show her in cruising position; in diving position; diving; three minutes later; and rising, six minutes after the dive.*

operator the direction in which he is going, and reveals the markings on the depth-gages. If the boat should pass under an object, such as a ship, a perceptible shadow would be noticed through the deadlights, but that is all. The ability to see fishes swimming about in the water is a pleasant fiction.



Amidships cross-section of the "Holland."

The only clear space in the body of the boat is directly in front of the bench on which the man in the turret is standing. It is where the eighteen-inch torpedo tube and the eight and five-eighths inch aërial gun are loaded. There must be space here in which to load the guns. One torpedo may be carried in the tube, and there is room for two more in the open space at the breech. The breech of the aërial gun is directly above that of the torpedo tube. There is room in the bow cubby-holes for half a dozen projectiles for this gun. Each of these projectiles weighs 222 pounds, and carries 100 pounds of guncotton. The gun can shoot these projectiles one mile. The Whitehead torpedoes used are of the largest size, and have a running capacity of more than half a mile, at a speed of thirty knots, after they are discharged.

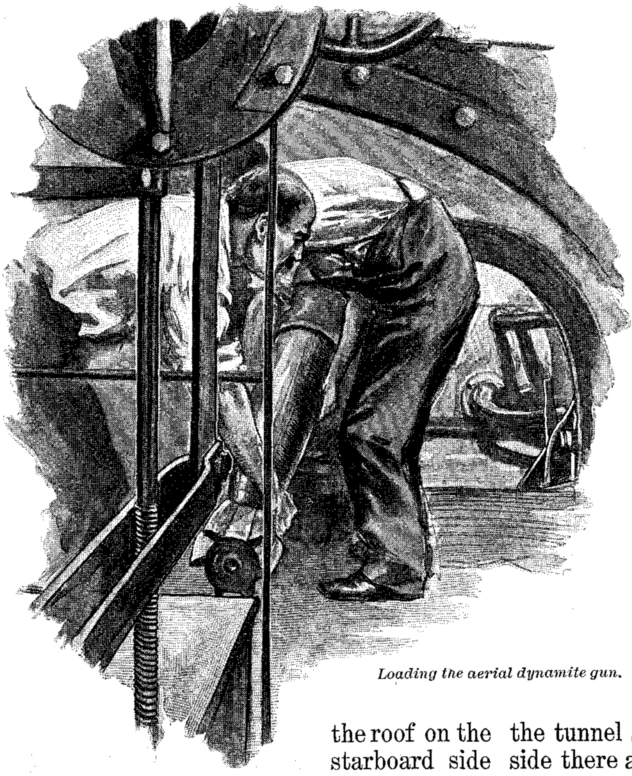


SCENE IN THE CENTER OF THE "HOLLAND" WHEN SHE IS UNDER WATER.

The man sitting on the floor, at the feet of the lookout (whose head and body are in the turret), is turning the wheel which controls the diving-engine.

Along the sides of this open space are six compressed-air tanks, containing thirty cubic feet of air, at a pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. Near by is a smaller tank, containing three cubic feet of air at a fifty-pounds pressure. A still smaller tank contains two cubic feet of air, at a ten-pounds pressure. These smaller tanks supply the compressed air which, with the smokeless powder, is used in discharging the projectiles from the boat.

Directly back of the turret is where one finds the machinery packed away closely. Up against the roof on the port side is the little engine by which the vessel is steered : it is operated by compressed air. Fastened to

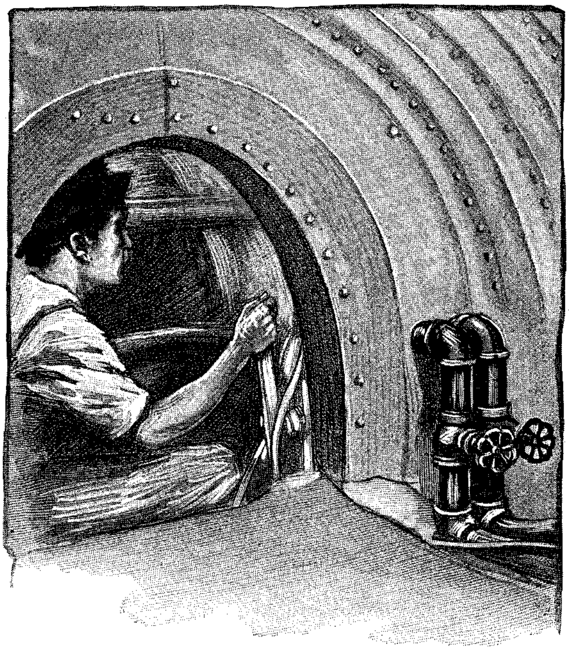


Loading the aerial dynamite gun.

the roof on the starboard side is the diving-engine, with disks that look as large as dinner plates stood on edge at each end. These disks are diaphragms on which the water pressure exerts an influence, counteracting certain springs which are set to keep the diving-rudders at a given pitch, and thus insuring an immersion of an exact depth during a run. At one side is a cubic steel box—the air-compressor; and directly in the center of this part of the boat is a long pendulum, just as there is in the ordinary torpedo, which, by swinging back and forth as the boat dives or rises, checks a tendency to go too far down or to come up at too sharp an angle. On the floor are the levers which, when raised and moved in certain directions, fill or empty the submerging-tanks. On every hand there are valves and wheels and pipes in such apparent confusion as to turn a layman's head.

Further back in the boat, where the flooring above the tanks ends, is the engine-room. It resembles in its perspective the tunnel shaft of an ocean liner. At one side there are the switchboards for the three dynamotors on board: one of forty-five horse-power to drive the boat; another of ten horse-power to compress air; and a third of one and one-half horse-power to supply the lights and assist in the ventilation. Near the switchboards are the spiral resistance coils, which curve along the roof. Over to one side is the trolley controller, which is used in speeding the vessel when under water. The engineer turns a switch around just as a motorman does when he starts a street car. Near by is the gasolene engine, in the center of the compartment; and back from this apparently tangled mass stretches the shaft, which passes out into the water through a stuffing-box.

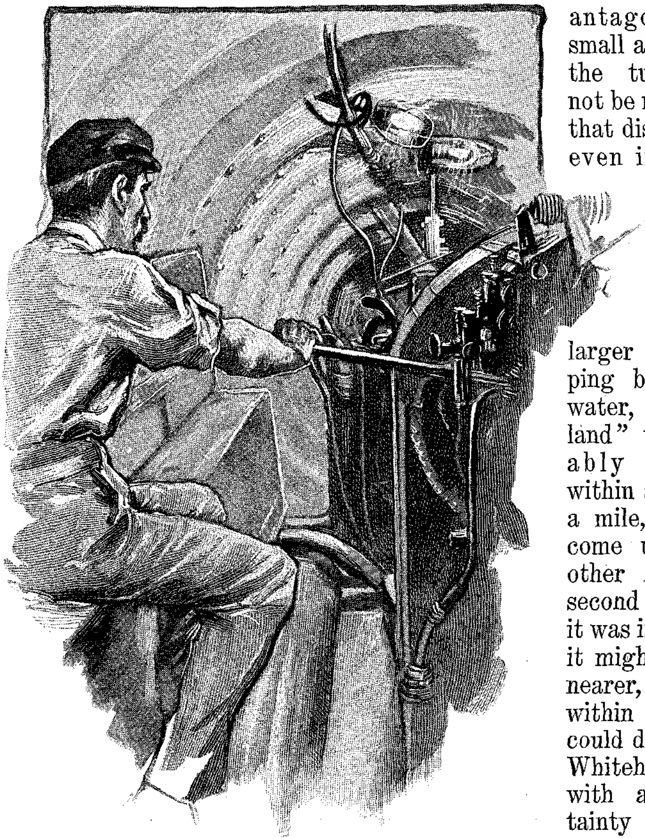
There are also pumps in the boat, a ventilating apparatus, and a sounding contrivance, by means of which the channel is picked out when running under water. This sounding contrivance consists of a heavy weight attached to a piano wire passing from a reel out through a stuffing-box in the bottom of the boat. There are also valves which release fresh air to the crew, although in ordinary runs of from one-half to one hour this is not necessary; the fresh air received



Filling the forward trimming-tank.

from the various exhausts in the boat being sufficient to supply all necessities in that length of time. The storage batteries in the bottom of the boat consist of sixty cells, with a power of 160 volts, and with a capacity for what is known to electricians as 1,600 ampere hours.

It is easy to build up stories, products of the imagination, as to what such a boat as the "Holland" would do in action; but nothing definite and sure can be said until an actual test comes. There is, however, one undoubted service that a boat like the "Holland" could be made to render in war, and that is, preventing an effective blockade of a harbor. The mere presence of such a boat defending a port would keep blockading ships moving at almost full speed, in order to be safe against its stealing near them while it was submerged and blowing them to pieces; and this movement would carry them probably so far off shore as to permit blockade runners to get in and out easily.



The engineer at work.

Again, such a boat, if in proper working order, could enter a harbor despite floating mines, and could ruin a fleet penned in as Cervera's fleet was. It could travel below contact mines, and there would be no use in attempting to destroy it by exploding mines planted in the mud, because the operators of the mines, in their lookouts on shore, could not see the craft and would not know when to set off such mines. In other words, the chief value of the "Holland," as a development in warfare, will be to prevent blockades, and to increase that tension among officers and crews on an enemy's warship, or fleet of warships, that leads in time to complete demoralization.

In an actual fight between a battleship and a Holland boat, the operation of the latter would be comparatively simple. The "Holland" would have a Whitehead torpedo in its bow tube ready for service, and also a projectile in its aërial gun ready to be fired. The boat would sink so that only its turret would remain above water, and so get within about a mile of its antagonist. So small an object as the turret could not be made out at that distance; and even if it were made out, the result would probably be a panic on the larger boat. Dipping beneath the water, the "Holland" would probably approach within a quarter of a mile, and then come up for another look of a second or two. If it was in the night, it might approach nearer, and when within 200 yards, could discharge its Whitehead torpedo with a fair certainty of hitting the target, especially if the boat had not yet been seen. If the "Holland's" presence had been detected, the big battleship would simply run away at full speed. No other course would be open to it.

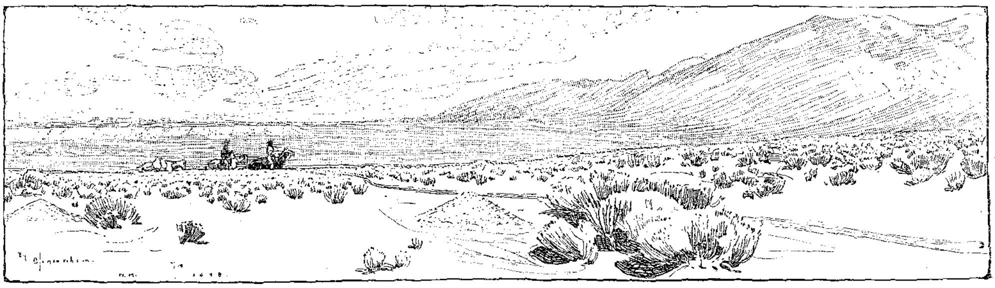
With one torpedo fired from the "Holland," the crew would simply place another in the discharging-tube. The operator would slowly raise the boat to the surface, get a line on his target, quickly turn the boat so as to be in a straight line of action, give a sharp command, and then, as the boat was submerged by filling its tanks, another torpedo would be on its deadly errand. If the boat should be seen, and an attempt should be made to run it down, a dive would put it out of harm's way in ten seconds. The chance of destroying it by a torpedo would be very small, because it presents hardly any target; and the same is true of the chance of hitting it with shots from a warship's guns. If the submarine boat's presence was suspected, the battleship would have to be kept running at nearly full speed, and at a long distance from port all of the time; if its presence was not suspected, the work of destroying the battleship would not be difficult. In either case, the safety of the port would be assured.

Curiously enough, it is probable that the "Holland" would do its most effective work on the surface, hurling its aërial projectiles filled with guncotton the distance of a mile. One of them falling within 100 feet of a warship would probably wreck it. The probability of exact range through the use of pneumatic power has been practically settled. The explosion of a large guncotton projectile near a ship, with no means of telling from what exact spot the next one would be hurled, would terrify the ship's crew. The experience of the "earthquake thrower," the "Vesuvius," at Santiago shows that. Little actual damage was done by the "Vesuvius," and the same is true of the bombardments by our battleships and cruisers; but it was agreed that the shots from the "Vesuvius" worked complete demoralization among the garrisons near which they landed.

Ever since the "Holland" began to attract public attention there has been much talk about "revolutionizing warfare." Such a possibility is always fascinating to the popular mind. Of course, strictly speaking, warfare is never revolutionized. Methods of waging it grow more complicated as science makes new achievements. The successful submarine boat adds new problems to these complications. This means a development, not a revolution.

The assertion that men will not be found willing to engage in the work of operating a boat of this kind has no force when one considers the bravery of the men of the South in the Civil War as crew after crew went to certain death in the crude "Davids" in the effort—successful at last—to destroy a Federal warship; when one remembers the eager daring and magnificent courage of Cushing and his companions of those days; when one recalls that recently every man, practically, in Sampson's fleet volunteered to go with Hobson to sink the "Merrimac" in the mouth of Santiago harbor. There never will be a lack of men in the United States navy to undertake hazardous work; but with the improvements that have come in navigation and in warfare, it would seem to be inaccurate to class service in a boat like the "Holland" as more dangerous than any other kind of work in action. Certainly the boat in battle would be safer than the ordinary torpedo boat exposed to fire on the surface of the water.

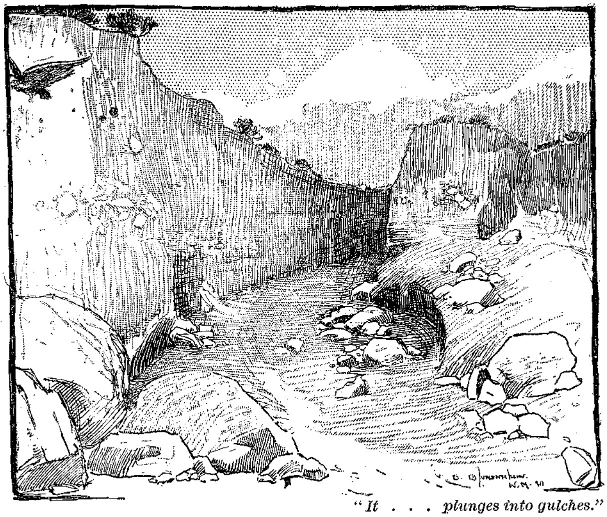
HITTING THE TRAIL



By HAMLIN GARLAND

Illustrated from Life by E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

THE trail has a language of its own because it has a life of its own. As distinct as the sailor's lingo, it is more picturesque and less technical in its metaphors. It is less bound by tradition and more humorous. To "hit the trail" is a phrase worth considering, for it suggests a long train of related pictures, signs, and symbols. A man is said to "hit the trail" when he pulls out of town or the highway or the camp with pack-train and saddle-horse, and entering the narrow path leading to the wild country where no wheel has ever rolled, leaves the world of business, art, and politics behind him.



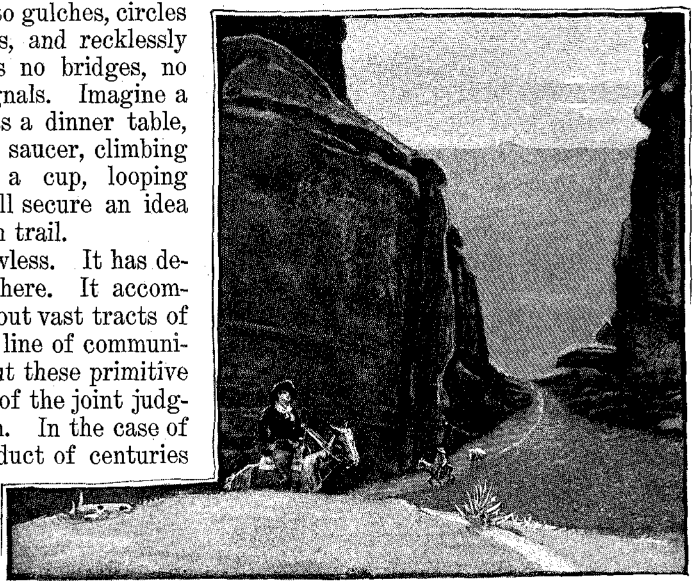
“It . . . plunges into gulches.”

It becomes each year increasingly necessary to define the trail itself. In its true meaning, it is a narrow path like a cow-path, capable only of receiving horses moving in single file. It is only twelve or fourteen inches wide on dry ground, and may be merely a smoothing of the ground, or it may be worn ankle deep by man and beast. It may be one mile or a thousand in length. It may be a “carry” around a river fall, or a hunting-path leading to the upper waters of a stream, or it may cross a mighty mountain range or a desert. Insignificant as a gossamer, it may be the thread on which a man's life hangs. It has immense value in the desert—longitudinally, it is impressive.

It is apparently aimless. It seems to go nowhere except in most difficult places. It climbs side hills, plunges into gulches, circles above the heads of cañons, and recklessly edges awful cliffs. It has no bridges, no tunnels, and few danger signals. Imagine a black thread thrown across a dinner table, crossing a plate, edging a saucer, climbing the sugar-bowl, circling a cup, looping around a knife, and you will secure an idea of the course of a mountain trail.

Yet it is by no means lawless. It has design. It ultimately gets there. It accomplishes wonders. Throughout vast tracts of the West it is still the only line of communication. No one man laid out these primitive paths. They are the result of the joint judgment of generations of men. In the case of old trails, they are the product of centuries of travel by the red men, who camped in the trackless waste many days in order that the trail should go right. They *felt* their way over divides and through wooded valleys. Almost every river and cañon of the Northwest has its Indian trail, forgotten, it may be, by both white men and red of this generation, trod only by the berry-seeking bear or the migrating elk. These trails cross the range at just the proper point. The white hunter sees *this*; the engineers follow the hunters, and the palace car rolls after.

The Indian's trail is of more interest than the white man's, because it is constructed on natural lines. The red man saved labor (time was no consideration). The white man commands it, and is, therefore, lavish of toil. Time he saves, and his trails are run by the compass. The Indian laid his trail by the conjunction of stars and mountain peaks. Therefore, it loops its way across a valley by most gentle and beautiful curves; it approaches a hill with caution, and follows a lake side with leisure. There is no mark of the axe on such a trail. A bent twig here and there—a sapling laid flat—nothing more. It respects the dead body of every tree, and turns gently aside for every swaying sapling. It allows nature to proceed undisturbed in her seedings and harvestings. Thus the Indian trail is never direct, but always indirect, accommodating, patient of obstruction—an adjustment, not a ravage. It alarms nothing. It woos every wild thing. It never disfigures. It sacrifices itself. It

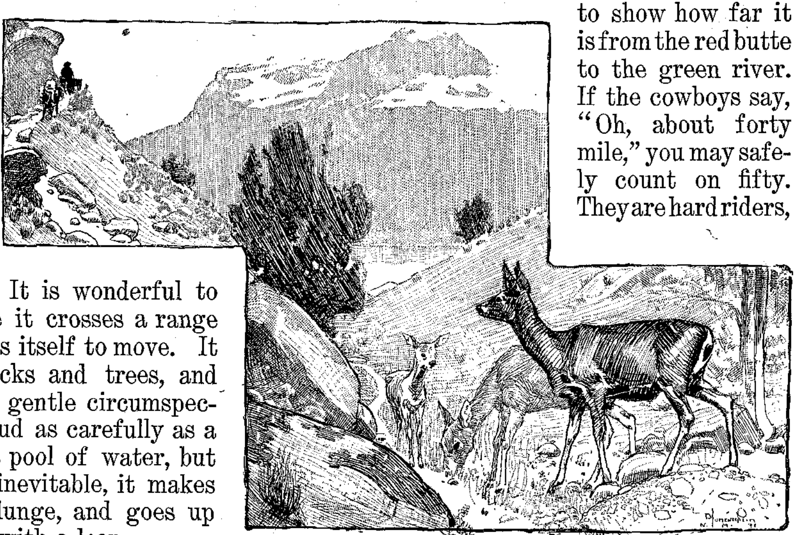


“Above the heads of cañons.”

loses itself in nature. It does not rive and uproot, or gash or destroy, like a road. It is a purple-brown ribbon in the grass; a silken strand on the hillside. It is dappled as a watersnake beneath the pines, brown with fleckings of sun and shade; in the meadow grass it disappears.

The trail is poetry; a wagon road is prose; the railroad, arithmetic. My blood always leaps under a spur of dimly remembered joys as I turn from the dusty, rectilinear turnpike into the trail. We are done with the foul dust, the noise, the crowds of the highway, when we "hit the trail." We enter into nature's heart.

It is, for the most part, gentle to the touch. Your feet make no sound in its bed. In the olden time, when men had no horses and wore only moccasins, it was patted silken smooth, like a rabbit's run-way. It is wonderful to see with what ease it crosses a range of peaks. It seems itself to move. It swings around rocks and trees, and goes at a hill with gentle circumspection. It avoids mud as carefully as a cat steps around a pool of water, but when the mud is inevitable, it makes a sudden, quick plunge, and goes up the opposite bank with a leap.



"Near the timid deer."

It seems to love grass and water. It lingers by the side of sunlit streams, and keeps close to the ripple of waves on the beach of woodland lakes. It plunges into the radiance of plum and cherry thickets, or into the bloom of wild oats, as a poet might desire it to do. All that nature has she shows to him who rides the trail. She hides her choice things from the railway, the turnpike, the lane. On the trail the flowers are at your feet. Fruits offer to your hand. Berries may be snatched by the handful from the shrubs. All her shyest, most delicate plants, scents, blooms, beasts the trail is permitted to approach.

In return, the trail is respectful. It takes no more sward than it needs. It is not a land-grabber. When it can no longer use a piece of sod, it returns it to the grass. Blue bells, shooting stars, or the most delicate ferns may grow to the very edge of the trail in safety. The passing feet of the ponies hardly stir their leaves.

On the plain, the trail is a gossamer thread floating on a sea of shimmering heat. It wavers, curves, is lost in a valley only to reappear on a distant swell. It leaps across a bare brown hill like a carelessly flung rope, or lies in the bottom of a vast concave dip of sod like a strand of silk in a Japanese bowl. Even here on the vast level surface it does not move in straight lines, but in easy, swinging, compound curves. It still follows where least resistance offers.

Travel on the trail is slow. Miles are not very definite. Distances are measured by hours or days. The Indian says, "It is two sleeps distant," or he traces the course of the sun from one point of the sky to another to show how far it is from the red butte to the green river. If the cowboys say, "Oh, about forty mile," you may safely count on fifty. They are hard riders, and know how to take advantage of a trail in a way impossible to a stranger. Trails are always a third longer than they look on the map, and that is not counting the streams which bar the way.

They are almost necessarily old things, and the older the better, generally speaking. As you ride through a forest you can trace the different ages of the trail back to its original course. I have ridden round a towering pine which had grown up in the midst of the oldest path of an old trail. The fall of a parent tree gave a turn to the path and permitted the giant son to fill the very footsteps of the Indian hunter of a hundred years ago.

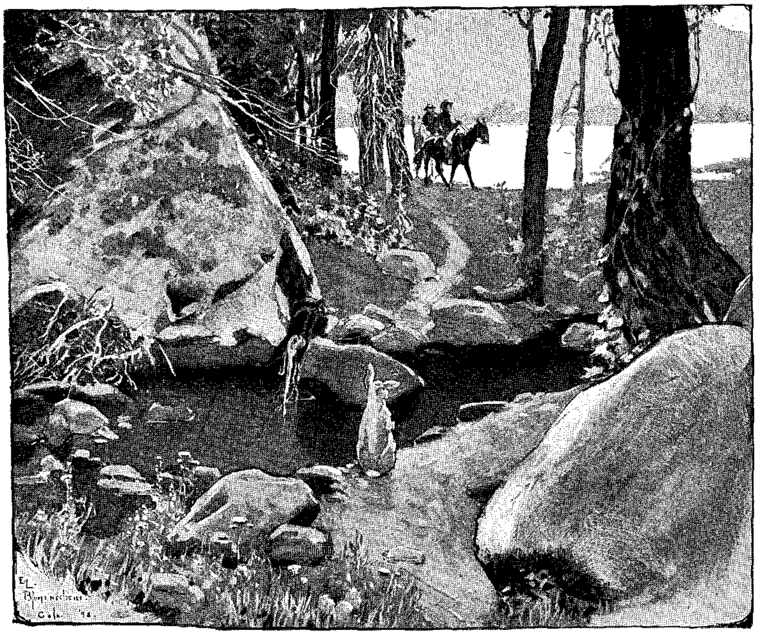
"See that chain of peaks?" says the settler. "No one has ever crossed there."

He is mistaken. Some Indian hunter long ago laid out a trail there, and it was used in common by the bear, the deer, and the red man. Then it was disused and forgotten, it may be; but it is still there, and can be reopened. It has great trees blocking it, the grass has reclaimed it, and the stream has washed it away in places; but its general course can be followed, and would be found to have been excellently planned.

Wild animals cross a trail confidently, but they hurry across a road, or stop at its ominous edge and turn back. They fear its hot blaze of light. The trail insinuates itself between their lairs and their watering places; creeps above their feeding places; flings around them a gentle, silent arm. It destroys little feed, plows no land, blasts no rocks. It wears its way into secret places like a brook in a meadow. It reveals the secrets of the woodland. To tread it is to be made reverent of nature.

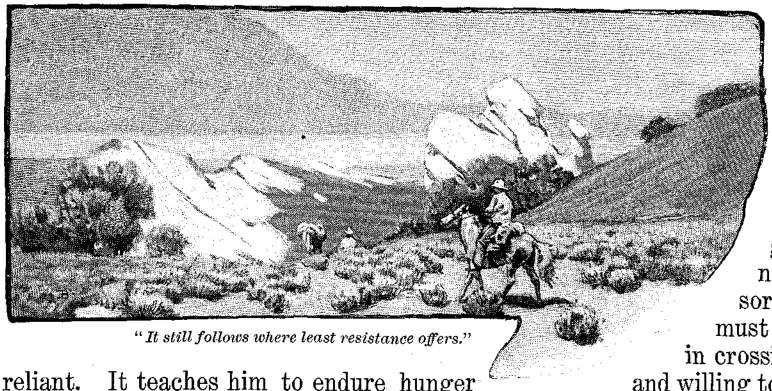
For all this, a trail can be terrible. A rain transforms it. It no longer woos, it threatens. It becomes uncertain, treacherous, gloomy, and engulfing. Creeks become rivers, rivers impassable torrents, and marshes bottomless abysses. Pits of quicksand develop in most unexpected places. Forced from smooth lake margins, the trailers' ponies are forced to climb ledges of rock and to rattle over long slides of shale. In places the thread-like way itself becomes an aqueduct for a rushing overflow of water. At such times the man on the trail feels the grim power of nature. She has no pity, no consideration. She sets mud, torrents, rocks, cold, mist to check and chill him, to devour him. Over him he has no roof, under him no pavement. Never for an instant is he free from the pressure of the elements. On the plains, he is threatened by heat and tortured by thirst, or blown upon by winds laden with dust or snow. In the wood, flies and mosquitoes at times feed upon him and his loyal horses. Tempests of rain or snow confront him like savage birds of prey. Sullen streams lie athwart his road like dragons.

A man on the trail must carry his house, bed, and board with him. He must be prepared for any weather and be self-sufficing at all hours. This leads to the pack-horse, the pack-saddle, and the "diamond hitch," which is the pride and distinguishing glory of the old campaigner. Wheeled vehicles and even the *travois* being impossible in the woods, the goods of the trailer must go on the back of a horse, commodiously put together so that they shall not rub against trees or slide from the animal's back. Thus the "saw-buck" saddle comes into use. Sitting firmly astride the horse's back, it receives the bundle or bag or *parfleche* (each some sort of box or sack), one on either side. Above these "side packs" go tent and bed and "mantle"; and then the "diamond hitch"—a peculiar and rather difficult knot in a long rope—which firmly lashes all the goods in place. With his rifle, axe, tin-cup, and extra coat behind his own saddle, the hunter moves out into the wild, leading his pack-horse, prepared to camp anywhere and at any time. All he requires is grass and water for his horses, and he is at home. Rain, darkness, wild animals, serpents, noxious insects, do not disturb him. He is master of the situation. A few minutes' warning, and he will have his tent set, a fire blazing, his coffee steaming, and be quite prepared for a week of wet. He is prepared to "stay with it" for all summer or all winter, provided his horses can get at the sod beneath the snow.



"It lingers by the side of sunlit streams."

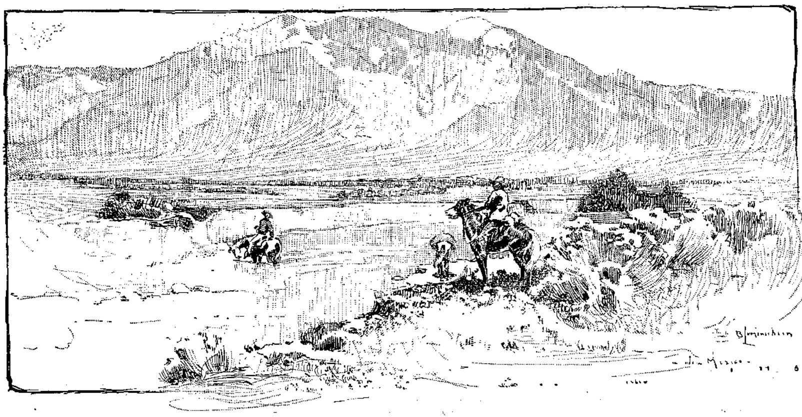
The trail develops character. It makes a man silent, patient of nature's laws, self-



"*It still follows where least resistance offers.*"

reliant. It teaches him to endure hunger and cold and thirst as well as mud, insects, bad water, and monotonous food. All these troubles he considers "part of the outfit." He comes to consider all privations, accidents, delays, surprises, and disappointments as necessary and natural, like the movements of clouds. At the same time the trail coarsens a man. It makes him keen-eyed, strong, active, resourceful; but it develops careless habits of speech and toilet. A mild-spoken man is likely to become amazingly profane of speech. He neglects to comb his hair. His hands resemble toads, or the feet of mud hens. He snaps a worm from his meat, or scoops a fly out of his tea, and proceeds unconcernedly.

The trail does not conduce to well-trimmed beards, smooth clean chins, or neckties. The tendency of a man on the trail is to revert to a state of primitive savagery. He grows shaggy, grimy, calloused, and brown. He picturesquely melts into the background of rocks and the trees. His coat gets scallopy and rusty-brown of color. His hat, used as drinking-cup, quirt, fire-fan, mosquito bludgeon, and pillow, comes soon to resemble a piece of leather or pine bark, and to flap up and down in the wind like a mule's ear. In this extremity the trailer merely threads a shoestring around the brim, to pucker it up out of his eyes, and "pounds 'em on the back." His boots become mud-colored, and his socks grow into his feet. Mosquitoes labor hard to reach the blood in his cheek. He has become bullet-proof—he is nature's own child.

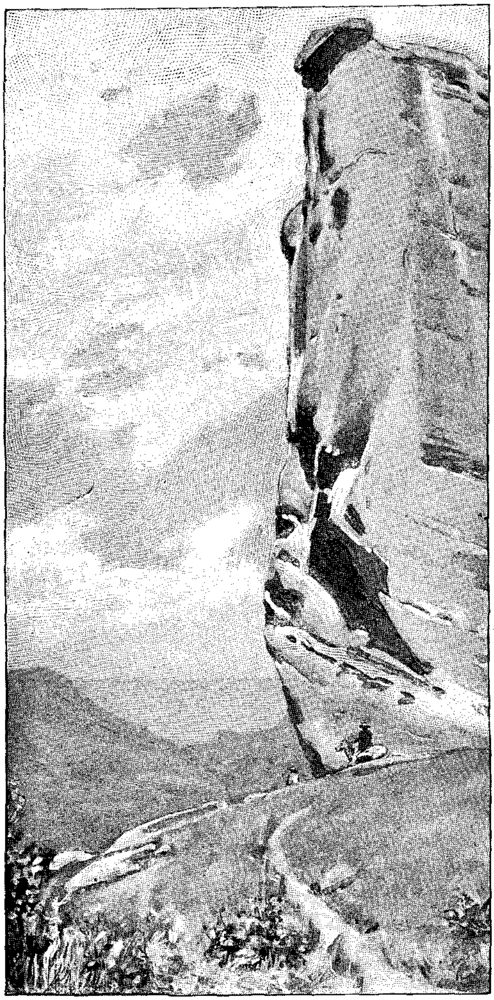


"*He must know by the look of a ford whether it is capable of being crossed by a pack-horse or not.*"

In this life the man's horse is as necessary as a boat to a sailor, and is chosen with quite the same care. A good pack-horse must not only submit to any sort of pack, but he must be cunning and brave in crossing streams, and able and willing to eat any green thing. He must know enough to weave between trees without jolting his pack against their boles, and to edge round a corner of rock or a narrow mountain ledge without falling into the abyss. He must be easy to catch, and not inclined to stray from camp. A good pack-horse regards the tail of his master as the center of his world. He should be a good walker, and capable of leaping a fallen log or sliding down a bank with two hundred pounds of provisions on his back.

The saddle-horse must have his virtues too. He must be strong, gentle, a good walker, able to "rustle" his own forage anywhere, and he must be wise in trouble. He must be willing to lead the way into the rush of icy torrents, and strong enough to "lead" the feebler pack-horses through. He must be patient of mud-holes, and willing to receive the bridle-bit of a morning. He should allow his master to mount from the off as well as the near side, and be wise enough to stand patiently when tangled in a rope till his master comes. These are a few of the traits of a saddle-horse for the trail. I possess such a horse now.

The trailer knows the value of his horse, and though he will "cuss his cayuse plumb lively" and rowel him deep, he will dress his back and limbs with zealous care. He cannot afford to be "set afoot." To be set afoot is equivalent to a sailor's being upset in mid-sea. No one who has not crossed the deserts of Arizona, or been without food in the cold, green mountains of British Columbia, can know the value of a horse to the full.


" Before you are unknown mountain peaks and rivers and forests and plains."

There is something admirable in this man who calmly unpacks in a rain and, unhurriedly setting his tent, makes himself a lair and is housed in half an hour. Men are getting so thin-skinned, so dependent on rubber boots and tin roofs, that the hunter riding forth alone on a journey whose circuit is a thousand miles seems like a man of another world—as he is. His cheerful indifference to darkness, cold, wet, heat, or drouth, and his resourceful fronting of streams and forests, appeals to the city dweller as trails epic and primeval.

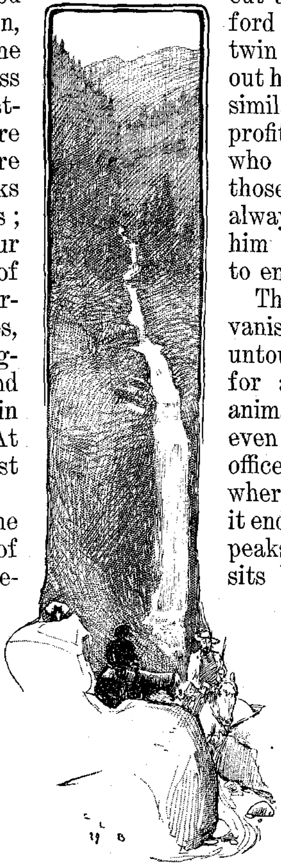
The trailer thinks, but he does not dream. His senses are aware of all that goes on. Every whisking squirrel, the rustle of a grouse in the copse, the crackling march of a far-off bear, the snort of a startled elk, the fresh slot of a deer—every sign and signal and movement he takes note of and decides upon. He has few dangers from wild beasts these days, but constant danger from flood and pit-hole.

He must know many things—this man of the trail. He must know where to find the best feed for his horses; he must be able to lead them to the sunny slopes where the grass springs earliest, and to the high ridges where the bunch-grass grows. He must know by the look of a ford whether it is capable of being crossed by a pack-horse or not. He must decide upon the best way to enter and the easiest way out. He must know by the color of a mud-hole whether it is merely belly-deep or bottomless. He must be able to tell quicksand from ordinary "wash," and he must be able to know when it is best to keep the center of a pool and when to skirt it. He must have some veterinarian skill also, and be able to keep his horses in condition and to treat them promptly in case of accident or poisoning.

The trail has many annoyances. Perhaps the pack-horses follow badly, or they "buck" their packs off, or rub against trees. Perhaps one is slow, and delays the whole train by loitering. Their backs are likely to become sore and to require great care. The work of packing and unpacking fills so much of the day in case of a train of six or eight horses that one comes to think he has spent the whole day "dragging up cinches." If the trailer is "making time," he must rise at dawn, cook his breakfast while his partner "rustles the horses"—which is not a desirable task on a wet morning; for it means wading in rain-soaked grass, and dragging the reluctant broncos back to the trail when they are inclined to go on all sides of every quaking asp in the open. It is not pleasant to roll out in a cold, misty dawn, all your clothing damp, your boots sloppy and sticky, and your joints stiff and sore. The water in the bucket is frozen over, perhaps, and must be broken in order to wash. The horses are somewhere in the drenching brush. The fuel is soggy, and the wind is raw. At such times the trail seems a desolate place. But the horses are soon rustled, the coffee comes to a boil, the sun breaks out, and you swing into the saddle, forgetting the rain in the glorious freshness of the day.

Danger is constant in life, and there are dangers on the trail, but they are not much greater than in a village. Certainly, not so great as in a city. And its beauties, its pleasures are many. You have good horses and a trusted companion, with a suitable outfit; you hit the trail on a fine day in May; the grass is green, the aspen leaves are rustling, cranes are bugling, geese are honking, loons are calling; before you are unknown mountain peaks and rivers and forests and plains; you are young and strong, and your heart beats quick at the thought of again swinging clear of all that pertains to the road. Robins, thrushes, butterflies, bumble-bees, humming-birds, grouse, larks make the land seem gentle, while a bear track in the dust suggests wildness. At such times the trail is the finest highway in the world.

Actual dangers of the trail in the plains country lie in the lack of water, and in the bite of the rattlesnake, the sting of the centipede or of the tarantula. In the mountain country the streams offer most danger. They are always swifter than they look and deeper, and sometimes an experienced man on a strong horse is swept away and drowned. But for the most part, in these days, the trail is as quiet as a country church on Monday.



"*In the mountain country the streams offer most danger.*"

After being on the trail a day or two, the trailer ceases to regard time, distance, or the things of civilized land. Home is where grass and water are abundant. Time is marked by three events: sunrise, meridian, and sunset—all else is needless division. Newspapers, bridges, lace curtains, and stoves are forgotten, or remembered with a smile. Fire on the plains or in the forest is likely during certain dry months. Falling trees, on certain slopes where the forest is old and dying, are a source of danger. But the trailer has no thought of danger, and pays little heed to discomforts.

The trail has its signs. A twig designedly cut and bent is like a finger pointing, "Go there." A "blaze"—that is, a cut on a tree showing the inner bark—is like a beckoning hand. It says, "Come this way." A new blaze renders an old one valueless. A sapling cut and thrown across a trail locks it: "Don't go any further." A new blaze supplements, and seems to say, "But this way is open." A stick set upright in the mud means, "Keep out—no bottom." A blaze on a fallen log means, "Cross here." A tree cut and bent on a river bank at a ford says, "Go in here." A blazed twin on the opposite bank, "Come out here." By use of these signs and similar ones the man on the trail profits by the experiences of those who have gone before, and aids those who are to follow. There is always some news on the trail to him who can see it. It is a duty to enlighten those behind.

The trail is the sign of things vanishing; the evidence of nature untouched and unsubdued. It stands for a world of free men and wild animals. It has no towns; seldom even to-day does it permit post-offices or newspapers. It begins where the thoroughfare leaves off; it ends in the clouds of the mountain peaks, where the unscared ptarmigan sits beneath the fan-like branches of the wind-warped pines. It is never populous, and it is silent. Respect its silence, and it will lead you where flowers bloom at the edge of snow, where a hundred streams leaping a semi-circular cliff of granite hum like a hive of bees. It will take you near the mountain sheep and the spectral antelope. The young eagle will greet you, and the marmot signal your approach.

The trail has taught me much. I know now the varied voices of the coyote—the wizard of the mesas. I know the solemn call of herons and the mocking cry of the loon. I remember a hundred lovely lakes, and recall the fragrant breaths of pine and fir and cedar and poplar trees. The trail has strung upon it, as upon a thread of silk, opalescent dawns and saffron sunsets. It has given me blessed release from care and worry and the troubled thinking of our modern day. It has been a return to the primitive and the peaceful. Whenever the pressure of our complex city life thins my blood and benumbs my brain, I seek relief in the trail; and when I hear the coyote wailing to the yellow dawn, my cares fall from me—I am happy.

ADVENTURES OF A TRAIN-DESPATCHER.

By Captain Jasper Ewing Brady, Jr., U.S.A.

A GENERAL STRIKE.—A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER FOR A DAY.—AN EXACTING SUBORDINATE.—THE BIG RIVER WRECK.

DURING the ensuing spring, one of those spasmodic waves of strikes passed over the country. The employees on some of the northern roads went out, and then gradually it came down our way, and the first thing we knew we were in it hard. The conductors and brakemen went first, and a few days later they were followed by the engineers and firemen. That completed the business, and we were tied up tighter than a brick. Our men were not in full sympathy with the strike, but their obligation to the union was too strong for them to resist.

Just at this time, we had a yard full of freight, some of it perishable, and it was imperative that it should be moved very soon. The roundhouse men and a few hostlers were still working, so it was an easy thing to get a yard engine out. Bennett, myself, Burns, the second-trick man, and the division superintendent, Mr. Hebron, went down into the yard to do the switching. There were twenty-three cars of California fruit and Texas live-stock waiting a train out, and the drovers were getting impatient, because they wanted to get up to Chicago to take advantage of a "bulge" in the market.

I soon found that standing up in an office watching the switchmen do the yard work, and going down to do it yourself, were two different propositions. When I first went between two cars to make a coupling, I thought my time had come. I fixed the link and pin in one car, and then ran down to the next, and fixed the pin there. The engine was backing slowly, but when I turned around, it looked as if it had the speed of an overland "flyer." I watched carefully, raised and guided the link in the opposite draw-head, and then dropped the pin. Those two cars came together like the crack of doom, and I shut my eyes and jumped back, imagining I had been crushed to death—in fact, I could feel that my right hand was mashed to pulp. But it wasn't. I had made the coupling without a scratch to myself, and it wasn't long before I became bolder, and jumped on and off brake-beams and foot-boards like any other lunatic. That all four of us were not killed is a miracle.

By dint of hard work we succeeded in getting a train made up for Chaminade, and all we needed now was an engine and crew. There was a very interested crowd of men standing around, and many a merry ha-ha we received for our crude efforts. Engine 341 was hitched on, and we were all ready to start. Burns was going to be the conductor, Bennett was to be the hind man, while I was to ride ahead. But where were the engineer and fireman? Mr. Hebron had counted on a non-union engineer to pull the train, and a wiper to do the firing, but just as we expected them to appear, we found that some of the strikers had talked them over. To make matters worse, the roundhouse men and hostlers caught the fever, and out they went.

Now it occurred to me that I could run that engine. When I was young in the railroad business, I had spent much of my spare time on switch engines, and once in a while I had taken a run out on the road with some engineer who was friendly to me. One man, old Tom Robinson, who pulled a fast freight, had been particularly kind to me, and on one occasion I had taken a few days' lay-off and gone out and back one run with him. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I asked him a great many questions about gauges, valves, oil-cups, eccentrics, injectors, etc., and whenever he would get down under the engine, I always paid the closest attention. I used to ride on the right-hand side of the cab with him, and occasionally he would allow me to feel the throttle for a few minutes. Thus, when I was a little older, I could run an engine quite well. I knew the oil-cups, could work the injector, knew enough to open and close the cylinder cocks, and had a pretty fair general idea of the machine. So now I went up to the division superintendent and said: "Mr. Hebron, I will run this train to Chaminade if you will get a man to keep her hot."

"You," said Hebron, "you are a despatcher; what do you know about a locomotive?"

I told him I might not know much, but if he would say the word, I would get those twenty-three cars into Chaminade. He looked at me for a minute, asked me a few questions about what I knew of an engine, and then said: "I'll risk it. Get on that engine, my boy; take this one wiper left for a fireman, and pull out. But first go over to the office for your orders. You won't need many, because everything is tied up between here and Johnsonville, and you will have a clear track. Now fly."

Strangely enough, after he had consented I was not half so eager to undertake it; but I had said I would, and now I must stick to it. I went up to the office, and Bennett gave me the orders. But as he did so, he said: "Bates, that's a foolhardy thing for you to do, and I guess the old man must be crazy to allow you to do it; but I'll see you through with it. Now, don't you forget that you have twenty-three cars behind you, and that I am on the hind end and have a wife and family to support."

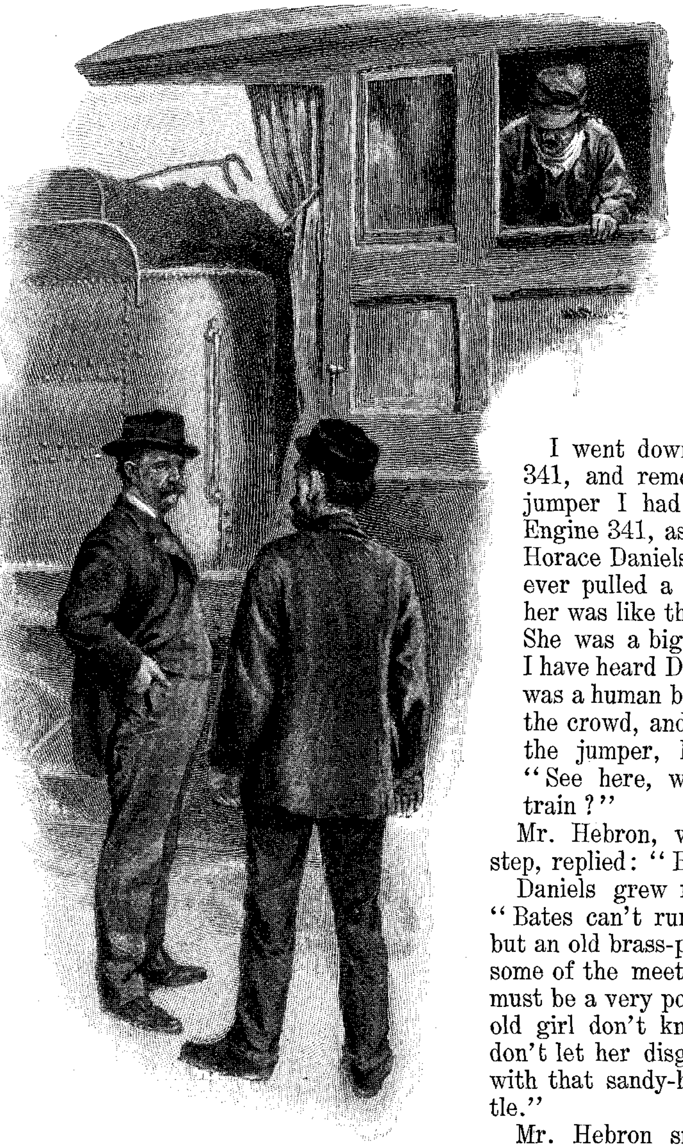
We went out, and Bennett told the cattle men to get aboard, as we were about to start. All this had been done unbeknown to any of the strikers; but when they saw me coming down the yard with a piece of yellow tissue paper in my hand, they knew it was an order, and they began to smell a mouse. But where was the engineer?

I went down, and climbed up on old 341, and removing my coat, put on a jumper I had brought from the office. Engine 341, as I have said, was run by Horace Daniels, one of the best men that ever pulled a throttle, and his pride in her was like that of a mother in a child. She was a big ten-wheeled Baldwin, and I have heard Daniels talk to her as if she was a human being. He was standing in the crowd, and when he saw me put on the jumper, he came over and said: "See here, who is going to pull this train?"

Mr. Hebron, who was standing by the step, replied: "Bates is."

Daniels grew red with rage, and said: "Bates can't run an engine; he's nothing but an old brass-pounder, and, judging from some of the meets he has made for me, he must be a very poor one at that. This here old girl don't know no one but me nohow; don't let her disgrace herself by going out with that sandy-haired chump at the throttle."

Mr. Hebron smiled, and said, "Well, then, you pull her out, Daniels."


"'See here, who is going to pull this train?'"

Daniels shook his head, and replied: "You know I can't do that, Mr. Hebron. It's true, I am not in sympathy with this strike, but the boys are out, and I got to stand by them. But when this strike is over, I want old 341 back. Why, Mr. Hebron, I'd rather see a scab run her than that lightning-jerker."

But Mr. Hebron was firm, and Daniels walked slowly away. By this time we had a good head of steam on, and Bennett gave me the signal to pull out. I shoved the reverse lever from the center clear over forward, and grasping the throttle, gave it a pull.

Longfellow says, in "The Building of the Ship": "She starts, she moves, she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel." I can fancy exactly how that ship felt, because just as the first hiss of steam greeted my ears and I felt that engine move, I had a peculiar thrill run along my keel, and my heart was in my mouth. She did not start quite fast enough for me, so I gave the throttle another jerk, and whew! how those drivers did fly around! I shut her off quickly, gave her a little sand, and this time she took the rail beautifully, walking away like a thoroughbred.

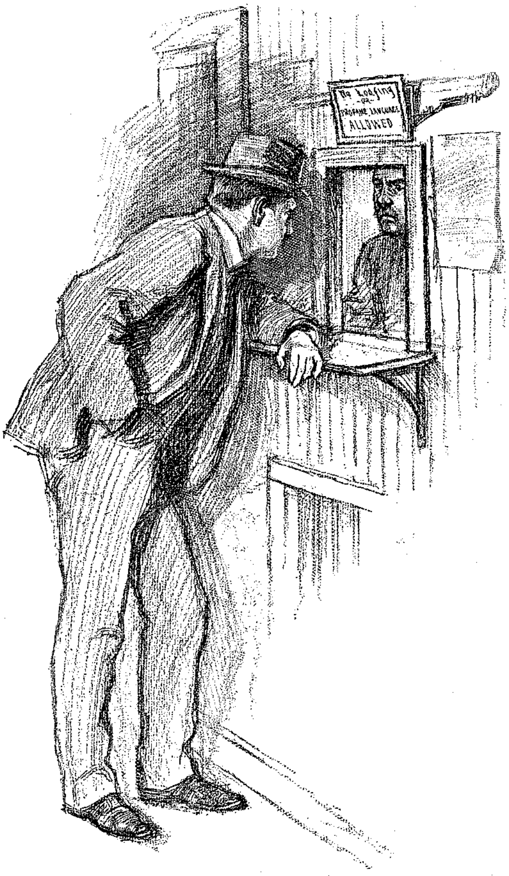
There is a little divide just outside of the El Monte yard, and then for a stretch of about five miles it is down grade. After this the road winds around the river banks, with level tracks to Johnsonville, where the double track commences. All I had to do was to get the train to the double track, and from there a belt-line engine was to take it in. Thus my run was only thirty-five miles.

Our start was very auspicious, and when we were going along pretty well, I pulled the reverse back to within one point of the center, and opened her up a little more. I wish I was able to describe my sensations as the engine swayed to and fro in her flight. The fireman was a rather intelligent chap, and he had no trouble keeping her hot, and twenty-three cars wasn't much of a train for 341. We went up the grade a-flying. When we got over the divide, I let her get a good start before I shut her off for the down-grade. And how she did go! I thought at times she would jump the track, but she held on all right. At the foot of this grade is a very abrupt curve, and when we struck this, it seemed as if she jumped ten feet in the air. My hat was gone, my hair was flying in the wind, and I was scared to death, but it was wildly exciting. My fireman came over and yelled in my ear that I had better call for brakes or there would be a smash-up. Brakes! Not on your life. I didn't want any brakes, because if she ever stopped I wasn't sure I would ever get her started again. We made the run of thirty-five miles in about an hour, and when we reached Johnsonville, I received a message from Mr. Hebron congratulating me. But Bennett—well, the rating he gave me was worth going miles to hear. He said that never in his life had he taken such a ride, nor would he ever volunteer again to ride behind such a crazy engineer. But I didn't care; I had pulled the train as I said I would, and the engine was in good shape, barring a hot driving-box. I may add, however, that I don't care to make any such trip again.

We went back on a mail train that night, run by a non-union engineer, and in a day or two the strike was declared off, the men returned to work, and peace once more reigned supreme. Daniels got back his "old girl" in as good shape as ever, and once, while he was waiting for orders, he told me that he had hoped that old 341 would get on a rampage that day I took her out and "kick the stuffin' out of that train and every one on it." Poor old Daniels, he stuck to his "old girl" to the last, but one day he struck a washout, and as a result he received a right-of-track order on the road to a far, far country.

CHIEF DESPATCHER—AN INSPECTION TOUR.

I had always supposed that the higher you ascended in any business, the easier would be your position and the happier your lot. What a fallacy, especially in the railroad service, where your responsibilities, work, care, and worries increase in direct proportion as you rise! The operator's responsibility is limited to the correct reception, transmission, delivery, and repetition of his orders and messages; the despatcher's to the correct conception of the orders and their transmission at the right time to the proper train; but the chief despatcher's responsibilities combine not only these, but many more. A despatcher's work is cut out for him, just as a tailor would cut his cloth, and when his eight-hour trick is done, his work for the day is finished and his time is his own. Not so the chief. His work is never done; he works early and late, and even at night he is liable to be called to go out on a wrecking train or to perform some special duty. Almost everybody on the



"'*Well, what's wanted?*'"

division is under his jurisdiction, except the division superintendent.

After I had been a telegraph operator for about ten years, I awoke one fine morning to find myself offered the position of chief despatcher of the central division of the C. N. & Q. Railway, with headquarters at Selbyville. The district of which I was to take charge was about three hundred miles long, and consisted of three freight divisions of one hundred miles each. That meant much work, but who wouldn't welcome a promotion? I gratefully accepted, and was duly installed in my new position. As I had been on the road only about three months when this happened, and as I did not know all the operators on the division, one of my first acts was to take a trip over the road to meet them. I rode on freight trains or anything that happened to come along, and dropped off as I wanted to, in order that I might become thoroughly acquainted with the men and the road.

One of the time-card rules was that no person was to be allowed to enter any of the telegraph offices except those on duty there; even the train men were supposed to receive their orders and transact their business at the window or counter. Generally, however, the rule was not enforced very rigidly. I dropped off of No. 6, one night at 11.30, at Bakersville. A night office was kept here because it was a good order point and had a water-tank. I had never met the night man, and knew nothing of him, except that he was a fiery-tempered Irishman named Barry and an excellent operator. Despatchers had on more than one occasion complained of his impudence, but his ability was so marked and he was so prompt that he was allowed to remain. As No. 6 pulled out he went into the office, closed the door, and then shut the ticket-window. He had apparently not seen me, or if he had he paid no attention to me, so I went into the waiting-room and rapped on the window. He shoved it up, and gruffly said: "Well, what's wanted?"

I answered, pretty sharply, that I desired to come into his office.

"Well, then, you can take it out in wanting, because you don't get in here!"

I started to reason with him, when he slammed the window in my face. That made me mad, and I told him if he didn't let me in very quick, I'd smash the window and come in anyhow.

"Smash the window, will you? You just try it, and I'll smash your head with this poker. Get out of that waiting-room!"

It now occurred to me that he did not know me; so I said: "Hold on there, young man; I am Mr. Bates, chief despatcher of this division, and I am on a tour of inspection. Now open up."

"Bates, thunder! Bates never would come sneaking out over the road in this manner. You pack up and get; it will take more than your word to make me believe you are Bates."

I saw that remonstrance with him was useless, and, besides, I had an idea he might carry out his threat to strike me with the poker, so I went over to a mean little hotel and stayed all night, vowing to have vengeance on him in the morning. When daylight came, I went back to the station, and Dayton, the day man, knew me at once, having worked with me on the K. M. & O. Barry had told him of the trouble, and he was having a great laugh at my expense. Barry came around in a little while, but he didn't seem the least disturbed when he found out who I really was. He said there was a time-card rule that forbade him allowing any unauthorized person in his office; he thought I was some semi-respectable-looking "hobo," who wanted a place to stay all night; how was he to know? This was good reasoning, and I saw he was right. Men on railroads who so implicitly obey orders are too valuable to lose; and before I left the road he was in my office, working the second trick.

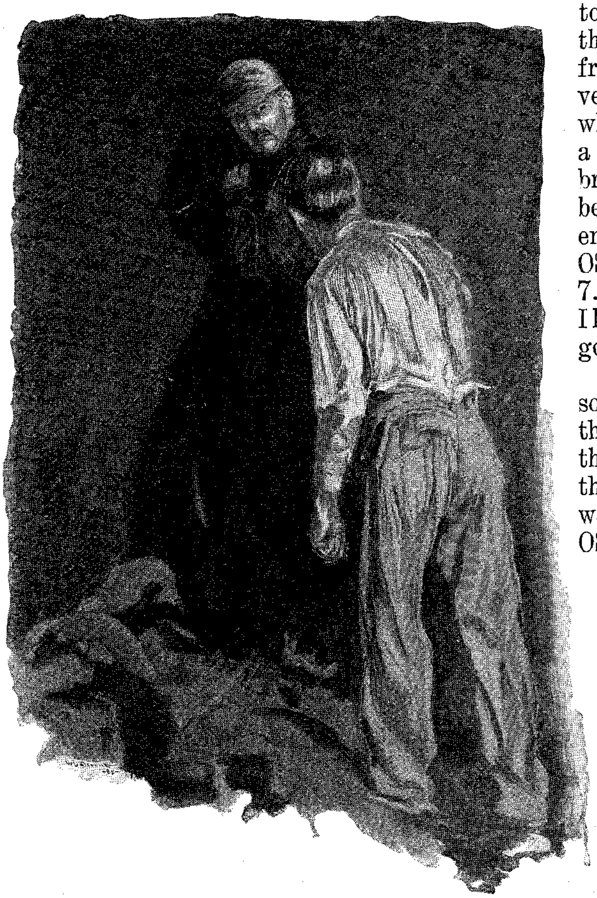
BIG RIVER WRECK.

One Friday evening, after four or five days of steady rain, I received a message from the section foreman at Truxton, saying that Big River was beginning to come up and that constant rains were making the track pretty soft. I sent him an order to put out a track-walker immediately and to make a "slow order" for five miles this side of Big River; the track on the other, or south, side was all right.

Our fast mail came in just then, and after the engines were changed, the engineer and conductor came in for their orders. I told them about the soft track, and in fun I remarked to Ben Roberts, the engineer, that he had better look out or he would be taking a bath in Big River that night. He facetiously replied: "Well, I don't much mind, because I am generally so dirty when I get that far out, that a bath would do me good."

They received their orders, and as Roberts went out of the door, he laughingly said: "I guess, Bates, you had better send the wrecker out after us to fish us out of Big River to-night."

I stepped over to the window, saw him climb on engine 232, a beautiful McQueen, and pull out, and just as he started, he turned and waved his hand, as if in token of farewell.



"'Mr. Bates, for God's sake, let me speak to you a minute.'"

Truxton, five miles from the river, was not a stop for the mail; but I had them flagged there, to give them another special warning about approaching Big River with caution. Just then the track-walker came into Truxton, and reported that he had come from the river on a velocipede, and that while the track was a little soft, the bridge appeared to be all right. Presently I heard, "OS, OS, XN, No. 21, a 7.45, d 7.51," and I knew the train had gone on.

The next station south was Burton, three miles beyond the bridge, and I thought I would wait until I had the OS from there before going home for the night. Thirty minutes passed, and no sign of her. This did not worry me very much, because Roberts would be extremely careful and run slow. In a minute Truxton opened up, and said, "Raining like blazes just now." I asked him where the track-walker was, and he said he had gone out towards the bridge just after the mail left.

Fifty minutes passed, and all of a sudden every instrument in the office ceased clicking. As soon as a wire opens, the operators are instructed to try their ground wires, and in that way the break is soon located. Bentonville, Bakersville, Muncy, Ashton, all in quick succession tried their grounds, and reported: "All wires open south." Presently the despatcher's wire closed again, and "DS, DS, XN." There! that was Truxton calling us. I answered, and he said: "Wires all open south. Heavy rain now falling; violent wind storm has just passed over us; lots of lightning; looks like the storm would last all night."

I told him to get the section foreman, and give him an order to take his gang and car and go to the bridge and back at once and make a full report.

But where was No. 21 all this time? Stuck in the mud, I hoped; but all the same I had many misgivings. Mr. Antwerp, the division superintendent, came in just then, and I reported all the facts to him. He was much worried, but said he hoped it would turn out all right. Getting nothing from Burton on the south, I had told Truxton to keep on his ground until the section gang or the track-walker came in with a report. Twenty minutes later he began to call "DS" with all his might. I answered, and this is what the despatcher's operator copied:

TRUXTON, 5/21——

M. N. B.
DS.

No. 21 went through Big River bridge to-night; track was soft all the way over from Truxton; engine, mail, baggage, and one coach on bridge when it gave way; three Pullmans stayed on the track. Think we were hit by cloudburst. Roberts, engineer, and Sampson, conductor, both missing. Need doctors.

O'HARA, *Brakeman.*

I sent a caller to get the wrecking crew out, and another for doctors. I then instructed Burke to prepare orders for the wrecker, giving it a clean sweep and pulling everything off; told Truxton to keep his ground on and stay close; and pulling on my rain-coat, I bounded down the steps to the round-house to hurry up an engine. Engine 122, with Ed Stokes at the throttle, was just backing down as I came out, so I went back, signed the orders, and as soon as the doctors arrived, Mr. Antwerp told me to pull out and take charge.

Forty miles in forty minutes, with one slow down, was our time. The old derrick and wreck outfit swayed to and fro like reeds in the wind, but fortunately they held the track. When we reached Truxton, we found the track-walker there, and after hearing his story in brief, we pulled out again. Our ride from there over to the wreck was frightful. It was still raining a torrent, the wind was coming up again, lightning flashed, thunder roared, and the track was so soft in some places that it seemed as if we should topple over; but we finally reached there—and then what a scene to behold!

The bridge, a long wooden trestle, was completely gone, nothing being left but twisted iron and a few broken stringers hanging in the air. Four mail clerks, the express messenger, and the baggageman were drowned like rats in a trap. Poor Ben Roberts, the engineer, had hung to his post like a hero, and was lost. Sampson, the conductor, was missing, and in the forward coach, which was not entirely submerged, having fallen on one end of the baggage-car, were many passengers, a number of whom were killed, and the rest all more or less wounded.

The river was not very wide, and I had the headlight of our engine taken off and placed on the bank; and presently a wrecker came up from the south, and her headlight was similarly placed, casting a ghastly, weird, white light over the scene. I cut in a wrecking office, Truxton took off his ground wire, I put on mine, and Mr. Antwerp was soon in possession of the facts. A little later, as I was standing up to my knees in mud, I heard a weak voice say: "Mr. Bates, for God's sake, let me speak to you a minute."

I turned, and beheld the most woebegone specimen of humanity I had ever seen in my life. "Well, who are you?" I asked.

"I'm Carter, the fireman of No. 21. When I felt the bridge going, I jumped. I was half stunned, but managed to keep afloat, being carried rapidly down stream. I struck the bank about a mile and half below here, and I've had one almighty big struggle getting back. For the love of heaven, give me a drink; I'm half dead;" and with that he fell over senseless.

I called one of the doctors, had him taken to the caboose of the wrecker, and when I had time, I went in and heard his story. The poor fellow was badly hurt, having one ankle broken, besides being bruised up generally. He said that when 21 left Truxton, Roberts proceeded at a snail-like pace, keeping a sharp lookout for a wash. He slowed up almost to a stand-still before going on the bridge, but everything appearing all sound, he started again, remarking: "Here's where I get the bath that Bates spoke about."

The engine was half way over when there came a deafening roar; the train quivered, and—then Carter jumped. That was all he knew. It was enough, and we sent him back with the rest of the wounded the next morning. He is pulling a passenger train there to-day. The engine was never recovered; she disappeared in the quicksands, and Ben Roberts stayed with her to the last. He had more than his bath in Big River; it turned out to be his grave, and his engine was his shroud.

STALKY AND CO.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "In Ambush," "Captains Courageous," "The Day's Work," etc.

With Illustrations by L. Raven-Hill.

III.

THE IMPRESSIONISTS.

THEY had dropped into the Chaplain's study for a Saturday night smoke—all four house-masters—and the three briars and the one cigar reeking in amity proved the Rev. John Gillett's good generalship. Since the discovery of the cat, King had been too ready to see affront where none was meant, and the Reverend John, buffer-state and general confidant, had worked for a week to bring about a good understanding. He was fat, clean-shaven, except for a big mustache, of an imperturbable good temper, and, those who loved him least said, a guileful Jesuit. He smiled benignantly upon his handiwork—four sorely-tried men talking without very much malice.

"Now remember," he said, when the conversation turned that way, "I impute nothing. But every time any one has taken direct steps against Number Five study, the issue has been more or less humiliating to the taker."

"I can't admit that. I pulverize the egregious Beetle daily for his soul's good; and the others with him," said King.

"Well, take your own case, King, and go back a couple of years. Do you remember when Prout and you were on their track for hutting and trespass, wasn't it? Have you forgotten Colonel Dabney?"

The others laughed. King did not care to be reminded of his career as a poacher.

"That was one instance. Again, when you had rooms below them—I always said that that was entering the lion's den—you turned them out."

"For making disgusting noises. Surely, Gillett, you don't excuse——"

"All I say is that you turned them out. That same evening your study was wrecked."

"By Rabbits-Eggs—most beastly drunk—from the road," said King. "What has that——"

The Reverend John went on.

"Lastly, they conceive that aspersions are cast upon their personal cleanliness—a most delicate matter with all boys. Ve-ry good. Observe how, in each case, the punishment fits the crime. A week after your house calls them stinkers, King, your house is, not to put too fine a point on it, stunk out by a dead cat who chooses to die in the one spot where she can annoy you most. Again the long arm of coincidence! *Summa.* You accuse them of trespass. Through some absurd chain of circumstances—they may or may not be at the other end of it—you and Prout are made to appear as trespassers. You evict them. For a time your study is made untenable. I have drawn the parallel in the last case. Well?"

"She was under the center of White's dormitory," said King. "There are double floor-boards there to deaden noise. No boy, even in my own house, could possibly have pried up the boards without leaving some trace—and Rabbits-Eggs was phenomenally drunk that other night."

"They are singularly favored by fortune. That is all I ever said. Personally, I like them immensely, and I believe I have a little of their confidence. I confess I like being called 'Padre.' They are at peace with me; consequently I am not treated to bogus confessions of theft."

"You mean Mason's case?" said Prout heavily. "That always struck me as peculiarly scandalous. I thought the Head should have taken up the matter more

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The fourth story of this series will appear in the March number.

thoroughly. Mason may be misguided, but at least he is thoroughly sincere and means well."

"I confess I cannot agree with you, Prout," said the Reverend John. "He jumped at some silly tale of theft on their part; accepted another boy's evidence without, so far as I can see, any inquiry; and—frankly, I think he deserved all he got."

"They deliberately outraged Mason's best feelings," said Prout. "A word to me on their part would have saved the whole thing. But they preferred to lure him on; to play on his ignorance of their characters——"

"That may be," said King, "but I don't like Mason. I may say I dislike him for the very reason that Prout advances to his credit. He means well."

"Our criminal tradition is not theft—among ourselves, at least," said little Hartopp.

"For the head of a house that raided seven head of cattle from the innocent potwallopers of Northam, isn't that rather a sweeping statement?" said Macrae.

"Precisely so," said Hartopp, unabashed. "That, with gate-lifting, and a little poaching and egg-hunting on the cliffs, is our salvation."

"It does us far more harm as a school——" Prout began.

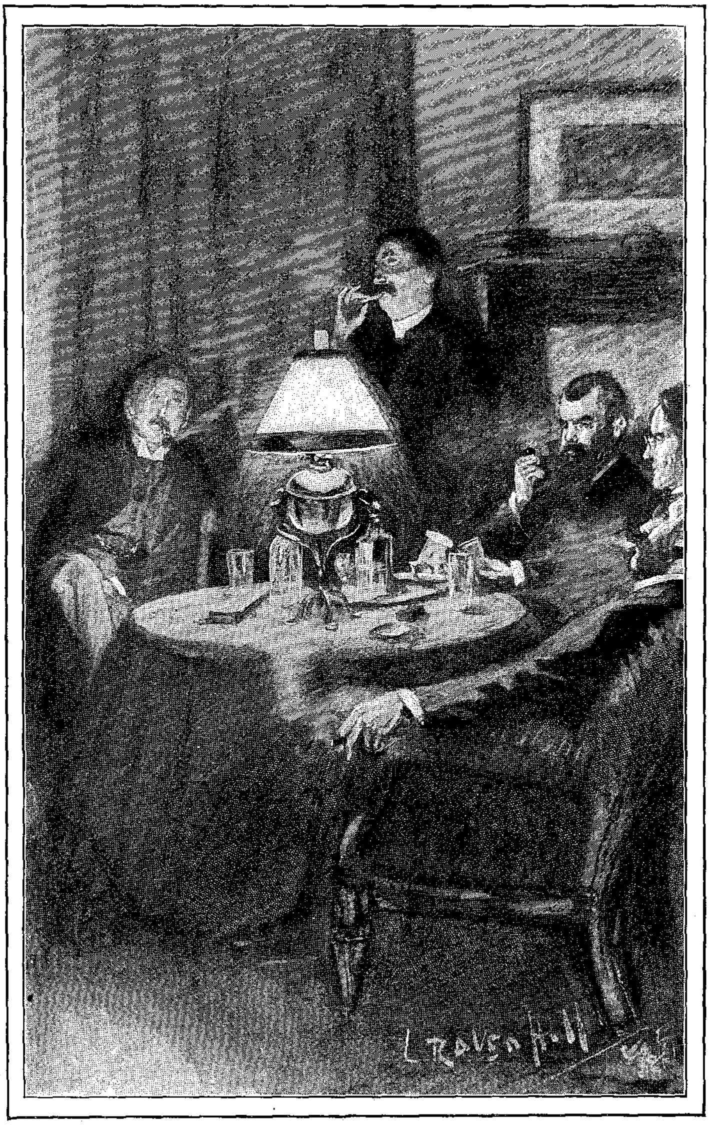
"Than any hushed-up scandal could? Quite so. Our reputation among the farmers is most unsavory. But I would much sooner deal with any amount of ingenious crime of that nature than—some other offenses."

"They may be all right, but they are unboylike, abnormal, and, in my opinion, unsound," Prout insisted. "The moral effect of their performances must pave the way for greater harm. It makes me doubtful how to deal with them. I might separate them."

"You might, of course; but they have gone up the school together for six years. I shouldn't care to do it," said Macrae.

"They use the editorial 'we,'" said King, irrelevantly. "It annoys me. 'Where's your prose, Stalky?' 'Well, sir, we haven't quite done it yet.' 'We'll bring it in a minute,' and so on. And the same with the others."

"There's great virtue in that 'we,'" said little Hartopp. "You know I take them for trig. McTurk may have some



"They had dropped into the Chaplain's study for a Saturday night smoke."

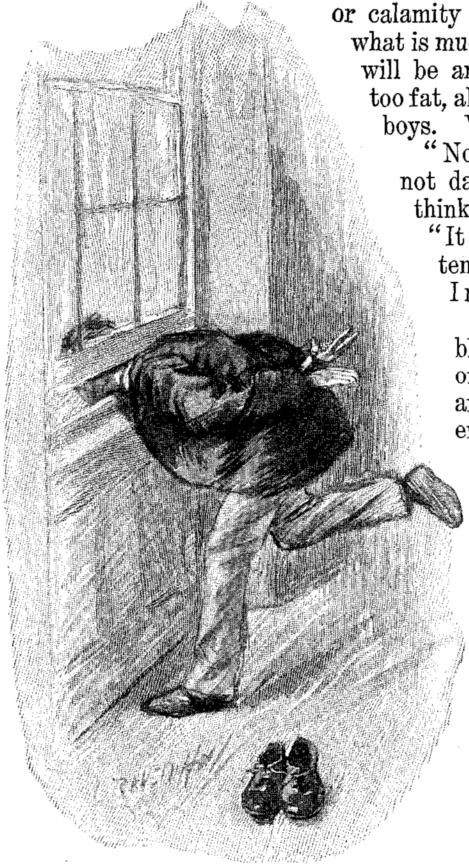
conception of the meaning of things; but Beetle is as the brutes that perish about sines and cosines. He copies serenely from Stalky, who positively rejoices in mathematics."

"Why don't you stop it?" said Prout.

"It rights itself at the exams. Then Beetle shows up blank sheets, and trusts to his 'English' to save him from a fall. I fancy he spends most of his time with me in writing verse."

"I wish to Heaven he would transfer a little of his energy in that direction to Elegiacs." King jerked himself upright. "He is, with the single exception of Stalky, the very vilest manufacturer of 'barbarous hexameters' that I have ever dealt with."

"The work is pooled in that study," said the Chaplain. "Stalky does the mathematics, McTurk the Latin, and Beetle attends to their English and French. At least, when he was in the sick-house last month——"



"Guillotined."

"Malingering," Prout interjected.

"Quite possibly. I found a very distinct falling off in their 'Roman d'un jeune Homme Pauvre' translations."

"I think it is profoundly immoral," said Prout. "I've always been opposed to the study system."

"It would be hard to find any study where they don't help each other; but in Number Five the thing has probably been reduced to a system," said little Hartopp. "They have a system in most things."

"They confess as much," said the Reverend John. "I've seen McTurk being hounded up the stairs to elegise the 'Elegy in a Churchyard,' while Beetle and Stalky went to punt-about."

"It comes to systematic cribbing," said Prout, his voice growing deeper and deeper.

"No such thing," little Hartopp returned. "You can't teach a cow the violin."

"In intention it is cribbing."

"But we spoke under the seal of the confessional, didn't we?" said the Reverend John.

"You say you've heard them arranging their work in this way, Gillett," Prout persisted.

"Good Heavens! Don't make *me* Queen's evidence, my dear fellow. Hartopp is equally incriminated. If they ever found out that I had sneaked, our relations would suffer—and I value them."

"I think your attitude in this matter is weak," said Prout, looking round for support. "It would be really better to break up the study—for a while—wouldn't it?"

"Oh, break it up by all means," said Macrae. "We shall see then if Gillett's theory holds water."

"Be wise, Prout. Leave them alone or calamity will overtake you; and what is much more important, they will be annoyed with me. I am too fat, alas! to be worried by bad boys. Where are you going?"

"Nonsense! They would not dare—but I am going to think this out," said Prout. "It needs thought. In intention they cribbed, and I must think out my duty."

"He's perfectly capable of putting the boys on their honor. It's *I* that am a fool." The Reverend John looked round remorsefully. "Never again will I forget that a master is not a man. Mark my words," said the Reverend John. "There will be trouble."

· ·

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright.

Out of the blue sky (they were still rejoicing over the cat war) Mr. Prout had dropped into Number Five; read them a stiff lecture on the enormity of cribbing, and bade them return to the form-rooms on Monday. They had raged, solo and chorus, all through the peaceful Sabbath, for their sin was more or less the daily practice of all the studies.

"What's the good of cursing?" said Stalky at last. "We're all in the same boat. We've got to go back and consort with the house. A locker in the form-room, and a seat at prep. in Number Twelve." (He looked regretfully round the cozy study which McTurk, sole arbiter on taste, had decorated with a dado, a stencil, and cretonne hangings.)

"Yes! Heffy lurchin' into the form-rooms like a frouzy old retriever, to see if we aren't up to something. You know he never leaves his house alone, these days," said McTurk. "Oh, it will be giddy!"

"Why aren't you down watchin' cricket? I like a robust, healthy boy. You mustn't frowst in a form-room. Why don't you take an interest in your house? Yah!" quoted Beetle.

"Yes, why don't we? Lets! *We'll* take an interest in the house. We'll take no end of interest in the house! He hasn't had us in the form-rooms for a year. We've learned a lot since then. Oh, we'll make it a be-autiful house before we've done! 'Member that chap in 'Eric' or 'St. Winifred's'—Belial somebody? I'm goin' to be Belial," said Stalky, with an ensnaring grin.

"Right O," said Beetle, "and I'll be Mammon. I'll lend money at usury—that's what they do in the B. O. P. Penny a week on a shillin'. That'll startle Heffy's weak intellect. You can be Lucifer, Turkey."

"What have I got to do?" McTurk also smiled.

"Head conspiracies—and cabals—and boycotts. Go in for that 'stealthy intrigue' that Heffy is always talkin' about. Come on!"

The house received them on their fall with the mixture of jest and sympathy always extended to boys turned out of their study. The known aloofness of the three made them more interesting.

"Quite like old times, ain't it?" Stalky selected a locker and flung in his books. "We've come to sport with you, my young friends, for a while, because our beloved house-master has hove us out of our diggin's."

"Serve you jolly well right," said Orrin, "you cribbers!"

"This will never do," said Stalky. "We can't maintain our giddy prestige, Orrin, dear, if you make these remarks."

They wrapped themselves lovingly about the boy, thrust him to the opened window, and drew down the sash to the nape of his neck. With an equal swiftness they tied his thumbs together behind his back with a piece of twine, and then, because he kicked furiously, removed his shoes.

There Mr. Prout happened to find him a few minutes later, guillotined and helpless, surrounded by a convulsed crowd who would not assist.

Stalky, in an upper form-room, had gathered himself allies against vengeance. Orrin presently tore up at the head of a boarding party, and the form-room grew one fog of dust through which boys wrestled, stamped, shouted, and yelled. A desk was carried away in the tumult, a knot of warriors reeled into and split a door-panel, a window was broken, and a gas-jet fell. Under cover of the confusion the three escaped to the corridor, whence they called in and sent up passers-by to the fray.

"Rescue Kings! Kings! Kings! Number Twelve form-room! Rescue Prouts—Prouts! Rescue Ma-creas! Rescue Hartopps!"

The juniors hurried out like bees a-swarm, asking no questions, clattered up the staircase, and added themselves to the embroilment.

"Not bad for the first evening's work," said Stalky, rearranging his collar. "I fancy Prout'll be somewhat annoyed. We'd better establish an *alibi*." So they sat on Mr. King's railings till prep.

"You see," quoth Stalky, as they strolled up to prep. with the ignoble herd, "if you get the houses well mixed up an' scufflin', it's even bettin' that some ass will start a real row. Hullo, Orrin, you look rather metagrobolized."

"It was all your fault, you beast! You started it. We've got two hundred lines apiece, and Heffy's lookin' for you. Just see what that swine Malpas did to my eye!"

"I like your sayin' *we* started it. Who called us cribbers? Can't your infant mind connect cause and effect yet? Some day you'll find out that it don't pay to jest with Number Five."

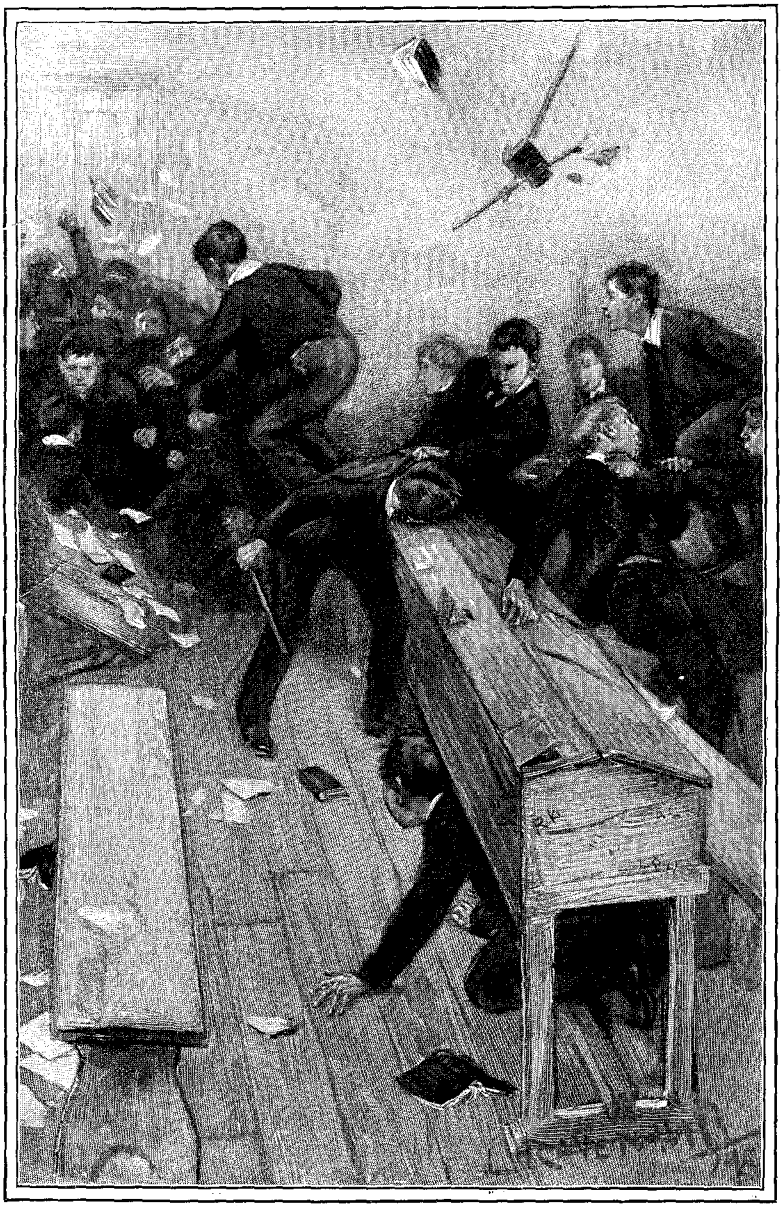
"Where's that shillin' you owe me?" said Beetle suddenly.

Stalky could not see Prout behind him, but returned the lead without a quaver.

"I only owed you ninepence, you old usurer."

"You've forgotten the interest," said McTurk. "A halfpenny a week per bob is Beetle's charge. You must be beastly rich, Beetle."

"Well, Beetle lent me sixpence." Stalky came to a full stop and made as to work it out on his fingers. "Sixpence on the nineteenth, didn't he ?"



"'Rescue Kings! Kings! Kings!'"

"Yes; but you've forgotten you paid no interest on the other bob—the one I lent you before."

"But you took my watch as security." The game was developing itself almost automatically.

"Never mind. Pay me my interest, or I'll charge you interest on interest. Remember I've got your note-of-hand!" shouted Beetle.

"You are a cold-blooded Jew," Stalky groaned.

"Hush!" said McTurk very loudly indeed, and started as Prout came upon them.

"I didn't see you in that disgraceful affair in the form-room just now," said he.

"What, sir? We're just come up from Mr. King's," said Stalky. "Please, sir, what am I to do about prep.? They've broken the desk you told me to sit at, and the form's just swimming with ink."

"Find another seat—find another seat. D'you expect me to dry-nurse you? I wish to know whether you are in the habit of advancing money to your associates, Beetle?"

"No, sir; not as a general rule, sir."

"It is a most reprehensible habit. I thought that my house, at least, would be free from it. Even with my opinion of you, I hardly thought it was one of your vices."

"There's no harm in lending money, sir, is there?"

"I am not going to bandy words with you on your notions of morality. How much have you lent Corkran?"

"I—I don't quite know," said Beetle; for it is difficult to improvise a going concern on the spur of the minute.

"You seemed certain enough just now."

"I think it's two and fourpence," said McTurk, with a glance of cold scorn at Beetle.

In the hopelessly involved finances of the study there was just that sum to which both McTurk and Beetle laid claim, as their share in the pledging of Stalky's second-best Sunday trousers. But Stalky had maintained for two terms that the money was his "commission" for effecting the pawn; and had, of course, spent it on a study "brew."

"Understand this, then. You are not to continue your operations as a money-lender. Two and fourpence, you said, Corkran?"

Stalky had said nothing, and continued so to do.

"Your influence for evil is quite strong enough without buying a hold over your companions." He felt in his pockets, and (oh joy!) produced a florin and fourpence. "Bring me what you call Corkran's note-of-hand, and be thankful that I do not carry the matter any further. The money is stopped from your pocket-money, Corkran. The receipt to my study, at once."

Little they cared! Two and fourpence in a lump is worth six weekly sixpences any hungry day of the week.

"But what the dooce *is* a note-of-hand?" said Beetle. "I only read about it in a book."

"Now you've jolly well got to make one," said Stalky.

"Yes—but our ink don't turn black till next day. S'pose he'll spot that?"

"Not him. He's too worried," said McTurk. "Sign your name on a bit of impot-paper, Stalky, and write, 'I O U two and fourpence.' Aren't you grateful to me for getting that out of Prout? Stalky'd never have paid. . . . Why, you ass!"

Mechanically Beetle had handed over the money to Stalky as treasurer of the study. The custom of years is not lightly broken.

In return for the document, Prout expounded to Beetle the enormity of money-lending, which, like everything except compulsory cricket, corrupted houses and destroyed good feeling among boys, made youth cold and calculating, and opened the door to all evil. Finally, did Beetle know of any other cases? If so, it was his duty as proof of repentance to let his house-master know. No names need be mentioned.

Beetle did not know—at least, he was not quite sure, sir. How could he give evidence against his friends? The house might, of course—here he feigned an anguished delicacy—be full of it. He was not in a position to say. He had not met with any open competition in his trade; but if Mr. Prout considered it was a matter that affected the honor of the house (Mr. Prout did consider it precisely that), perhaps the house-prefects would be better. . . .

He spun it out till half-way through prep.

"And," said the amateur Shylock, returning to the form-room and dropping at Stalky's side, "if he don't think the house is putrid with it, I'm severial Dutchmen—that's all. . . . I've been to Mr. Prout's study, sir." This to the prep.-master. "He said I could sit where I liked, sir. . . . Oh, he is just tricklin' with emotion. . . . Yes, sir, I am only askin' Corkran to let me have a dip in his inkpot. . . ."

After prayers, on the road to the dormitory, Harrison and Craye, senior house-prefects, zealous in their office, waylaid them in great anger.

"What have you been doing to Heffy this time, Beetle? He's been jawing us all the evening."

"What has His Serene Transparency been vexin' you for?" said McTurk.

"About Beetle lendin' money to Stalky," began Harrison; "and then Beetle went and told him that there was any amount of money-lendin' in the house."

"No, you don't," said Beetle, sitting on a boot-basket. "That's just what I didn't tell him. I spoke the giddy truth. He asked me if there was much of it in the house, and I said I didn't know."

"He thinks you're a set of filthy Shylocks," said McTurk. "It's just as well for you he don't think you're burglars. You know he never gets a notion out of his conscientious old head."

"Well-meanin' man. Did it all for the best." Stalky curled gracefully round the stair-rail. "Head in a drain-pipe. Full confession in the left boot. Bad for the honor of the house—very."

"Shut up," said Harrison. "You chaps always behave as if you were jawin' us when we come to jaw you."

"You're a heap too cheeky," said Craye.

"I don't quite see where the cheek comes in, except on your part, in interferin' with a private matter between me an' Beetle after it has been settled by Prout." Stalky winked cheerfully at the others.

"That's the worst of clever little swots," said McTurk, addressing the gas. "They get made prefects before they have any tact, and then they annoy chaps who could really help 'em to look after the honor of the house."

"We won't trouble you to do *that!*" said Craye hotly.

"Then what are you badgerin' us for?" said Beetle. "On your own showing, you've been so beastly slack, looking after the house, that Prout believes it's a nest of money-lenders. I've told him that I've lent money to Stalky, and no one else. I don't know whether he believes me, but that finishes *my* case. The rest is *your* business."

"Now we find out," Stalky's voice rose, "that there is apparently an organized conspiracy throughout the house. For aught we know, the fags may be lendin' and borrowin' far beyond their means. *We* aren't responsible for it. We're just the rank and file."

"Are you surprised we don't wish to associate with the house?" said McTurk, with dignity. "We've kept ourselves to ourselves in our study till we were turned out, and now we find ourselves let in for — for this sort of thing. It's simply disgraceful."

"Then you hector and bullyrag us on the stairs," said Stalky, "about matters that are your business entirely. *You* know we aren't prefects."

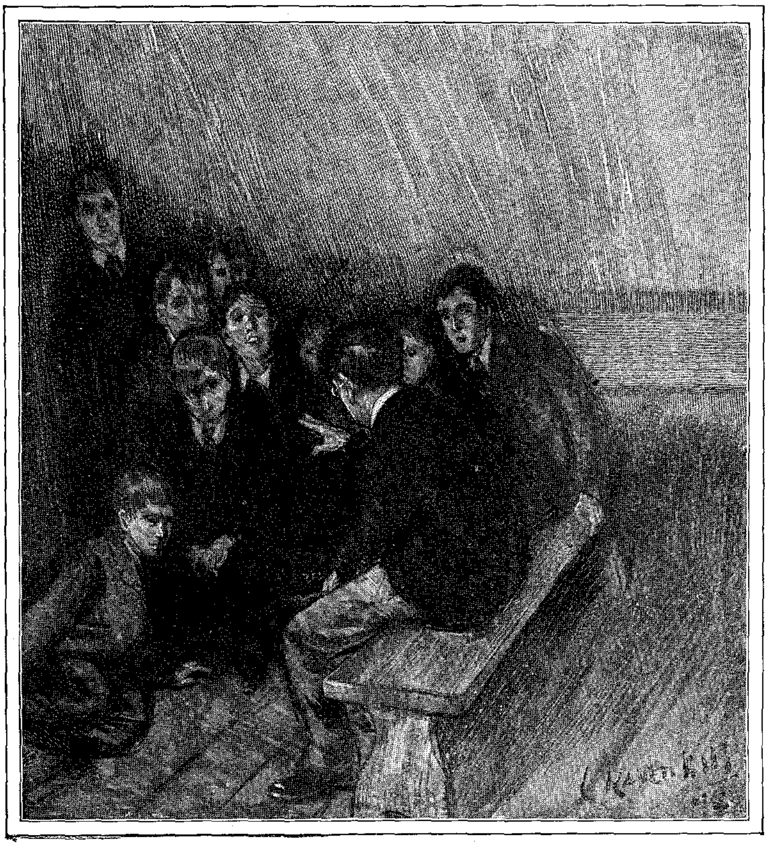
"You threatened us with a prefect's lickin' just now," said Beetle, boldly inventing as he saw the bewilderment in the faces of the enemy.

"And if you expect you'll gain anything from us by your way of approachin' us, you're jolly well mistaken. That's all. Good-night."

They clattered up-stairs, injured virtue on every inch of their backs.

"But — but what the dickens have *we* done?" said Harrison, amazedly, to Craye.

"I don't know. Only — it always happens that way when one has anything to do with them. They're so beastly plausible."

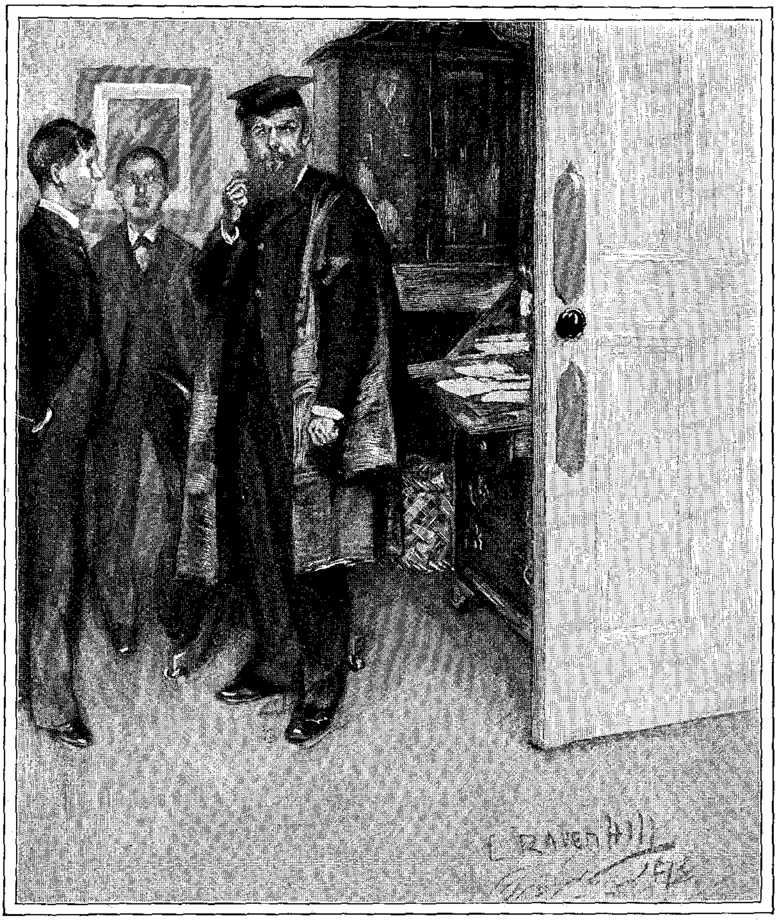


"*Stories—unusual stories—are told in the form-rooms.*"

And Mr. Prout called the good boys into his study anew, and succeeded in sinking both his and their innocent minds ten fathoms deeper in blindfolded bedazement. He spoke of steps and measures, of tone and loyalty in the house and to the house, and urged them to take up the matter tactfully.

So they demanded of Beetle whether he had any connection with any other establishment. Beetle promptly went to his house-master, and wished to know by what right Harrison and Craye had reopened a matter already settled between him and his house-master. In injured innocence no boy excelled Beetle.

Then it occurred to Prout that he might have been unfair to the culprit, who had not striven to deny or palliate his offense. He sent for Harrison and Craye, reprehending them very gently for the tone they had adopted to a repentant sinner, and when they returned to their study, they used the language of despair. They then made headlong inquisition through the house, driving the fags to the edge of hysterics, and unearthing, with tremendous pomp and parade, the natural and inevitable system



"'Oh, Prout he is a nobleman!'"

of small loans that prevails among small boys.

"You see, Harrison, Thornton minor lent me a penny last Saturday, because I was fined for breaking the window; and I spent it at Keyte's. I didn't know there was any harm in it. And Wray major borrowed twopence from me when my uncle sent me a post-office order—I cashed it at Keyte's—for five bob; but he'll pay me back before the holidays. We didn't know there was anything wrong in it."

They waded through hours of this kind of thing, but found no usury, or anything approaching to Beetle's gorgeous scale of interest. The seniors—for the school had no tradition of deference to prefects outside compulsory games—told them succinctly to go about their business. They would not give evidence on any terms. Harrison was one idiot, and Craye was another; but the greatest of all, they said, was their housemaster.

When a house is thoroughly upset, however good its conscience, it breaks into knots and coteries—small gatherings in the twilight, box-room committees, and groups in the corridor. And when from group to group, with an immense affectation of secrecy, three wicked boys steal, crying "Cavé" when there is no need of caution, and whispering "Don't tell!" on the heels of trumpery confidences that instant invented, a very fine air of plot and intrigue can be woven round such a house.

At the end of a few days, it dawned on Prout that he moved in an atmosphere of perpetual ambush. Mysteries hedged him on all sides, warnings ran before his heavy feet, and countersigns were muttered behind his attentive back. McTurk and Stalky invented many absurd and idle phrases—catch-words that swept through the house as fire through stubble. It was a rare jest, and the only practical outcome of the Usury Commission, that one boy should say to a friend, with awful gravity, "*Do* you think there's much of it going on in the house?" The other would reply, "Well, one can't be too careful, you know." The effect on a housemaster of humane conscience and good intent may be imagined. Again, a man who has sincerely devoted himself to gaining the esteem of his charges does not like to hear himself described, even at a distance, as "Popularity Prout" by a dark and scowling Celt with a fluent tongue. A rumor that stories—unusual stories—are told in the form-rooms, between the lights, by a boy who does not command his confidence, agitates such a man; and even elaborate and tender politeness—for the courtesy that wise grown men offer to a bewildered child was the courtesy Stalky wrapped round Prout—restores not his peace of mind.

"The tone of the house seems changed—changed for the worse," said Prout to Harrison and Craye. "Have you noticed it? I don't for an instant impute——"

He never imputed anything; but, on the other hand, he never did anything else, and, with the best intentions in the world, he had reduced the house-prefects to a state as nearly bordering on nervous irritation as healthy boys can know. Worst of all, they began at times to wonder whether Stalky and Co. had not some truth in their often repeated assertions that Prout was a gloomy ass.

"As you know, I am not the kind of man who puts himself out for every little thing he hears. *I* believe in letting the house work out their own salvation—with a light guiding hand on the reins, of course. But there is a perceptible lack of reverence—a lower tone in matters that touch the honor of the house, a sort of hardness."

Oh, Prout he is a nobleman, a nobleman, a nobleman!
Our Heffy is a nobleman—
He does an awful lot,
Because his popularity—
Oh, pop-u-popularity—
His giddy popularity
Would suffer did he not!

The study door stood ajar; and the song, borne by twenty clear voices, came faintly from a form-room. The fags rather liked the tune; the words were Beetle's.

"That's a thing no sensible man objects to," said Prout with a lop-sided smile; "but you know straws show which way the wind blows. Can you trace it to any direct influence? I am speaking to you now as heads of the house."

"There isn't the least doubt of it," said Harrison angrily. "I know what you mean, sir. It all began when Number Five study came to the form-rooms. There's no use blinkin' it, Craye. You know that, too."

"They make things rather difficult for us, sometimes," said Craye. "It's more their manner than anything else, that Harrison means."

"Do they hamper you in the discharge of your duties, then?"

"Well, no, sir. They only look on and grin—and turn up their noses generally."

"Ah," said Prout sympathetically.

"I think, sir," said Craye, plunging into the business boldly, "it would be a great deal better if they were sent back to their studies—better for the house. They are rather old to be knocking about the form-rooms."

"They are younger than Orrin, or Flint, and a dozen others that I can think of."

"Yes, sir; but that's different, somehow. They're rather influential. They have a knack of upsettin' things in a quiet way that one can't take hold of. At least, if one does——"

"And you think they would be better in their own studies again?"

Emphatically Harrison and Craye were of that opinion. As Harrison said to Craye, afterwards, "They've weakened our authority. They're too big to lick; they've made an exhibition of us over this usury business, and we're a laughing-stock to the rest of the school. I'm going up [for Sandhurst, understood] next term. They've managed to knock me out of half my work already, with their—their lunacy. If they go back in their studies we may have a little peace."

"Hullo, Harrison." McTurk ambled round a corner, with a roving eye on all possible horizons. "Bearin' up, old man? That's right. Live it down! Live it down!"

"What d'you mean?"

"You look a little pensive," said McTurk. "Exhaustin' job superintendin' the honor of the house, ain't it? By the way, how are you off for mares'-nests?"

"Look here," said Harrison, hoping for instant reward. "We've recommended Prout to let you go back to your study."

"The dooce you have! And who under the sun are *you* to interfere between us and our house-master? Upon my sam, you two try us very hard—you do, indeed. Of course we don't know how far you abuse your position to prejudice us with Mr. Prout; but when you deliberately stop me to tell me you've been makin' arrangements behind our back—in secret—with Prout—I—I don't know really what I ought to do."

"That's beastly unfair!" cried Craye.

"It is." McTurk had adopted a ghastly solemnity that sat well on his long, lean face. "Hang it all! A perfect's one thing and an usher's another; but you seem to combine 'em. You recommend this—you recommend that! *You* say how and when we go back to our studies!"

"But—but—we thought you'd like it, Turkey. We did, indeed. You know you'll be ever so much more comfortable there." Harrison's voice was almost tearful.

McTurk turned away as though to hide his emotions.

"They're broke!" He hunted up Stalky and Beetle in a box-room. "They're sick! They've been beggin' Heffy to let us get back to Number Five. Poor devils! Poor little devils!"

"It's the olive branch," was Stalky's comment. "It's the giddy white flag, by gum! Come to think of it, we *have* metagrobolized 'em."

Just after tea that day, Mr. Prout sent for them to say that if they chose to ruin their future by neglecting their work, it was entirely their own affair. He wished them, however, to understand that their presence in the form-rooms could not be tolerated one hour longer. He personally did not care to think of the time he must spend in eliminating the traces of their evil influences. How far Beetle had pandered to the baser side of youthful imagination he would ascertain later, and Beetle might be sure that if Mr. Prout came across any soul-corrupting consequences——

"Consequences of what, sir?" said Beetle, genuinely bewildered this time; and McTurk quietly kicked him on the ankle for being "fetched" by Prout.

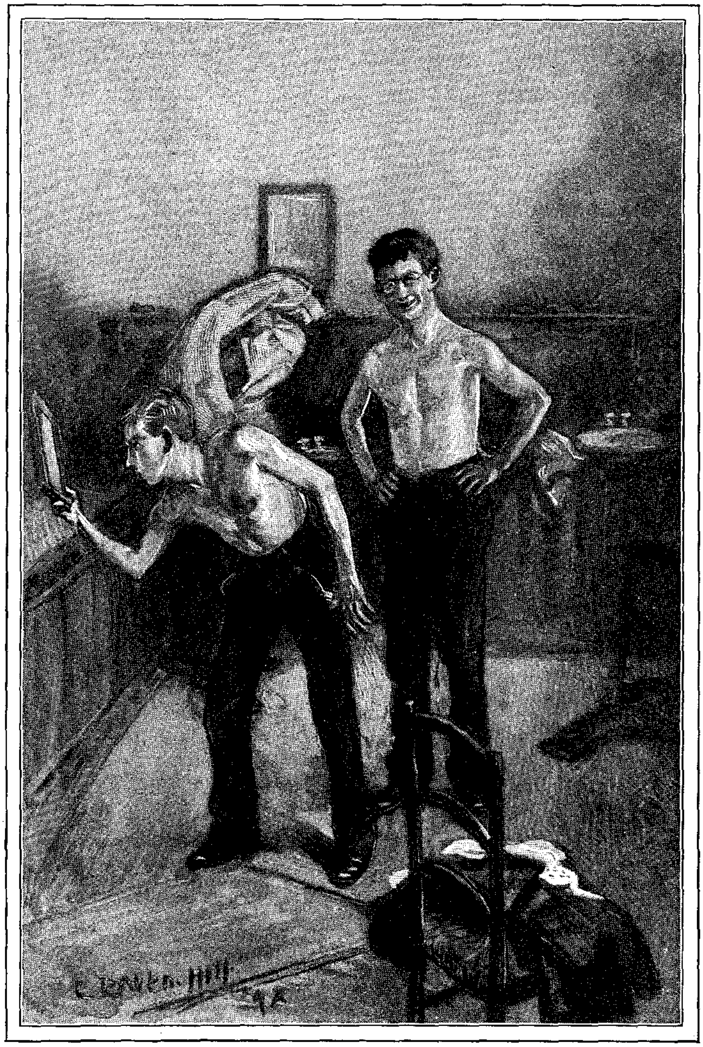
Beetle, the house-master continued, knew very well what was intended. Evil and brief had been their careers under his eye; and as one standing *in loco parentis* to their yet uncontaminated associates, he was bound to take his precautions. The return of the study key closed the sermon.

"But what was the baser-side-of-imagination business?" said Beetle on the stairs.

"I never knew such an ass as you are for justifyin' yourself," said McTurk. "I hope I jolly well skinned your ankle. Why *do* you let yourself be drawn by everybody?"

"Draws be blowed! I must have tickled him up in some way I didn't know about. If I'd had a notion of that before, of course I could have rubbed it in better. It's too late now. What a pity! 'Baser side.' What *was* he drivin' at?"

"Never mind," said Stalky. "I knew we could make it a happy little house. I said so, remember—but I swear I didn't think we'd do it so soon."



"The wales were very red and very level."

. . . .

"No," said Prout most firmly in Common-room. "I maintain that Gillett is wrong. True, I let them go back to their study."

"With your known views on cribbing, too," purred little Hartopp. "What an immoral compromise!"

"One moment," said the Reverend John. "I—we—all of us have exercised an absolutely heart-breaking discretion for the last ten days. *Now* we want to know. Confess. Have you known a happy minute since——"

"As regards my house, I have not," said Prout. "But you are entirely wrong in your estimate of those boys. In justice to the others—in self-defense——"

"Ha! I said it would come to that," murmured the Reverend John.

"——I was forced to send them back. Their moral influence was unspeakable—simply unspeakable."

And bit by bit he told his tale, beginning with Beetle's usury, and ending with the house-prefect's appeal.

"Beetle in the *rôle* of Shylock is new to me," said King, with twitching lips. "I own I heard rumors of it——"

"Before?" said Prout.

"No, after you had dealt with them; but I was careful not to inquire. I never interfere with——"

"I myself," said Hartopp, "would cheerfully give him five shillings if he could work out one simple sum in compound interest without three gross errors."

"Why—why—why," Mason, the mathematical master, stuttered, a fierce joy on his face, "you've been had—precisely the same as me——"

"And so you held an inquiry?" Little Hartopp's voice drowned Mason's ere Prout caught the import of the sentence.

"The boy himself hinted at the existence of a good deal of it in the house," said Prout.

"He is past master in that line," said the Chaplain. "But, as regards the honor of the house——"

"They lowered it in a week. I have striven to build it up for years. My own house-prefects—and boys do not willingly complain of each other—besought me to get them away. You say you have their confidence, Gillett. They may tell you another tale. As far as I am concerned, they may go to the devil in their own style. I'm sick and tired of them," said Prout bitterly.

But it was the Reverend John, with a smiling countenance, who went to the devil just after Number Five had cleared away a very pleasant little brew (it cost them two and fourpence) and was settling down to prep.

"Come in, Padre, come in," said Stalky, thrusting forward the best chair. "We've only met you official-like these last ten days."

"You were under sentence," said the Reverend John. "I do not consort with malefactors."

"Ah, but we're restored again," said McTurk. "Mr. Prout has relented."

"Without a stain on our characters," said Beetle. "It was a painful episode, Padre, most painful."

"Now, consider for a while, and perpend, *mes enfants*. It is about your characters that I've called to-night. In the language of the schools, what the dooce *have* you been up to in Mr. Prout's house? It isn't anything to laugh over. He says that you so lowered the tone of the house he had to pack you back to your studies. Is that true?"

"Every word of it, Padre."

"Don't be flippant, Turkey. Listen to me. I've told you very often that no boys in the school have a greater influence for good or evil than you have. You know I don't talk about ethics and moral codes, because I don't believe that the young of the human animal realizes what they mean for some years to come. All the same, I don't want to think you've been perverting the juniors in any way. Don't interrupt, Beetle. Listen to me! Mr. Prout has a notion that *you* have been corrupting your associates somehow or other."

"Mr. Prout has so many notions, Padre," said Beetle wearily. "Which is this?"

"Well, he tells me that he heard you telling a story in the twilight in the form-room, in a whisper. And Orrin said, just as he opened the door, 'Shut up, Beetle; it's too beastly.' Now then?"

"You remember Mrs. Oliphant's 'Beleaguered City' you lent me last term?" said Beetle.

The Padre nodded.

"I got the notion out of that. Only, instead of a city, I made it the Coll. in a fog—besieged by ghosts of dead boys, who hauled chaps out of their beds in the dormitory. All the names are *quite* real. You tell it in a whisper, you know—with the names. Orrin didn't like it one little bit. None of 'em have ever let me finish it. It's just awful at the end part."

"But why in the world didn't you explain to Mr. Prout, instead of leaving him under the impression—— ?"

"Padre sahib," said McTurk, "it isn't the least good explainin' to Mr. Prout. If he hasn't one impression, he's bound to have another."

"He'd do it with the best o' motives. He's *in loco parentis*," purred Stalky.

"You young demons!" the Reverend John replied. "And am I to understand that the—the usury business was another of your house-master's impressions?"

"Well—we helped a little in that," said Stalky. "I did owe Beetle two and fourpence—at least, Beetle says I did, but I never intended to pay him. Then we started a bit of an argument on the stairs, and—and Mr. Prout dropped into it accidental. That was how it was, Padre. He paid me cash down like a dook (stopped it out of my pocket-money just the same), and Beetle gave him my note-of-hand all correct. I don't know what happened after that."

"I was too truthful," said Beetle. "I always am. You see, he was under an impression, Padre, and I suppose I ought to have corrected that impression; but of course I couldn't be *quite* certain that his house wasn't given over to money-lendin', could I? I thought the house-prefects might know more about it than I did. They ought to. They're giddy palladiums of public schools."

"They did, too—by the time they'd finished," said McTurk. "As nice a pair of conscientious, well-meanin', upright, pure-souled boys as you'd ever want to meet, Padre. They turned the house upside down—Harrison and Craye—with the best motives in the world."

"They said so. They said it very loud and clear. They went and shouted in our ear," said Stalky.

"My own private impression is that all three of you will infallibly be hanged," said the Reverend John.

"Why, *we* didn't do anything," said McTurk. "It was all Mr. Prout. Did you ever read a book about Japanese wrestlers? My uncle—he's in the Navy—gave me a beauty once."

"Don't try to change the subject, Turkey."

"I'm not, sir. I'm givin' an illustration—same as a sermon. These wrestler-chaps have got some sort of trick that lets the other chap do all the work. Then they give a little wriggle, and he upsets himself. It's called *shibbuwichee* or *tokonoma*, or somethin'. Mr. Prout's a *shibbuwicher*. It isn't our fault."

"Did you suppose we went round corruptin' the minds of the fags?" said Beetle. "They haven't any, to begin with; and if they had, they're corrupted long ago."

"Well, I fancied I knew the normal range of your iniquities; but if you take so much trouble to pile up circumstantial evidence against yourselves, you can't blame any one if——"

"We don't blame any one, Padre. We haven't said a word against Mr. Prout, have we?" Stalky looked at the others. "We love him. He hasn't a notion how we love him."

"H'm! You dissemble your love very well. Have you ever thought who got you turned out of your study in the first place?"

"It was Mr. Prout turned us out," said Stalky, with significance.

"Well, I was that man. I didn't mean it; but some words of mine, I'm afraid, gave Mr. Prout the impression——"

Number Five laughed aloud.

"You see it's just the same thing with you, Padre," said McTurk. "He *is* quick to get an impression, ain't he? But you mustn't think we don't love him, 'cause we do. There isn't an ounce of vice about him."

A double knock fell on the door.

"The Head to see Number Five study in his study at once," said the voice of little Foxy, the school sergeant.

"Whew!" said the Reverend John. "It seems to me that there is a great deal of trouble coming for some people."

"My word! He's gone and told the Head," said Stalky. "He's a moral double-ender. Not fair, luggin' the Head into a house-row."

"I should recommend a copy-book on a—h'm—safe and certain part," said the Reverend John disinterestedly.

"Huh! He licks across the shoulders, an' it would slam like a beastly barn-door," said Beetle. "Good-night, Padre. We're in for it."

Once more they stood in the presence of the Head—Belial, Mammon, and Lucifer. But they had to deal with a man more subtle than them all. Mr. Prout had talked to him, heavily and sadly, for half an hour, and the Head had seen all that was hidden from the house-master.

"You've been bothering Mr. Prout," he said pensively. "House-masters aren't here to be bothered by boys more than is necessary. I don't like being bothered by these things. *You* are bothering *me*. That is a very serious offense. You see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, I purpose to bother you, on personal and private grounds, because you have broken into my time. You are much too big to lick, so I suppose I shall have to mark my displeasure in some other way. Say, a thousand lines apiece, a week's gating, and a few things of that kind. Much too big to lick, aren't you?"

"Oh no, sir," said Stalky cheerfully. A week's gating in a summer term is serious.

"Ve-ry good. Then we will do what we can? I *wish* you wouldn't bother me."

It was a fair, sustained, equable stroke, with a little draw to it, but what they felt most was his unfairness in stopping to talk between executions. Thus:

"Among the — lower classes this would lay me open to a charge of — assault. You should be more grateful for your — privileges than you are. There is a limit — one finds it by experience, Beetle — beyond which it is never safe to pursue private vendettas, because — don't move — sooner or later one comes — into collision with the — higher authority, who has studied the animal. *Et ego* — McTurk, please — *in Arcadia vixi.* There's a certain flagrant injustice about this that ought to appeal to — your temperament. And that's all! You will tell your housemaster that you have been formally caned by me."

"My word!" said McTurk, wriggling his shoulder-blades all down the corridor. "That was business! The Prooshan Bates has an infernal straight eye."

"Wasn't it wily of me to ask for the lickin'," said Stalky, "instead of those impots?"

"Rot! We were in for it from the first. *I* know the cock of his old eye," said Beetle. "I was within an inch of blubbing."

"Well, I didn't exactly smile," Stalky confessed.

"Let's go down to the lavatory and have a look at the damage. One of us can hold the glass and t'others can squint."

They proceeded on these lines for some ten minutes. The wales were very red and very level. There was not a penny to choose between any of them for thoroughness, efficiency, and a certain clarity of outline that stamps the work of the artist.

"What are you doing down there?" Mr. Prout was at the head of the lavatory stairs, attracted by the noise of splashing.

"We've only been caned by the Head, sir, and we're washing off the blood. The Head said we were to tell you. We were coming to report ourselves in a minute, sir. (*Sotto voce.*) That's a score for Heffy!"

"Well, he deserves to score something, poor devil," said McTurk, putting on his shirt. "We've sweated a stone and a half off him since we began."

"But look here, why aren't we wrathy with the Head? He said it was a flagrant injustice. So it is!" said Beetle.

"Dear man," said McTurk, and vouchsafed no further answer.

It was Stalky who laughed till he had to hold on by the edge of a basin.

"You *are* a funny ass! What's that for?" said Beetle.

"I'm—I'm thinking of the flagrant injustice of it!"

LINCOLN GATHERING AN ARMY.

By Ida M. Tarbell,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

LINCOLN'S BEARING AND CONDUCT IN THE PANIC AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.—HIS DAILY LIFE AT THIS TIME.—HIS RELATIONS WITH THE SOLDIERS.—THE DEFEAT AT BULL RUN AND HOW LINCOLN SET ABOUT TO REPAIR IT.

It was on April 9, 1861, that the expedition ordered by President Lincoln for the relief of Fort Sumter sailed from New York. The day before, the Governor of South Carolina received from the President a notification that he might expect an attempt to be made to provision the fort. Without waiting for the arrival of the expedition, the Southerners attacked Sumter, bombarding it until it fell. As soon as Mr. Lincoln received the news he began formulating his plan of action, his one question to excited visitors being, "Will your State support me with military power?" The way in which the matter presented itself to his mind he stated clearly to Congress, when that body next came together:

> . . . The assault upon and reduction of Fort Sumter was in no sense a matter of self-defense on the part of the assailants. They well knew that the garrison in the fort could by no possibility commit aggression upon them. They knew—they were expressly notified—that the giving of bread to the few brave and hungry men of the garrison was all which would on that occasion be attempted, unless themselves, by resisting so much, should provoke more. They knew that this government desired to keep the garrison in the fort, not to assail them, but merely to maintain visible possession, and thus to preserve the Union from actual and immediate dissolution—trusting, as hereinbefore stated, to time, discussion, and the ballot-box for final adjustment; and they assailed and reduced the fort for precisely the reverse object—to drive out the visible authority of the Federal Union, and thus force it to immediate dissolution. . . .
>
> And this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic or democracy—a government of the people by the same people—can or can not maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. . . .
>
> So viewing the issue, no choice was left but to call out the war power of the government; and so to resist force employed for its destruction, by force for its preservation.

This was not Mr. Lincoln's view alone. It was the view of the North. And when, on April 15th, he issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 militia and appealing to all loyal citizens "to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our National Union, and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured," there was an immediate and overwhelming response. The telegraph of the very day of the proclamation announced that in almost every city and town of the North volunteer regiments were forming and that Union mass meetings were in session in halls and churches and public squares. "What portion of the 75,000 militia you call for do you give to Ohio? We will furnish the largest number you will receive," telegraphed the Governor of that State in response to the President's message. Indiana, whose quota was less than 5,000 men, telegraphed back that 10,000 were ready. "We will furnish you the regiments in thirty days if you want them, and 50,000 men if you need them," telegraphed Zachariah Chandler from Michigan. So rapidly did men come in under this call for 75,000, that in spite of the efforts of the War Department to keep the number down, it swelled to 91,816.

It was not troops alone that were offered. Banks and private individuals offered money and credit. Supplies of every sort were put at the Government's order. Corporations sent their presidents to Washington, offering railroads and factories. The fall of Sumter seemed for the moment to make a unit of the North. But, at the same time, it did no less for the South. Henceforth there was but one voice in the seceding States, and that for the Confederacy. North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas—all refused the President's call for troops. In Virginia, at the time, a convention was in session of which a majority of members had been up to that day favorable to the Union; on April 17th, that convention passed an ordinance of secession.

WASHINGTON CUT OFF FROM THE NORTH.

With the news of the secession of Virginia, there reached Washington on Thursday, April 18th, a rumor that a large Confederate force was marching on the city. Now there were not over 2,500 armed men in Washington. Regiments were known to be on their way from Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, but nobody could say when they would arrive. Washington might be razed to the ground before they came. A hurried effort at defense was at once made. Women and children were sent out of the city. At the White House, Mrs. Lincoln was urged to go with her boys, but she refused positively. "I am as safe as Mr. Lincoln, and I shall not leave him," was her stout answer.

Guards were stationed at every approach to the city, cannon were planted in commanding positions, while "government officials, foreign ministers, governors, senators, office-seekers" were pressed into one or the other of two impromptu organizations, the Clay Battalion of Cassius M. Clay, and the Frontier Guards of Senator Lane of Kansas. For a short time the Frontier Guards were quartered in the East Room of the White House, and Clay's Battalion at Willard's Hotel, which had been stripped of its guests in a night.

The confusion and alarm of the city was greatly increased on Friday by news received from Baltimore. The Sixth Massachusetts, *en route* to the Capital, had reached there that day, and had been attacked as it marched through by a mob of Southern sympathizers. Four of its members had been killed and many wounded. "No troops should go through Maryland," the people of Baltimore declared, "whose purpose was to invade Virginia and coerce sister States." That evening about five o'clock the regiment reached Washington. Dusty, torn, and bleeding, they marched two by two through a great crowd of silent people to the Capitol. Behind them there came, in single line, seventeen stretchers, bearing the wounded. The dead had been left behind.

Early the next day, Saturday, the 20th, a delegation of Baltimore men appeared at the White House. They had come to beg Mr. Lincoln to bring no more troops through their city. After a long discussion, he sent them away with a note to the Maryland authorities, suggesting that the troops be marched *around* Baltimore. But as he gave them the letter, Mr. Nicolay heard him say laughingly: "If I grant you this concession, that no troops shall pass through the city, you will be back here to-morrow, demanding that none shall be marched around it."

The President was right. That afternoon, and again on Sunday and Monday, committees sought him, protesting that Maryland soil should not be "polluted" by the feet of soldiers marching against the South. The President had but one reply: "We must have troops; and as they can neither crawl under Maryland nor fly over it, they must come across it."

While the controversy with the Baltimoreans was going on, the condition of Washington had become hourly more alarming. In 1861 there was but *one* railroad running north from Washington. At Annapolis Junction this line connected with a branch to Chesapeake Bay; at the Relay House, with the Baltimore and Ohio to the west; at Baltimore, with the only two lines then entering that city from the North, one from Harrisburg, the other from Philadelphia. On Friday, April 19th, after the attack on the Sixth Massachusetts, the Maryland authorities ordered that certain of the bridges on the railroads running from Baltimore to Harrisburg and Philadelphia be destroyed. This was done to prevent any more trains bearing troops entering the city. The telegraph lines were also partially destroyed at this time. Inspired by this example, the excited Marylanders, in the course of the next two or three days, tore up much of the track running north from Washington, as well as that of the Annapolis branch, and still further damaged the telegraph. Exit from Washington to the north, east, and west by rail was now impossible. On Sunday night matters were made still worse by the complete interruption of the telegraph to the north. The last wire had been cut. All the news which reached Washington now came by way of the south, and it was all of the most disturbing nature. From twelve to fifteen thousand Confederates were reported near Alexandria, and an army under Jefferson Davis was said to be ready to march from Richmond. The alarmed citizens, expecting hourly to be attacked, were constantly reporting that they heard cannon booming from this or that direction, or had seen scouts prowling around the outskirts of the town.

The activity of the War Department under these conditions was extraordinary. General Scott had only four or five thousand men under arms, but he proposed, if the town was attacked, to contest possession point by point, and he had every public building, including school-houses, barricaded. At the Capitol, barricades of cement barrels, sandbags, and iron plates such as were being used in the construction of the dome were erected ten feet high, at every entrance. In all his efforts the General was assisted by the loyal citizens. Even the men exempted from service by age formed a company called the "Silver Grays," and the soldiers of the War of 1812 offered themselves.

By Tuesday, April 23d, a new terror was added to the situation—that of famine. The country around had been scoured for provisions, and supplies were getting short. If Washington was to be besieged, as it looked, what was to be done about food? The government at once ordered that the flour at the Georgetown mills, some 25,000 barrels, be seized, and sold according to the discretion of the military authorities.

In its distress, it was to Mr. Lincoln that the city turned. The fiber of the man began to show at once. Bayard Taylor happened to be in Washington at the very beginning of the alarm, and called on the President. "His demeanor was thoroughly calm and collected," Taylor wrote to the New York "Tribune," "and he spoke of the present crisis with that solemn, earnest composure which is the sign of a soul not easily perturbed. I came away from his presence cheered and encouraged." However, the suspense of the days when the Capital was isolated, the expected troops not arriving, an hourly attack feared, wore on Mr. Lincoln greatly. "I begin to believe," Mr. Hay heard him say bitterly, one day, to some Massachusetts soldiers, "that there is no North. The Seventh Regiment is a myth. Rhode Island is another. You are the only real thing." And again, after pacing the floor of his deserted office for a half hour, he was heard to exclaim to himself, in an anguished tone, "Why don't they come! Why don't they come!"

The delay of the troops to arrive was, perhaps, the most mysterious and terrifying element in the situation for Mr. Lincoln. He knew that several regiments had started, and that the Seventh New York was at Annapolis, having come down Cheasapeake Bay. Why they did not make a way through he could not understand. The most disquieting rumors reached him—now that an army had been raised in Maryland to oppose their advance; now that they had attempted to come up the Potomac, and were aground on Virginia soil. At last, however, the long suspense was broken. On Thursday, the 25th, about noon, the whole city was thrown into excitement by the shrill whistle of a locomotive. A great crowd gathered at the station, where the Seventh New York was debarking. The regiment had worked its way from Annapolis to the city, building bridges and laying track as it went. Worn and dirty as the men were, they marched gaily up Pennsylvania Avenue, through the crowds of cheering, weeping people, to the White House, where Mr. Lincoln received them. The next day, 1,200 Rhode Island troops and the Butler Brigade of 1,400 arrived. Before the end of the week, there were said to be 17,000 troops in the city, and it was believed that the number could easily be increased to 40,000. Mr. Lincoln had won his first point. He had soldiers to defend his Capital.

INCREASING THE ARMY.

But it was evident by this time that something more was necessary than to defend Washington. When, on April 15th, Mr. Lincoln called for 75,000 men for three months, he had commanded the persons disturbing the public peace "to disperse and retire peacefully to their respective abodes within twenty days from date." Before ten of the twenty days had passed, it was plain that the order was worthless.

"I have desired as sincerely as any man, and I sometimes think more than any other man," said the President on April 27th to a visiting military company, "that our present difficulties might be settled without the shedding of blood. I *will not* say that all hope has yet gone; but if the alternative is presented whether the Union is to be broken in fragments and the liberties of the people lost, or blood be shed, you will probably make the choice with which I shall not be dissatisfied."

If not as yet quite convinced that war was coming, Mr. Lincoln saw that it was so probable that he must have an army of something beside "three months' men," for the very next day after this speech, the Secretary of War, Mr. Cameron, wrote to a correspondent that the President had decided to add twenty-five regiments to the regular army.

There was great need that the regular army be reinforced. At the beginning of the year it had numbered 16,367 men, but a large part of this force was in the West, and the efficiency of the whole was greatly weakened by the desertion of officers to the South, 313 of the commissioned officers, nearly one-third of the whole number, having resigned. To Mr. Lincoln's great satisfaction, this disaffection did not extend to the "common soldiers and common sailors." "To the last man, so far as is known," he said proudly, "they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those whose commands, but an hour before, they obeyed as absolute law." It was on May 3d that the President issued a proclamation increasing the regulars by 22,714, and calling for three years' volunteers to the number of 42,034. But the country was not satisfied to send so few. When the War Department refused troops from States beyond the quota assigned, governors literally begged that they be allowed to send more. Under this pressure, regiment after regiment was added to the three years' volunteers. It was Mr. Lincoln's personal interference which brought in many of these regiments. "Why cannot Colonel Small's Philadelphia regiment be received?" he wrote to the Secretary of War on May 21st. "I sincerely wish it could. There is something strange about it. Give these gentlemen an interview, and take their regiment." Again on June 13th he wrote: "There is, it seems, a regiment in Massachusetts commanded by Fletcher Webster, and which Hon. Daniel Webster's old friends very much wish to get into the service. If it can be received with the approval of your department and the consent of the Governor of Massachusetts, I shall indeed be much gratified. Give Mr. Ashmun a chance to explain fully." And again on June 17th: "With your concurrence, and that of the Governor of Indiana, I am in favor of accepting into what we call the three years' service any number not exceeding four additional regiments from that State. Probably they should come from the triangular region between the Ohio and Wabash rivers, including my own old boyhood home."*

So rapid was the increase of the army under this policy, that on July 1st, the Secretary of War reported 310,000 men at his command.

But Mr. Lincoln soon found that enrolling men does not make an army. He must uniform, arm, shelter, feed, nurse, and transport them as needed. It was in providing for the needs of the men that came so willingly into service that the Administration found its chief embarrassment. The most serious difficulty was in getting arms. Men could go ununiformed, and sleep in the open air, but to fight they must have guns. The supplies of the United States arsenals in the North had been greatly depleted in the winter of 1860 and 1861 by transfers to the South, between one-fifth and one-sixth of all the muskets in the country and between one-fourth and one-fifth of all the rifles having been sent to the six seceding States. The Confederates had not only obtained the lion's share of government arms, but through January, February, March, April, and May they bought from private factories in the North, "under the very noses of the United States officers." At the same time the Federal ministers abroad were warning Mr. Lincoln that the South was picking up all the arms Europe had to spare, and the North was buying nothing. The need of arms opened the way for inventors, and Washington was overrun with men having guns to be tested. Mr. Lincoln took the liveliest interest in these new arms, and it sometimes happened that, when an inventor could get nobody else in the government to listen to him, the President would personally test his gun. A former clerk in the Navy Department tells an incident illustrative. He had stayed late one night at his desk, when he heard some one striding up and down the hall muttering: "I do wonder if they have gone already and left the building all alone." Looking out, the clerk was surprised to see the President. "Good evening," said Mr. Lincoln. "I was just looking for that man who goes shooting with me sometimes."

The clerk knew that Mr. Lincoln referred to a certain messenger of the Ordnance Department who had been accustomed to going with him to test weapons, but as this man had gone home, the clerk offered his services. Together they went to the lawn south of the White House, where Mr. Lincoln fixed up a target cut from a sheet of white Congressional note-paper. "Then pacing off a distance of about eighty or a hundred feet," writes the clerk, "he raised the rifle to a level, took a quick aim, and drove the round of seven shots in quick succession, the bullets shooting all around the target like a Gatling gun and one striking near the center.

"'I believe I can make this gun shoot better,' said Mr. Lincoln, after we had looked at the result of the first fire. With this he took from his vest pocket a small wooden sight which he had whittled from a pine stick, and adjusted it over the sight of the carbine. He then shot two rounds, and of the fourteen bullets nearly a dozen hit the paper!"

It was in these early days of preparing for war that Mr. Lincoln interested himself, too, in experiments with the balloon. He was one of the first persons in this country to receive a telegraphic message from a balloon sent up to make observations on an enemy's works. This experiment was made in June, and so pleased the President that the balloonist was allowed to continue his observations from the Virginia side. These observations were successful, and on June 21st, Joseph Henry, the distinguished secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, declared in a report to the Administration that, "from experiments made here for the first time, it is conclusively proved that telegrams can be sent with ease and certainty between the balloon and the quarters of the commanding officer."

MR. LINCOLN'S DAILY LIFE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The extraordinary conditions under which Mr. Lincoln entered the White House prevented him for some weeks from adopting anything like systematic habits. By the time of his second call for troops, however, he had adjusted himself to his new home as well as he ever was able to. The arrangement of the White House was not materially different then from what it is now. The entrance, halls, the East Room, the Green Room, the Blue Room, the State Dining-room, all were the same, the only difference being in furnishings and decorations. The Lincoln family used the west end of the second floor as a private apartment, as the McKinley family do to-day. The east end of the second floor was devoted to business then, as now.

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* These extracts are from letters to Mr. Cameron found in a volume of the War Records as yet unpublished. Others of the same tenor are in the volume.

Mr. Lincoln's office was the large room on the south side of the house, between the office of Private Secretary Nicolay, at the southeast corner, and the room now used by Mr. McKinley as a cabinet-room.

"The furniture of this room," says Mr. Isaac Arnold, a friend and frequent visitor of the President, "consisted of a large oak table covered with cloth, extending north and south, and it was around this table that the cabinet sat when it held its meetings. Near the end of the table and between the windows was another table, on the west side of which the President sat, in a large arm-chair, and at this table he wrote. A tall desk, with pigeon-holes for papers, stood against the south wall. The only books usually found in this room were the Bible, the United States Statutes, and a copy of Shakespere. There were a few chairs and two plain hair-covered sofas. There were two or three map frames, from which hung military maps, on which the positions and movements of the armies were traced. There was an old and discolored engraving of General Jackson on the mantel and a later photograph of John Bright. Doors opened into this room from the room of the secretary and from the outside hall, running east and west across the house. A bell cord within reach of his hand extended to the secretary's office. A messenger sat at the door opening from the hall, and took in the cards and names of visitors."

One serious annoyance in the arrangement of the business part of the White House at that date arose from the fact that to reach his office Mr. Lincoln was obliged, in coming from his private apartment, to pass through the hall. As this hall was always filled with persons anxious to see him, it was especially difficult for a man of his informal habits and genial nature to get through. Late in 1864 this difficulty was remedied. At the suggestion of one of his body-guard, a door was cut from the family library into the present cabinet-room, and a light partition was run across the south end, thus enabling him to pass into his office without interruption.

Most of his time, while President, Mr. Lincoln undoubtedly spent in his office, and in these early days practically all of his time was passed there. He was a very early riser, being often at his desk at six o'clock in the morning, and sometimes even going out on errands at this early hour. A friend tells of passing the White House early one morning in the spring of 1861 and seeing Mr. Lincoln standing at the gate, looking anxiously up and down the street. "Good morning, good morning," he said. "I am looking for a newsboy. When you get to the corner, I wish you would send one up this way."

After the firing on Fort Sumter and the alarm for the safety of Washington, the office-seekers fell off sufficiently for the President to announce that he would see no visitors before nine o'clock in the morning or after two in the afternoon. He never kept the rule himself, but those about him did their best to keep it for him. He was most informal in receiving visitors. Sometimes he even went out into the hall himself to reply to cards. Ben. Perley Poore says he did this frequently for newspaper men. Indeed, it was so much more natural for Mr. Lincoln to do things for himself than to call on others, to go to others than to have them come to him, that he was constantly appearing in unexpected places. The place to which he went oftenest was the War Department. In 1861, separate buildings occupied the space now covered by the State, Army, and Navy Building. The War Department stood on the site of the northeast corner of the present structure, facing on Pennsylvania Avenue. The Navy Building was south and in line, and no street separated the White House from these buildings, as now, but the lawn was continuous, and a gravel walk ran from one to another. Mr. Lincoln had no telegraph in the White House, so that all war news was brought to him from the War Department, unless he went after it. He much preferred to go after it, and he began soon after the fall of Fort Sumter to run over to the Department whenever anything important occurred. Mr. William B. Wilson, of Philadelphia, was in the military telegraph office of the War Department from the first of May, 1861, and in some unpublished recollections of Mr. Lincoln he recalls an incident illustrating admirably the President's informal relation to the telegraph office. Mr. Wilson had been sent to the White House hurriedly to repeat an important telegram from an excited governor.

"Mr. Lincoln considered it of sufficient importance," writes Mr. Wilson, "to return with me to the War Department for the purpose of having a 'wire talk' with the perturbed governor. Calling one of his two younger boys to join him, we then started from the White House, between stately trees, along a gravel path which led to the rear of the old War Department building. It was a warm day, and Mr. Lincoln wore as part of his costume a faded gray linen duster which hung loosely around his long gaunt frame; his kindly eye was beaming with good nature, and his ever-thoughtful brow was unruffled. We had barely reached the gravel walk before he stooped over, picked up a round smooth pebble, and shooting it off his thumb, challenged us to a game of 'followings,' which we accepted. Each in turn tried to hit the outlying stone, which was being constantly projected onward by the President. The game was short, but exciting; the cheerfulness of childhood, the ambition of young manhood, and the gravity of the statesman were all injected into it. The game was not won until the steps of the War Department were reached. Every inch of progression was toughly contested, and when the President was declared victor,

> it was only by a hand span. He appeared to be as much pleased as if he had won a battle, and softened the defeat of the vanquished by attributing his success to his greater height of person and longer reach of arm."

One noticeable feature of Mr. Lincoln's life, at this time, was his relation to the common soldier. Officers he respected, even deferred to, but from the first arrival of troops in Washington it was the man on foot, with a gun on his shoulder, that had Mr. Lincoln's heart. Even at this early period the men found it out, and went to him confidently for favors refused elsewhere. Thus the franking of letters by congressmen was one of the perquisites of the boys, and there are cases of their going to the President with letters to be franked when they failed to find, or were refused by, their congressman. But they also soon learned that trivial pleas or complaints were met by rebukes as caustic as the help they received was genuine when they had a just cause. General Sherman relates the following incident that befell one day when he was riding through camp with Mr. Lincoln:

> "I saw," says the general, "an officer with whom I had had a little difficulty that morning. His face was pale and his lips compressed. I foresaw a scene, but sat on the front seat of the carriage as quiet as a lamb. The officer forced his way through the crowd to the carriage, and said: 'Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to speak to Colonel Sherman, and he threatened to shoot me.' Mr. Lincoln said: 'Threatened to shoot you?' 'Yes, sir, threatened to shoot me.' Mr. Lincoln looked at him, then at me, and stooping his tall form towards the officer, said to him, in a loud stage whisper, easily heard for some yards around, '*Well, if I were you, and he threatened to shoot me, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it.*'"

It is curious to note in the records of the time how soon, not only the soldiers, but the general public of Washington discovered the big heart of the new President. A correspondent of the Philadelphia "Press," in a letter of May 23d, tells how he saw Mr. Lincoln one day sitting in his "new barouche" in front of the Treasury, awaiting Mr. Chase, when there came along a boy on crutches. Lincoln immediately called the boy to him, asked him several questions, and then slipped a gold piece into his hands. "Such acts of liberality and disinterested charity," said the correspondent, "are frequently practiced by our Executive, who can never look upon distress without attempting to relieve it."

As soon as the first rush of soldiers to Washington was over and the capital was comparatively safe, Mr. Lincoln began to take a drive every afternoon. It was among the soldiers that he went almost invariably. Indeed it was impossible to escape the camps, so fully was the city turned over to the military. The Capitol, Inauguration Ballroom, Patent Office, and other public buildings were used as temporary quarters for incoming troops. The Corcoran Art Gallery had been turned into a store-house for army supplies. A bakery was established in the basement of the Capitol. The Twelfth New York was in Franklin Park. At the Georgetown College was another regiment. On Meridian Hill the Seventh New York was stationed. Everywhere were soldiers. Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet officers drove daily to one or another of these camps. Very often his outing for the day was attending some ceremony incident to camp life: a military funeral, a camp wedding, a review, a flag-raising. He did not often make speeches. "I have made a great many poor speeches," he said one day, in excusing himself, "and I now feel relieved that my dignity does not permit me to be a public speaker."

All through these early days of calling the army to Washington there was little to make one feel how terrible a thing it is to collect and prepare men for battle. There were critics now who said, as they had said before the inauguration and again before the firing on Fort Sumter, that Mr. Lincoln did not understand the meaning of what was going on before his eyes. General Sherman himself confesses his irritation at what seemed to him an unbecoming placidity on the part of Mr. Lincoln. The General had just come from Louisiana. "How are they getting on down there?" asked the President.

"They are getting on swimmingly," Sherman replied. "They are preparing for war."

"Oh, well," Lincoln said, "I guess we'll manage to keep house."

More penetrating observers saw something else in Mr. Lincoln, an inner man, wrestling incessantly with an awful problem. N. P. Willis, who saw the President at one of the many flag-raisings of that spring, records an impression common enough among thoughtful observers:

> "There was a momentary interval," writes Willis, "while the band played the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and during this 'brief waiting for the word,' all eyes, of course, were on the President's face, in which (at least for those near enough to see it well) there was the same curious problem of expression which has been more than once noticed by the close observer of that singular countenance—the twofold working of the twofold nature of the man. Lincoln the westerner, slightly

humorous but thoroughly practical and sagacious, was measuring the 'chore' that was to be done, and wondering whether that string was going to draw that heap of stuff through the hole in the top of the partition, determining that it should, but seeing clearly that it was mechanically a badly arranged job, and expecting the difficulty that did actually occur. Lincoln the President and statesman was another nature, seen in those abstract and serious eyes, which seemed withdrawn to an inner sanctuary of thought, sitting in judgment on the scene and feeling its far reach into the future. A whole man, and an exceedingly handy and joyous one, was to hoist the flag, but an anxious and reverent and deep-thinking statesman and patriot was to stand apart while it went up and pray God for its long waving and sacred welfare. Completely, and yet separately, the one strange face told both stories, and told them well."

USING THE ARMY.

By the middle of May, 1861, the problem of Mr. Lincoln's life was how to use the army he had called together. This force was distributed along a zig-zag line running from Missouri eastward to Norfolk. The bulk of all the troops, however, were in and around Washington. The North had been urging the President, from the day it answered his first call, to advance the volunteers into Virginia. Finally, about the middle of May, he decided that a movement across the river should be made, the object being to seize the heights from Arlington south to Alexandria. Mr. Lincoln had the success of this movement deeply at heart. The Confederate flag flying from a staff at Alexandria had been a constant eyesore to him. Again and again he was seen standing with a gloomy face before one of the south windows of the White House looking through a glass at this flag.

The time for the advance was set for the night of May 23d. By morning, Arlington, the shores of the Potomac southward, and the town of Alexandria were occupied by Federal troops. The enemy had fled at their approach. The flag which had caused Mr. Lincoln so much pain was gone, but its removal had cost a life very precious to the President. Young Colonel Ellsworth, one of the most brilliant officers in the volunteer service, a man whom the President had brought to Washington and for whom he felt the warmest affection, had been shot.

The Arlington heights seized, the army lay for weeks inactive. The one movement for which the North now clamored was a march from Arlington to Richmond. The delay to move made it irritable and sarcastic. Mr. Lincoln was as anxious for a successful movement southward as any man in the country; but for some time he resisted the popular outcry, giving his generals the opportunity to make ready for which they begged. At last, towards the end of June, he decided that an advance must be made, and he summoned his cabinet and the leading military men near Washington to meet him on the evening of June 29th and discuss the advisability of and the plans for an immediate attack on the enemy's army, then entrenched at Manassas Junction, some twenty miles southwest of Washington. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army, General Scott, opposed the advance. He had another plan of campaign, the army was not ready. But Mr. Lincoln insisted that the country demanded a movement, and that if the Federal army was "green," so was that of the Confederates. General Scott waived his objections, and the advance was ordered for July 9th. For one and another reason, however, it was July 21st before the army was ready to attack. The day was Sunday, a brilliant, hot Washington day. Anxious as Mr. Lincoln was over the coming battle, he went to church as usual. It was while he was there that a distant roar of cannon, the first sounds of the battle, only twenty miles away, reached him. Returning to the White House after the services, the President's first inquiry was for news. Telegrams had just begun to come in. They continued at intervals all the afternoon—broken reports from now this, now that, part of the field. Although fragmentary, they were as a whole encouraging. The President studied them carefully, and after a time went over to General Scott's headquarters to talk the news over with him. By half-past five he felt so sure that the field was won that he went out for his usual afternoon drive. An hour later he returned, only to be met with the dreadful telegram which announced the end of the battle of Bull Run:

> "General McDowell's army in full retreat through Centreville. The day is lost. Save Washington and the remnants of this army. . . . The routed troops will not reform."

From that time on, for at least twenty-four hours, a continuous stream of tales of disaster was poured upon Mr. Lincoln. A number of public men had gone from Washington to see the battle. Ex-Senator Dawes, who was among them, says that General Scott urged him to go, telling him that it was undoubtedly the only battle he would ever have a chance to see. About midnight they began to return. They came in haggard, worn, and horror-stricken, and a number of them repaired to the White House, where Mr. Lincoln, lying on his office sofa, listened to their tales of the panic that had seized the army about four in the afternoon and of the retreat that had followed. All of those who returned that night to Washington were positive that the Confederates would attack the city before morning.

The events of the next day were no less harrowing to Mr. Lincoln than those of the night. A drizzling rain was falling, and from daybreak there could be seen, crowding and staggering across the Long Bridge, hundreds of soldiers, civilians, negroes, and horses. Hour by hour the streets of the city grew fuller. On the corners white-faced women stood beside boilers of coffee, feeding the exhausted men. Now and then the remnants of a regiment or company which somehow had kept together marched up the street, mud-splashed and dejected. One of the most pathetic sights of the day was the return of Burnside and his men. The regiment and the handsome general had been one of the town's delights. Now they came back broken in numbers and so overcome with fatigue that man after man dropped in the streets as he marched, while slowly in front, his head on his breast, the reins on the neck of his exhausted horse, rode Burnside.

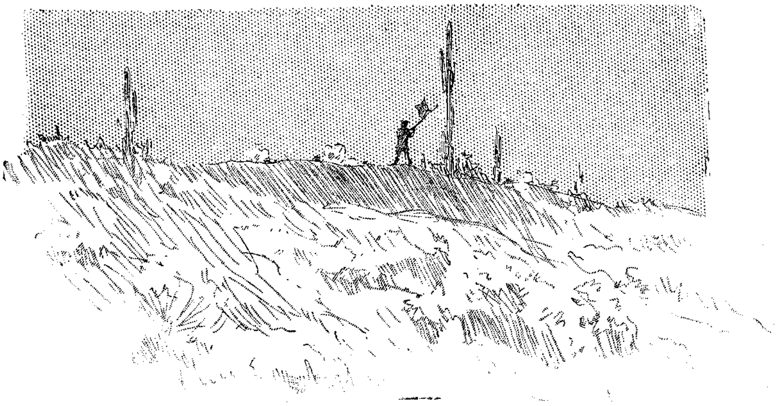
Before Monday night, it was known that the enemy was not following up his advantage. Two days later the Union army was reintrenched on Arlington heights. A revulsion of feeling had already begun. The effort to make out the rout to be as complete and terrible as it could be was followed by an attempt to show that it was nothing but a panic among teamsters and sight-seers. Mr. Lincoln was asked to listen to a number of these explanations. "Ah, I see," he said to one vindicator of the day, "we whipped the enemy, and then ran away from him."

REPAIRING THE DISASTER.

Explanations of the battle of Bull Run did not interest the President. He was giving his whole mind to repairing the disaster. Congress, prostrated as it was by the unexpected defeat, stood by him bravely. Resources he was not going to lack. The confidence of the country was what he needed. To stimulate this confidence, Mr. Lincoln and his advisers summoned to Washington, on July 22d, George B. McClellan, the only man who had thus far accomplished anything in the war on which the North looked with pride, and asked him to take the command of the demoralized army. A more effective move could not have been made. McClellan had just finished an offensive campaign against the enemy in West Virginia, completely driving him from the country. He had announced his victories in a series of addresses which thrilled the North. They saw in him a second Napoleon, and were satisfied that if he were in charge of the army, the disgrace of Bull Run would be speedily wiped out.

While occupied in reorganizing and increasing the army, Mr. Lincoln did his best to improve the *morale* of officers and men. One of the first things he did, in fact, after the battle was to "run over and see the boys," as he expressed it. General Sherman, who was with Mr. Lincoln as he drove about the camps on this visit, says that he made one of the "neatest, best, and most feeling addresses" he ever listened to, and that its effect on the troops was "excellent." As often as he could after this, Mr. Lincoln went to the Arlington camps. Frequently in these visits he left his carriage and walked up and down the lines shaking hands with each man, repeating heartily as he did so, "God bless you, God bless you." Before a month had passed, he saw that under McClellan's training the Army of the Potomac, as it had come to be called, had recovered almost completely from the panic of Bull Run, and that it was growing every day in efficiency. But scarcely had his anxiety over the condition of things around Washington been allayed, before a grave problem was raised in the West. The severest criticisms began to come to him on the conduct of a man whom he had made a major-general and whom he had put in command of the important Western division, John C. Frémont. The force of these criticisms was intensified by serious disasters to the Union troops in Missouri. Mr. Lincoln found himself facing one of the most delicate problems of a President of the United States: to decide whether a widespread discontent with a man whom he has put in a position of trust is defensible, and in case it is, what course justice to the man and to the public requires him to follow.

NOTE.—Through an inadvertence which the author regrets, the quotations from Mr. Lincoln's letters to Henry J. Raymond, the Hon. William Kellogg, and the Hon. John T. Hale, as well as the letter to the Hon. John A. Gilmer, cited in the December instalment of the "Later Life of Lincoln;" and Mr. Seward's criticisms of Lincoln's first inaugural address, and the letters to General Scott and Mr. Chase, cited in the January instalment, were not credited, as they should have been, to "Abraham Lincoln: A History," by Nicolay and Hay. Mr. Seward's "Thoughts for the President's Consideration," with Mr. Lincoln's reply, were first published in the same work.



MARINES SIGNALING UNDER FIRE AT GUANTANAMO.

BY STEPHEN CRANE,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Open Boat," etc.

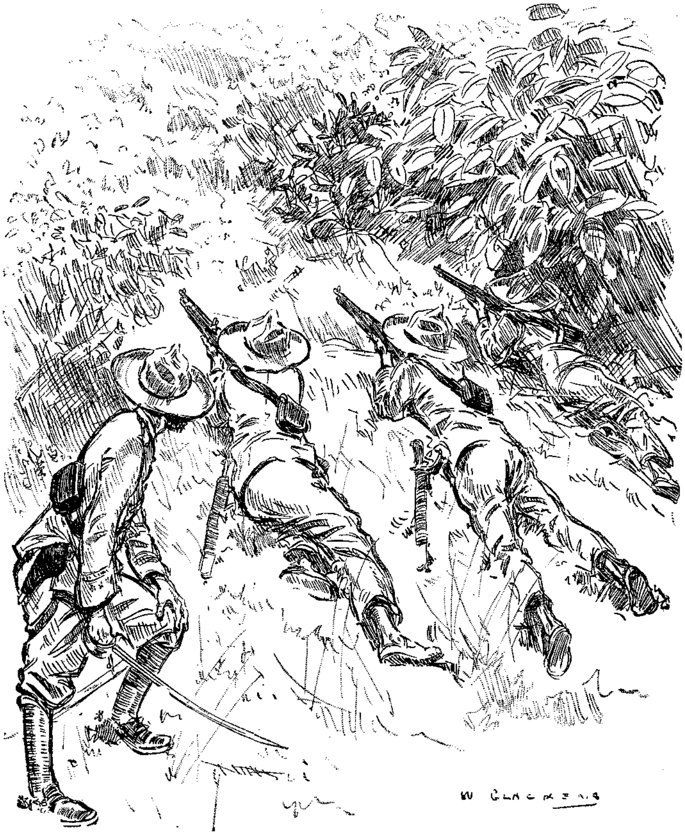
THEY were four Guantanamo marines, officially known for the time as signalmen, and it was their duty to lie in the trenches of Camp McCalla, that faced the water, and, by day, signal the "Marblehead" with a flag and, by night, signal the "Marblehead" with lanterns. It was my good fortune—at that time I considered it my bad fortune, indeed—to be with them on two of the nights when a wild storm of fighting was pealing about the hill; and, of all the actions of the war, none were so hard on the nerves, none strained courage so near the panic point, as those swift nights in Camp McCalla. With a thousand rifles rattling; with the field-guns booming in your ears; with the diabolic Colt automatics clacking; with the roar of the "Marblehead" coming from the bay, and, last, with Mauser bullets sneering always in the air a few inches over one's head, and with this enduring from dusk to dawn, it is extremely doubtful if any one who was there will be able to forget it easily. The noise; the impenetrable darkness; the knowledge from the sound of the bullets that the enemy was on three sides of the camp; the infrequent bloody stumbling and death of some man with whom, perhaps, one had messed two hours previous; the weariness of the body, and the more terrible weariness of the mind, at the endlessness of the thing, made it wonderful that at least some of the men did not come out of it with their nerves hopelessly in shreds.

But, as this interesting ceremony proceeded in the darkness, it was necessary for the signal squad to coolly take and send messages. Captain McCalla always participated in the defense of the camp by raking the woods on two of its sides with the guns of the "Marblehead." Moreover, he was the senior officer present, and he wanted to know what was happening. All night long the crews of the ships in the bay would stare sleeplessly into the blackness toward the roaring hill.

The signal squad had an old cracker-box placed on top of the trench. When not signaling, they hid the lanterns in this box; but as soon as an order to send a message was received, it became necessary for one of the men to stand up and expose the lights. And then—oh, my eye—how the guerrillas hidden in the gulf of night would turn loose at those yellow gleams!

Signaling in this way is done by letting one lantern remain stationary—on top of the cracker-box, in this case—and moving the other over it to the left and right and so on in the regular gestures of the wig-wagging code. It is a very simple system of night communication, but one can see that it presents rare possibilities when used in front of an enemy who, a few hundred yards away, is overjoyed at sighting so definite a mark.

How, in the name of wonders, those four men at Camp McCalla were not riddled from head to foot and sent home more as repositories of Spanish ammunition than as marines is beyond all comprehension. To make a confession—when one of these men stood up to wave his lantern, I, lying in the trench, invariably rolled a little to the right or left, in order that, when he was shot, he would not fall on me. But the squad came off scathless, despite the best efforts of the most formidable corps in the Spanish army—the Escuadra de Guantanamo. That it was the most formidable corps in the Spanish army of occupation has been told me by many Spanish officers and also by General Menocal and other insurgent officers. General Menocal was Garcia's chief-of-staff when the latter was operating busily in Santiago province. The regiment was composed solely of *practicos*, or guides, who knew every shrub and tree on the ground over which they moved.



"The enemy shoot at you from an adjacent thicket."

Whenever the adjutant, Lieutenant Draper, came plunging along through the darkness with an order—such as: "Ask the 'Marblehead' to please shell the woods to the left"—my heart would come into my mouth, for I knew then that one of my pals was going to stand up behind the lanterns and have all Spain shoot at him.

The answer was always upon the instant: "Yes, sir." Then the bullets began to snap, snap, snap, at his head while all the woods began to crackle like burning straw. I could lie near and watch the face of the signalman, illumed as it was by the yellow shine of lantern light, and the absence of excitement, fright, or any emotion at all, on his countenance, was something to astonish all theories out of one's mind. The face was in every instance merely that of a man intent upon his business, the business of wig-wagging into the gulf of night where a light on the "Marblehead" was seen to move slowly.

These times on the hill resembled, in some days, those terrible scenes on the stage—scenes of intense gloom, blinding lightning, with a cloaked devil or assassin or other appropriate character muttering deeply amid the awful roll of the thunder-drums. It was theatric beyond words; one felt like a leaf in this booming chaos, this prolonged tragedy of the night. Amid it all one could see from time to time the yellow light on the face of a preoccupied signalman.

Possibly no man who was there ever before understood the true eloquence of the breaking of the day. We would lie staring into the east, fairly ravenous for the dawn. Utterly worn to rags, with our nerves standing on end like so many bristles, we lay and watched the east—the unspeakably obdurate and slow east. It was a wonder that the eyes of some of us did not turn to glass balls from the fixity of our gaze.

Then there would come into the sky a patch of faint blue light. It was like a piece of moonshine. Some would say it was the beginning of daybreak; others would declare it was nothing of the kind. Men would get very disgusted with each other in these low-toned arguments held in the trenches. For my part, this development in the eastern sky destroyed many of my ideas and theories concerning the dawning of the day; but then I had never before had occasion to give it such solemn attention.

This patch widened and whitened in about the speed of a man's accomplishment if he should be in the way of painting Madison Square Garden with a camel's hair brush. The guerrillas always set out to whoop it up about this time, because they knew the occasion was approaching when it would be expedient for them to elope. I, at least, always grew furious with this wretched sunrise. I thought I could have walked around the world in the time required for the old thing to get up above the horizon.

One midnight, when an important message was to be sent to the "Marblehead," Colonel Huntington came himself to the signal place with Adjutant Draper and Captain McCauley, the quartermaster. When the man stood up to signal, the colonel stood beside him. At sight of the lights, the Spaniards performed as usual. They drove enough bullets into that immediate vicinity to kill all the marines in the corps.

Lieutenant Draper was agitated for his chief. "Colonel, won't you step down, sir?"

"Why, I guess not," said the gray old veteran in his slow, sad, always-gentle way. "I'm in no more danger than the man."

"But, sir—" began the adjutant.

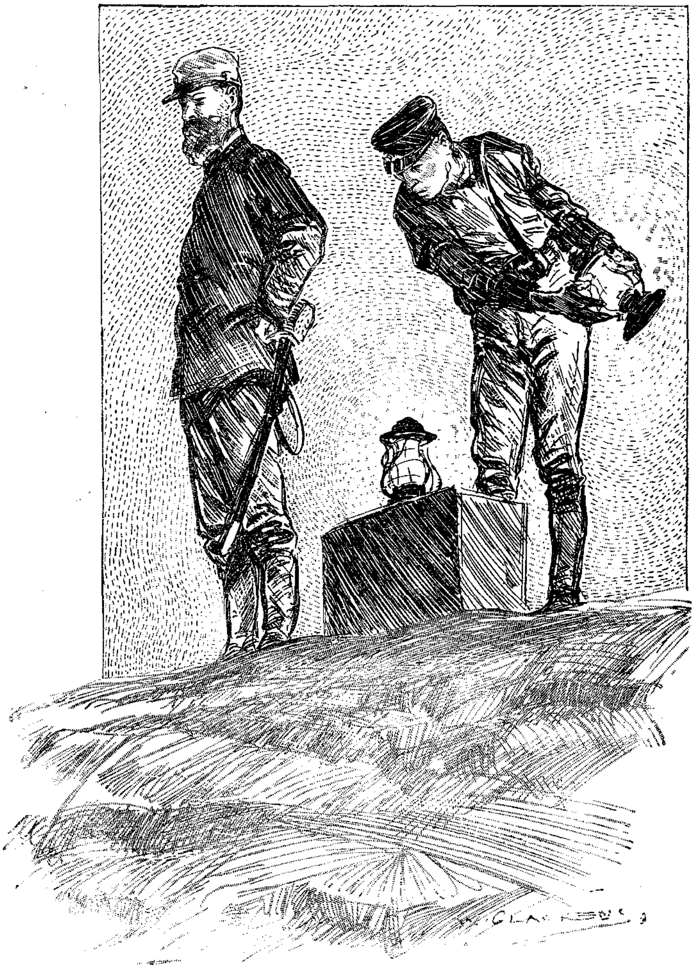
"Oh, it's all right, Draper."

So the colonel and the private stood side to side and took the heavy fire without either moving a muscle.

Day was always obliged to come at last, punctuated by a final exchange of scattering shots. And the light shone on the marines, the dumb guns, the flag. Grimy yellow face looked into grimy yellow face, and grinned with weary satisfaction. Coffee!

Usually it was impossible for many of the men to sleep at once. It always took me, for instance, some hours to get my nerves combed down. But then it was great joy to lie in the trench with the four signalmen, and understand thoroughly that that night was fully over at last, and that, although the future might have in store other bad nights, that one could never escape from the prison-house which we call the past.

At the wild little fight at Cusco there were some splendid exhibitions of wig-wagging under fire. Action began when an advance detachment of marines under Lieutenant Lucas with the Cuban guides had reached the summit of a ridge overlooking a small valley where there was a house, a well, and a thicket of some kind of shrub with great broad, oily leaves. This thicket, which was perhaps an acre in extent, contained the guerrillas. The valley was open to the sea. The distance from the top of the



"When the man stood up to signal, the colonel stood beside him."

ridge to the thicket was barely two hundred yards.

The "Dolphin" had sailed up the coast in line with the marine advance, ready with her guns to assist in any action. Captain Elliott, who commanded the two hundred marines in this fight, suddenly called out for a signalman. He wanted a man to tell the "Dolphin" to open fire on the house and the thicket. It was a blazing, bitter hot day on top of the ridge with its shriveled chaparral and its straight, tall cactus plants. The sky was bare and blue, and hurt like brass. In two minutes the prostrate marines were red and sweating like so many hull-buried stokers in the tropics.

Captain Elliott called out:

"Where's a signalman? Who's a signalman here?"

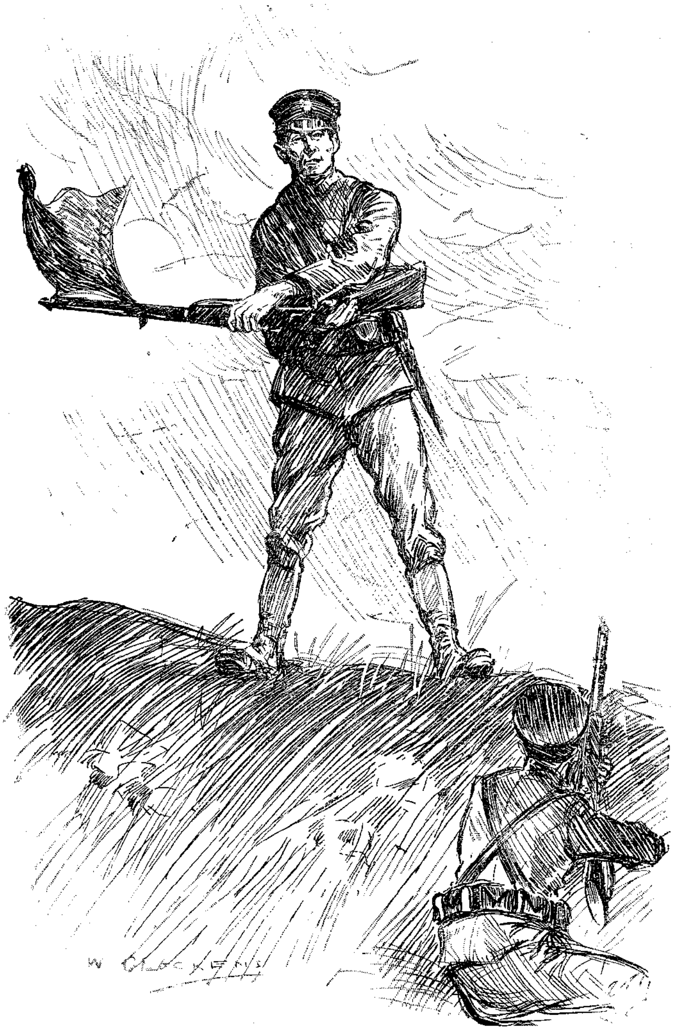
A red-headed "mick"—I think his name was Clancy—at any rate, it will do to call him Clancy—twisted his head from where he lay on his stomach pumping his Lee, and, saluting, said that he was a signalman.

There was no regulation flag with the expedition, so Clancy was obliged to tie his blue polka-dot neckerchief on the end of his rifle. It did not make a very good flag. At first Clancy moved a ways down the safe side of the ridge and wig-wagged there very busily. But what with the flag being so poor for the purpose, and the background of ridge being so dark, those on the "Dolphin" did not see it. So Clancy had to return to the top of the ridge and outline himself and his flag against the sky.

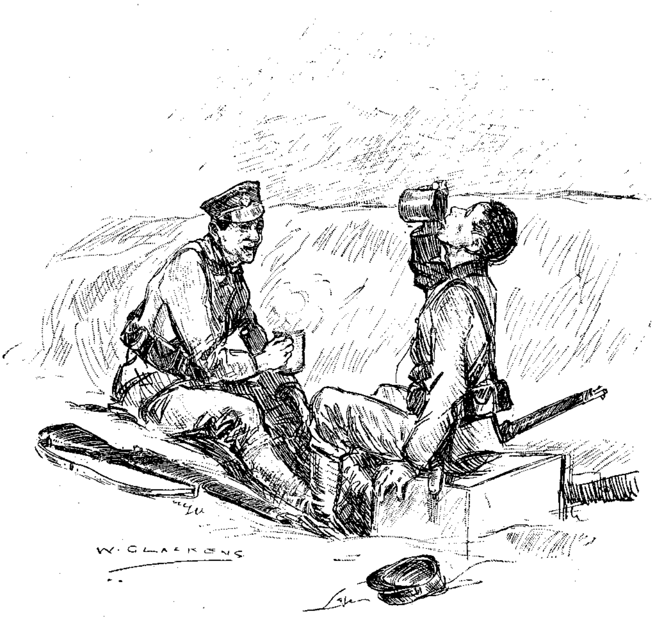
The usual thing happened. As soon as the Spaniards caught sight of this silhouette, they let go like mad at it. To make things more comfortable for Clancy, the situation demanded that he face the sea and turn his back to the Spanish bullets. This was a hard game, mark you—to stand with the small of your back to volley firing. Clancy thought so. Everybody thought so. We all cleared out of his neighborhood. If he wanted sole possession of any particular spot on that hill, he could have it for all we would interfere with him.

It cannot be denied that Clancy was in a hurry. I watched him. He was so occupied with the bullets that snarled close to his ears that he was obliged to repeat the letters of his message softly to himself. It seemed an intolerable time before the "Dolphin" answered the little signal. Meanwhile, we gazed at him, marveling every second that he had not yet pitched headlong. He swore at times.

Finally the "Dolphin" replied to his frantic gesticulation, and he delivered his message. As his part of the transaction was



"The situation demanded that he face the sea and turn his back to the Spanish bullets."



Early morning coffee!

quite finished—whoop!—he dropped like a brick into the firing line and began to shoot; began to get "hunky" with all those people who had been plugging at him. The blue polka-dot neckerchief still fluttered from the barrel of his rifle. I am quite certain that he let it remain there until the end of the fight.

The shells of the "Dolphin" began to plow up the thicket, kicking the bushes, stones, and soil into the air as if somebody was blasting there.

Meanwhile, this force of two hundred marines and fifty Cubans and the force of—probably—six companies of Spanish guerrillas were making such an awful din that the distant Camp McCalla was all alive with excitement. Colonel Huntington sent out strong parties to critical points on the road to facilitate, if necessary, a safe retreat, and also sent forty men under Lieutenant Magill to come up on the left flank of the two companies in action under Captain Elliott. Lieutenant Magill and his men had crowned a hill which covered entirely the flank of the fighting companies, but when the "Dolphin" opened fire, it happened that Magill was in the line of the shots. It became necessary to stop the "Dolphin" at once. Captain Elliott was not near Clancy at this time, and he called hurriedly for another signalman.

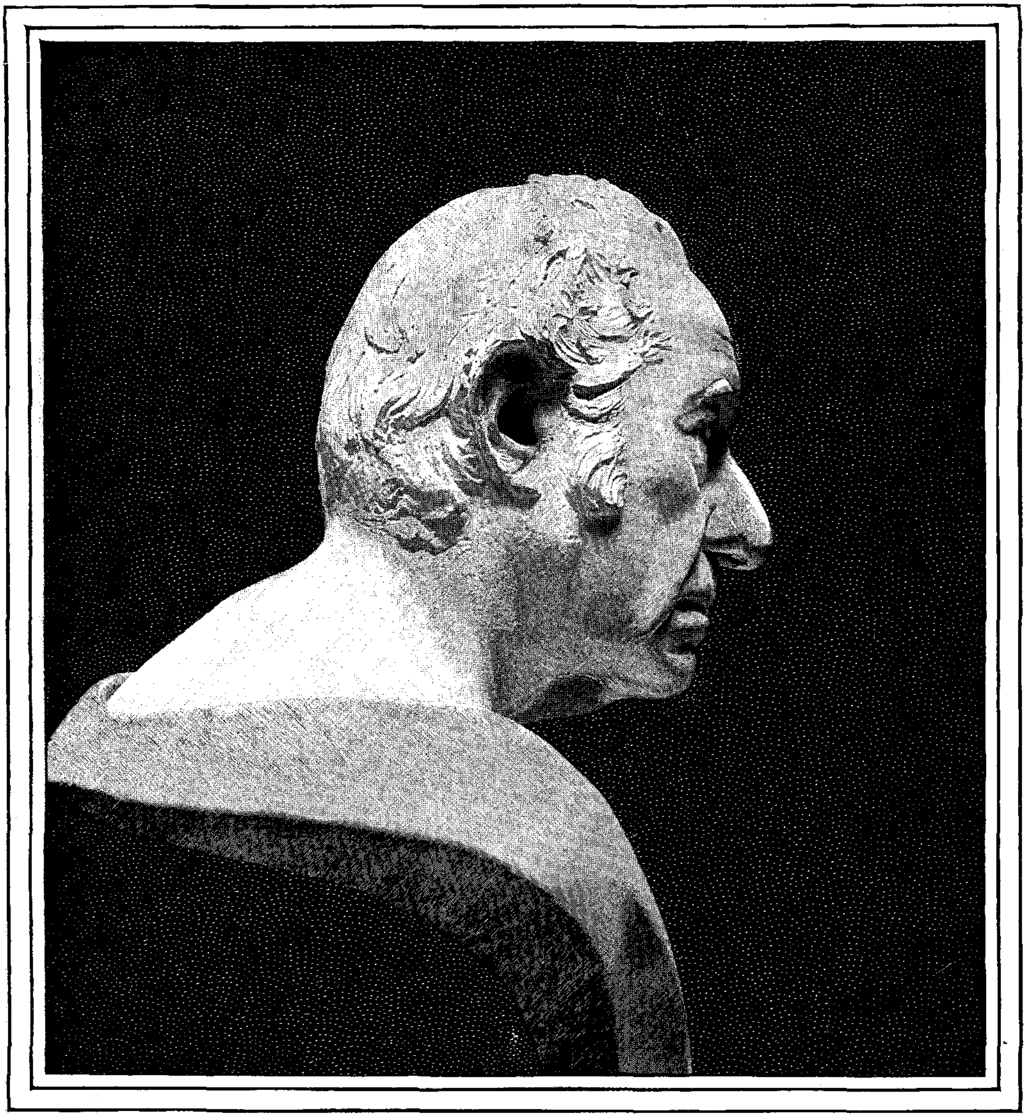
Sergeant Quick arose, and announced that he was a signalman. He produced from somewhere a blue polka-dot neckerchief as large as a quilt. He tied it on a long, crooked stick. Then he went to the top of the ridge, and turning his back to the Spanish fire, began to signal to the "Dolphin." Again we gave a man sole possession of a particular part of the ridge. We didn't want it. He could have it and welcome. If the young sergeant had had the smallpox, the cholera, and the yellow fever, we could not have slid out with more celerity.

As men have said often, it seemed as if there was in this war a God of Battles who held His mighty hand before the Americans. As I looked at Sergeant Quick wig-wagging there against the sky, I would not have given a tin tobacco-tag for his life. Escape for him seemed impossible. It seemed absurd to hope that he would not be hit; I only hoped that he would be hit just a little, little, in the arm, the shoulder, or the leg.

I watched his face, and it was as grave and serene as that of a man writing in his own library. He was the very embodiment of tranquillity in occupation. He stood there amid the animal-like babble of the Cubans, the crack of rifles, and the whistling snarl of the bullets, and wig-wagged whatever he had to wig-wag without heeding anything but his business. There was not a single trace of nervousness or haste.

To say the least, a fight at close range is absorbing as a spectacle. No man wants to take his eyes from it until that time comes when he makes up his mind to run away. To deliberately stand up and turn your back to a battle is in itself hard work. To deliberately stand up and turn your back to a battle and hear immediate evidences of the boundless enthusiasm with which a large company of the enemy shoot at you from an adjacent thicket is, to my mind at least, a very great feat. One need not dwell upon the detail of keeping the mind carefully upon a slow spelling of an important code message.

I saw Quick betray only one sign of emotion. As he swung his clumsy flag to and fro, an end of it once caught on a cactus pillar, and he looked sharply over his shoulder to see what had it. He gave the flag an impatient jerk. He looked annoyed.



GILBERT STUART, THE MOST NOTED OF AMERICAN PORTRAIT PAINTERS. AGE 70. BORN, 1755; DIED, 1828.

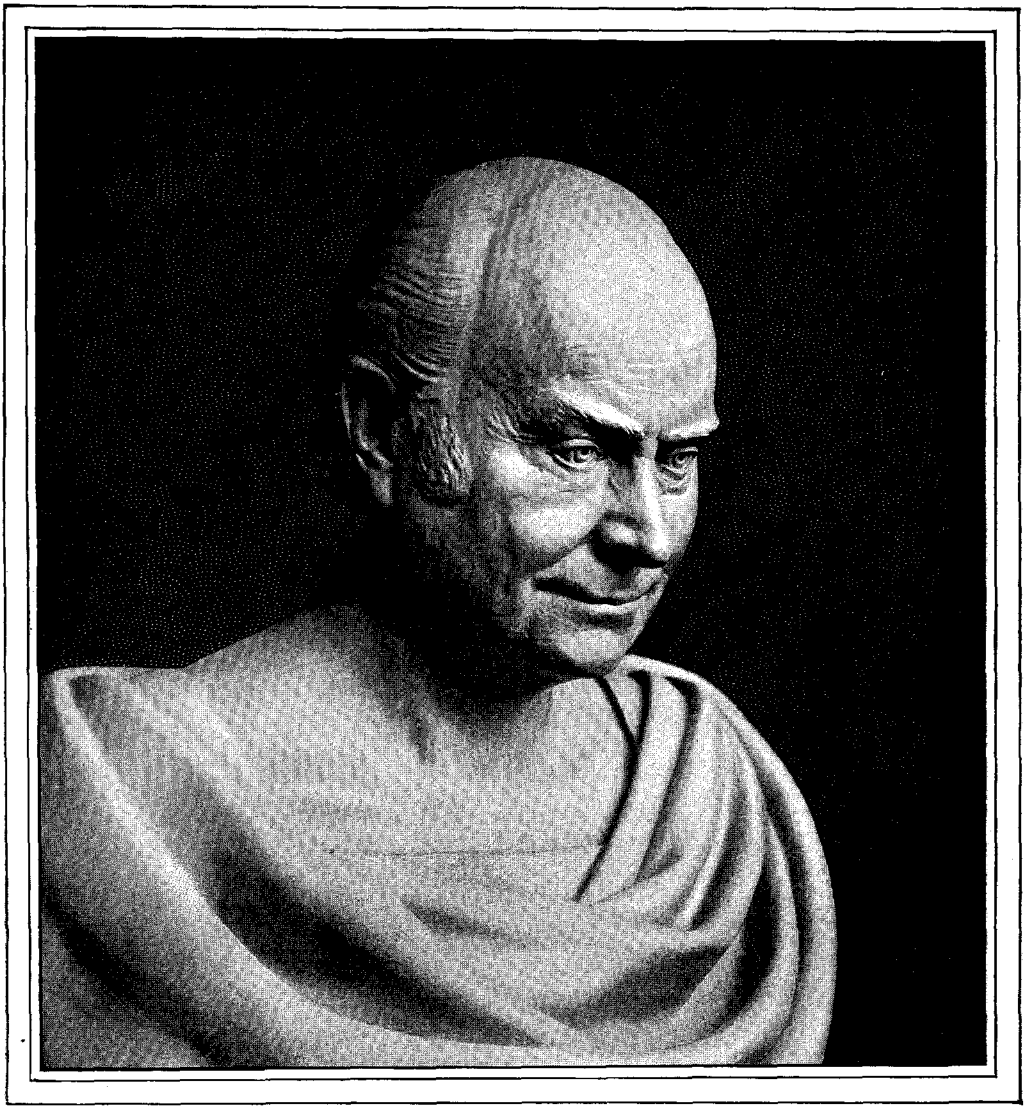
From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

LIFE MASKS OF GREAT AMERICANS.

By CHARLES HENRY HART.

CASTS OF THE LIVING FEATURES OF GILBERT STUART, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, "DOLLY" MADISON, AND OTHERS, MADE BY J. H. I. BROWERE, ABOUT 1825.

THE most gratifying reward that a writer can have is to find that his work receives intelligent appreciation. This reward has been mine to a marked degree in the reception given to my article upon Browere's "Unknown Life Masks of Great Americans," which appeared in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for October, 1897. The wide public and the nar-

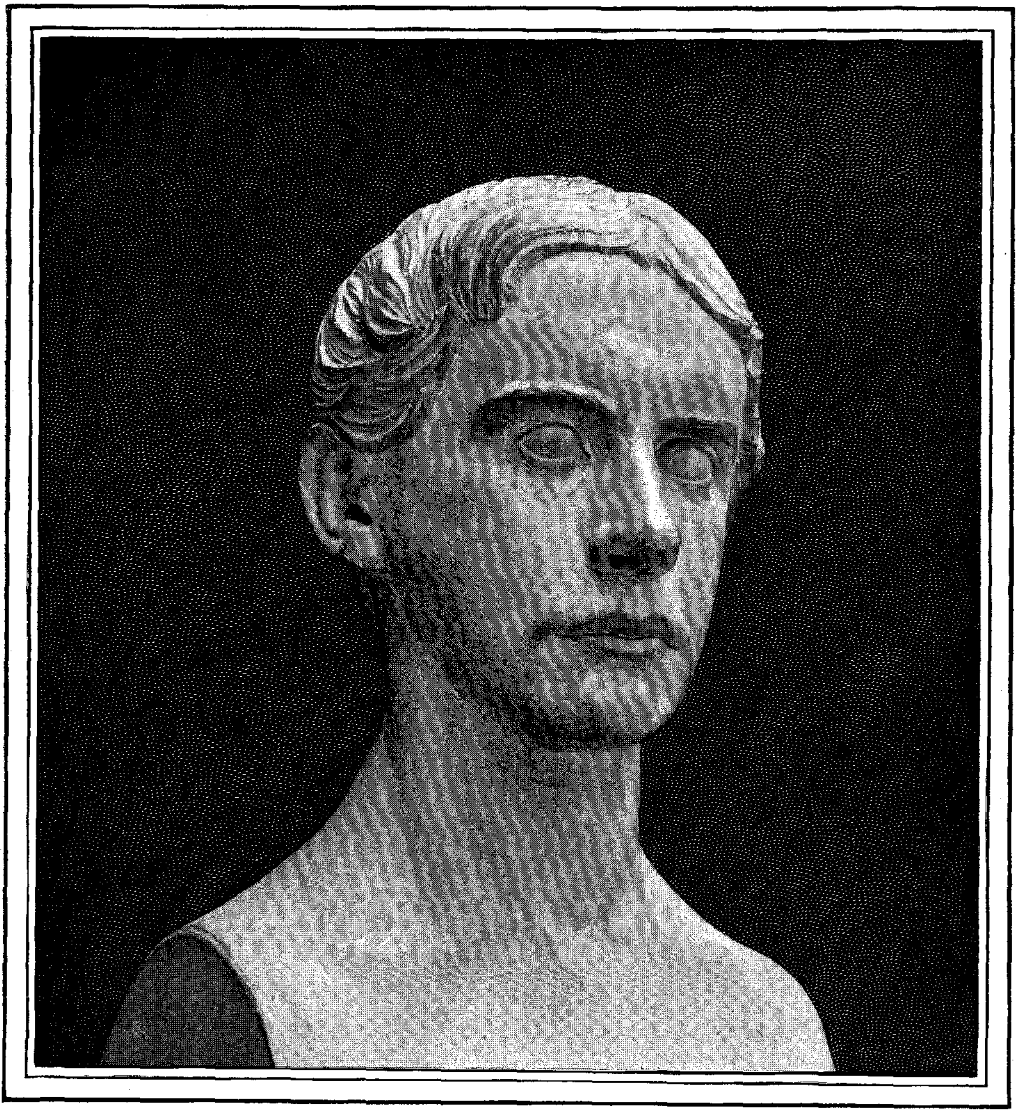


JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FROM MARCH 4, 1825, TO MARCH 4, 1829. AGE 58.

From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

row public, the people and the artistic circle, have each, like Oliver Twist, been asking for more. The feeling seems to be universal that until now we had only a faint conception of how appeared in the flesh many of the great characters that have gone before; how they really appeared when they lived and moved and had their being. Through the broad-mindedness of the publishers, I am enabled to present a second installment of these Browere Life Masks, which, I believe, will be accounted almost as important an addition to our historical portrait gallery as the first installment.

One artist, and he easily the first of American painters, did not deny to Browere and his work the merit that was their due. On the contrary, he saw the fidelity and great value of these life masks, and gave encouragement to the maker of them by submitting to his process and by giving a certificate of approval. He did this not so much that his living face might be transmitted to posterity, as to test the truth of the newspaper reports of the suffering and danger experienced by Jefferson, and thus, by example, to encourage others to go and do likewise. The result was the superb head of Gilbert Stuart, herewith reproduced from the original, now in the Redwood Library, at Newport, Rhode Island.



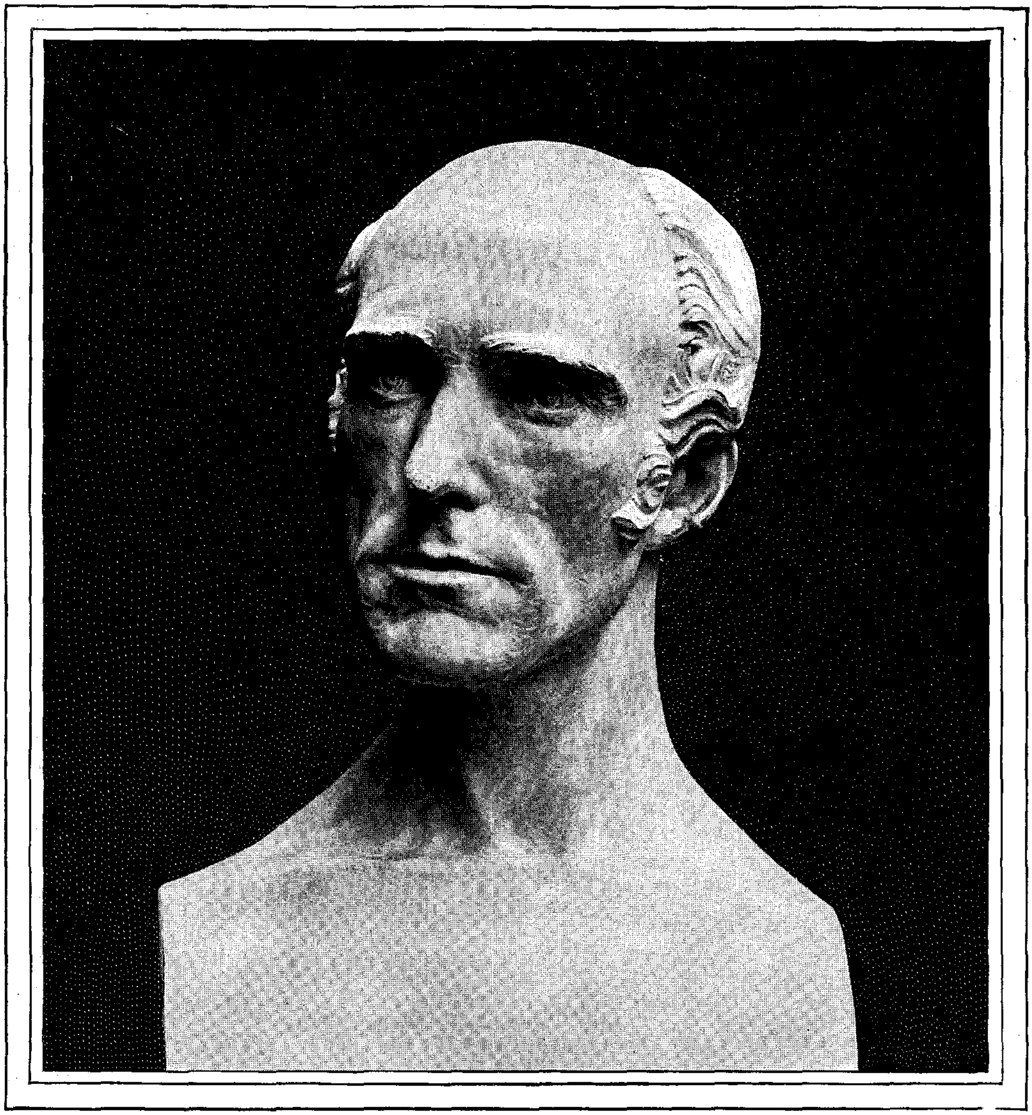
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, SON OF PRESIDENT J. Q. ADAMS; AND U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND, 1861-1868. AGE 18.
From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Upon the completion of the mask from which this bust was cast Stuart gave to Browere the following emphatic certificate:

> "Boston, November 29, 1825.—Mr. Browere of the city of New York has this day made a Portrait Bust of me from life, with which I am perfectly satisfied and which I hope will remove any illiberal misrepresentations that may deprive the nation from possessing like records of more important men.—G. STUART."

The "misrepresentations" referred to are, of course, the reported inconvenience that Jefferson had suffered, and praise such as this given by Stuart is as approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley, "praise indeed." A few days later the Boston "Daily Advertiser" announced: "The portrait bust of Gilbert Stuart, Esq., lately executed by Mr. Browere, will be exhibited by him at the Hubard Gallery this evening. This exhibition is made by him for the purpose of showing that he can present a perfect likeness, and he will prove at the same time by the certificate of Mr. Stuart that the operation is without pain."

Apropos of the exhibition, the local press teemed with laudatory notices of Browere's work. The Boston "American" said: "This bust has been adjudged by all who have examined it and are acquainted with the original to be a striking and perfect resemblance." The "Commercial Gazette" said:

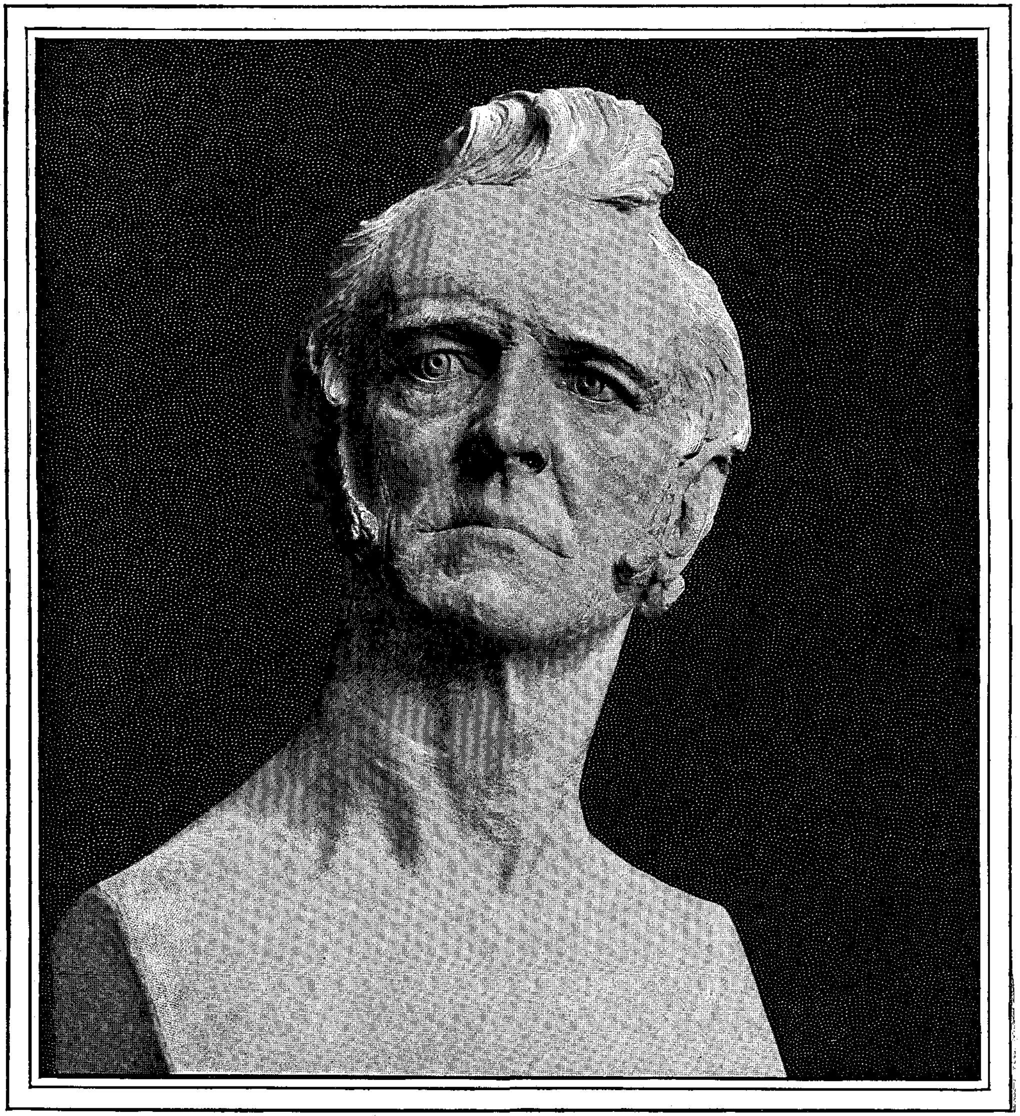


RICHARD RUSH, U. S. ATTORNEY-GENERAL, 1814–1817; U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND, 1817–1825. AGE 45.
From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for McClure's Magazine.

"It is a fine likeness, in truth we think the best we ever saw of any one. We particularly inquired of Mr. Stuart's family if he suffered by any difficulty of breathing, or if the process was in any degree painful, and were assured that there was nothing of unpleasant or painful nature in it."

Considering Stuart's eminence in art and his irascible temper and unyielding character, such action as his toward Browere, not only in submitting to have the mask taken, but in certifying to it and permitting it to be publicly exhibited for Browere's benefit, speaks unimpeachable volumes in support of the workman and of his work.

Stuart's daughter Jane, who died at Newport in 1888, at a very advanced age, and who is the subject of Colonel Higginson's charming paper, "One of Thackeray's Women," and was as "impossible," in some respects, as her distinguished father, remembered well the incident of the mask being made, and testified to its marvelous life-speaking qualities. Having lost all knowledge of its whereabouts, she searched for years in the hope of finding it. Finally, in the Centennial year, the bust from the mask was discovered in the possession of Browere's son, and was purchased by Mr. David King, of Newport, as a present for Miss Stuart. But Jane



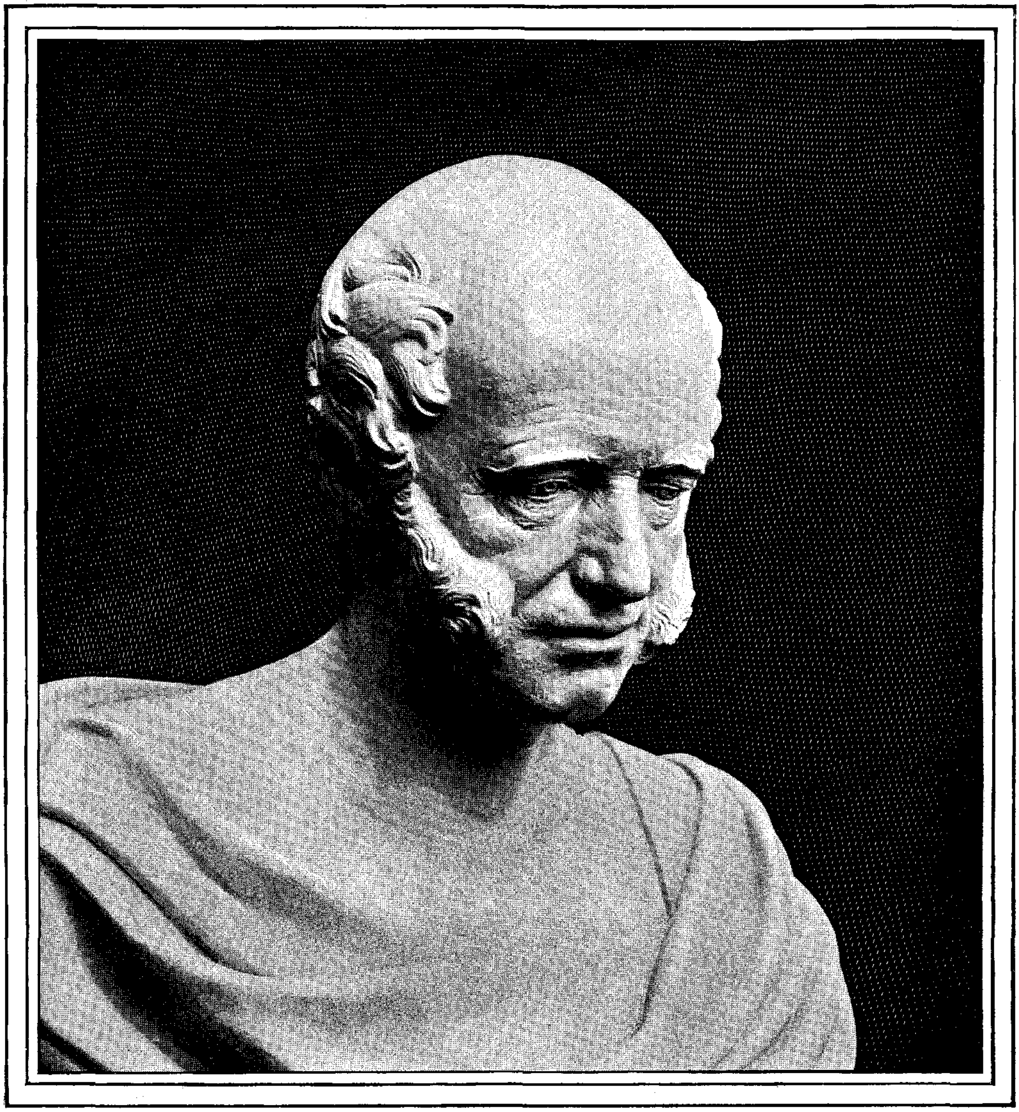
COMMODORE DAVID PORTER, FATHER OF ADMIRAL PORTER AND FOSTER-FATHER OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT. AGE 45.

From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for McClure's Magazine.

Stuart felt that her little cottage, so well remembered by many visitors to Newport, was no place for so big a work, and desired that it might be placed in a public gallery, which wish Mr. King complied with by presenting it to the Redwood Library, where it may be seen by all interested in Stuart or in Browere's life masks.

The year in which the Jefferson, John Adams, Madison, Carroll, Lafayette, and Stuart masks were made, 1825, was the year of Browere's greatest activity. In that year he made the busts of John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams (then a boy), Mistress "Dolly" Madison, Commodore David Porter, De Witt Clinton, and Richard Rush, herewith reproduced, while eight years later, the year before Browere's death, he made the mask of Martin Van Buren.

All of the busts from these masks present living qualities and characteristics wanting in the painted and sculptured portraits of the same persons. There is an unhesitating feeling of real presence conveyed by the Browere busts, such as is given by no other likeness. Commodore David Porter, whose brilliant career early in the century helped materially to give the navy of this country that high prestige which has been so marvelously sustained in the war with Spain, felt

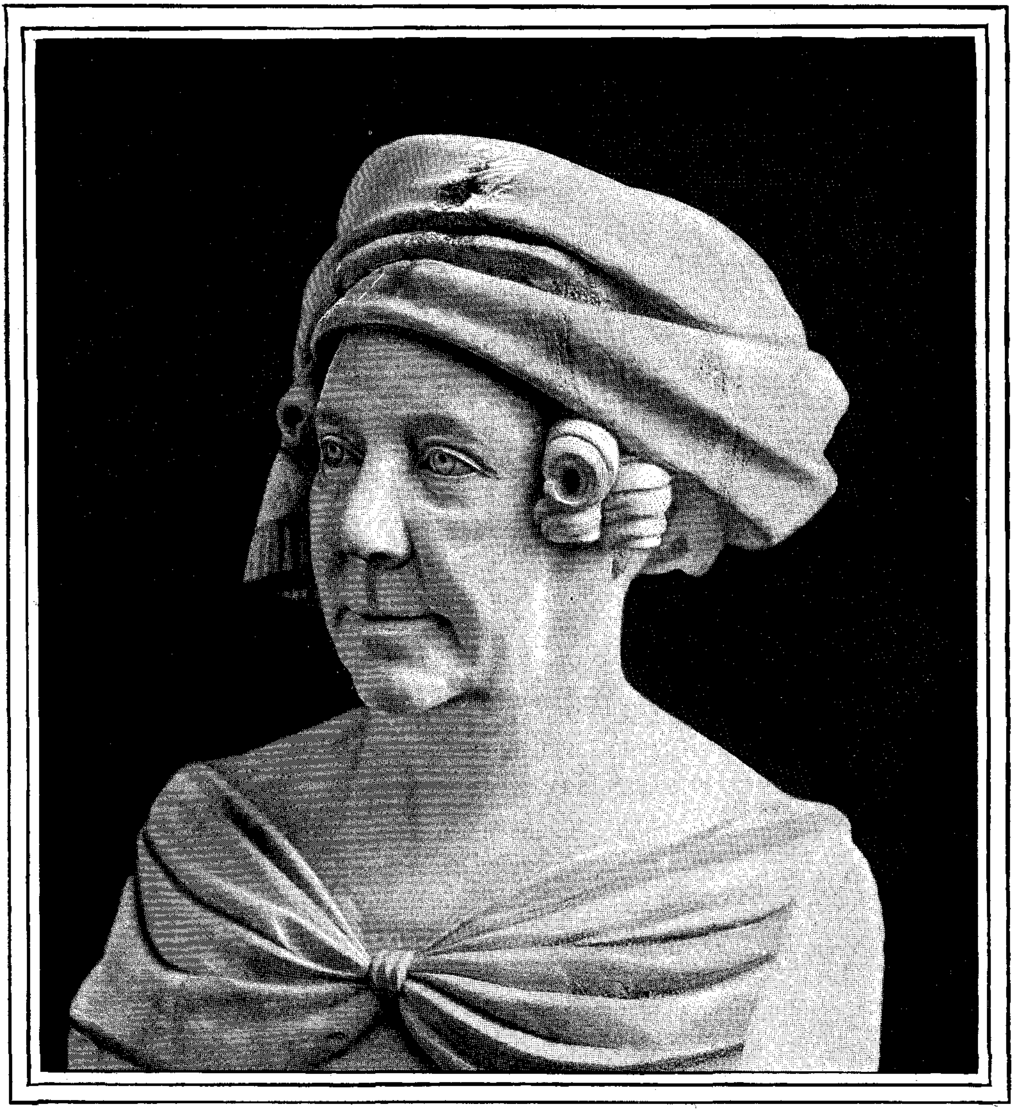


MARTIN VAN BUREN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FROM MARCH 4, 1837, TO MARCH 4, 1841. AGE 51.

From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1833 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

this when he wrote to Major Noah, the editor of the "National Advocate": "Mr. Browere has succeeded to admiration. Nothing can be more accurate and expressive. I should recommend every one who wished to possess a perfect likeness of himself or of his friends to resort to Mr. Browere in preference to any other artist."

The mask of the coy North Carolina Quakeress, Dorothy Payne, who as the young widow of John Todd—they were married only a year—became the wife of the fourth President of the United States, and is familiarly known as "Dolly Madison," is of particular interest as being the only woman's face handed down by Browere. Her great beauty has been heralded by more than one voice and pen; but not one of the many portraits that we have of her, from that painted by Stuart to the one drawn by Eastman Johnson, shortly before Mrs. Madison's death, sustains the verdict of her contemporaries; and now the mask by Browere settles the question in the negative. Dolly Madison was in her fifty-third year when Browere made his mask of her. He made it at Montpelier, on October 19, 1825, at the same time he made the one of Mr. Madison, already reproduced. Mrs. Madison lived on for nearly a quarter of a century after this mask was made, and both



"DOLLY" MADISON, WIFE OF JAMES MADISON, FOURTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. AGE 53.

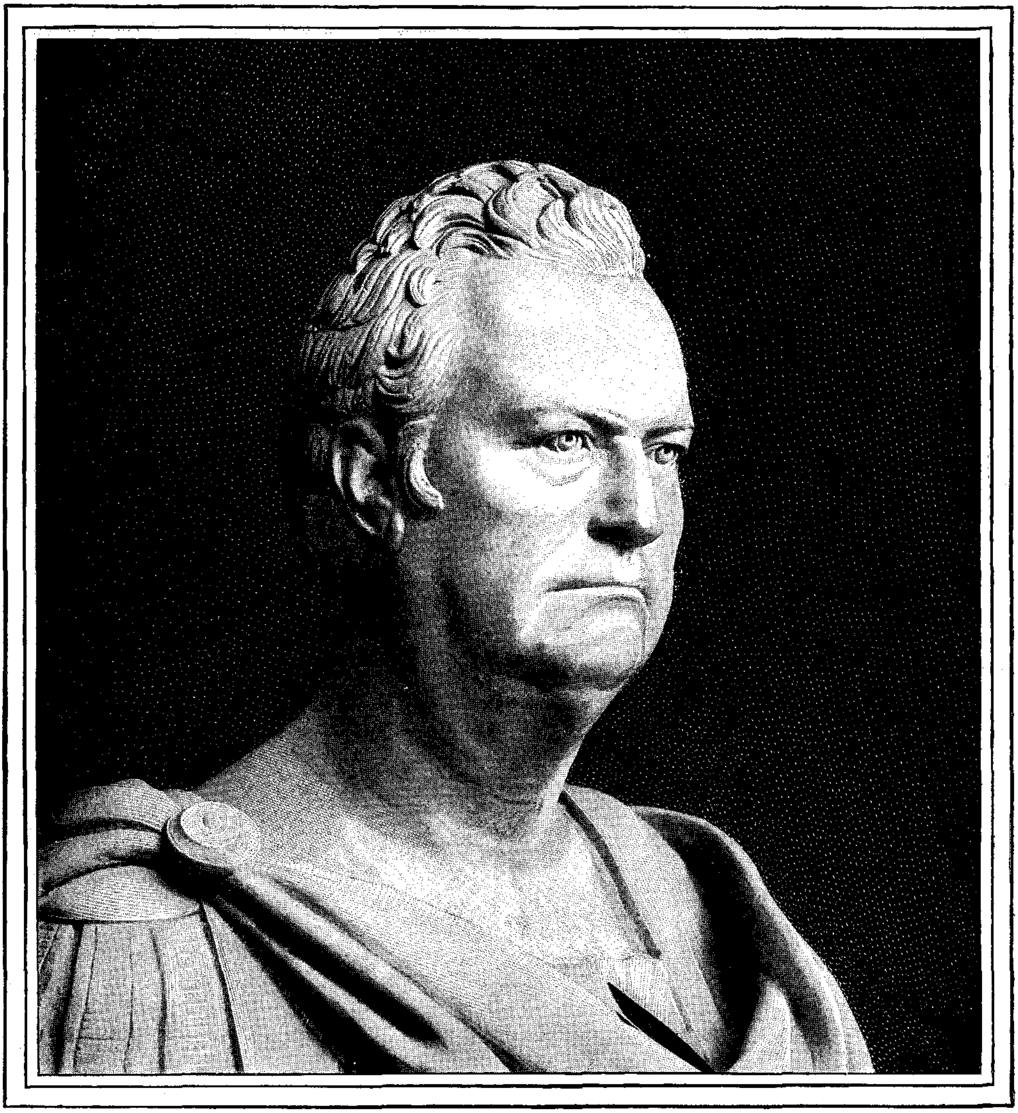
From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for McClure's Magazine.

she and her husband seem to have taken more than ordinary interest in the artist and his family. An infant born to Mrs. Browere July 3, 1826, was, by Mrs. Madison's permission, named for her, and some years later the child, with its parents, made an extended visit to Montpelier.

When Samuel Woodworth, the author of the well-known lines to "The Old Oaken Bucket," who was a close friend of Browere, visited the workshop to see the bust of Commodore Porter, he caught a glimpse of that of De Witt Clinton. He made a gesture as of restraint, and pronounced these impromptu lines:

Stay! The bust that graces yonder shelf claims our regard.
It is the front of Jove himself;
The majesty of Virtue and of Power
Before which guilt and meanness only cower.
Who can behold that bust and not exclaim,
Let everlasting honor claim our Clinton's name!

Not the least interesting of Browere's busts is the youthful head of Charles Francis Adams, made when Mr. Adams had just passed his eighteenth birthday. With this we have three generations of one of the most remarkable families in this country—Old John Adams, the nonogenarian, as given in my former article; John Quincy Adams, when President, at the age of fifty-eight, and his



DE WITT CLINTON, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, 1817–1823 AND 1825–1828. AGE 56.

From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

young son, destined to do his country such service and honor, when in the throes of civil war, by his skillful tact and wise diplomacy at the Court of St. James—all from Browere's hand. It was this young man who wrote to Browere from Washington, October, 1825: "The President requests me to state to Mr. Browere that he will be able to give him two hours to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock, at his (Mr. Browere's) rooms, Pennsylvania Avenue. He is so much engaged at present that this is the only time he can conveniently spare for purpose of your executing his portrait bust from the life."

The clean-cut features of Richard Rush recall a statesman and a scholar of "ye olden tyme." When only thirty-four, he entered the Cabinet of President Madison as Attorney-General of the United States. Successively Secretary of State, Minister to England, Secretary of the Treasury, and Minister to France during the eventful years of 1847 to 1851, he secured for this government the munificent legacy of James Smithson, which was the foundation of the Smithsonian Institution.

Surely the man who has preserved for us the living lineaments of so many persons of consideration deserves commemoration, and this man is John Henri Isaac Browere.

BETWEEN TWO SHORES.

By Ellen Glasgow,

Author of "Phases of an Inferior Planet," etc.

SHE was leaning against the railing of the deck, gazing wistfully down upon the sea of faces on the landing below. She wore a skirt and coat of brown cloth, and her veil was raised in a white film above her small hat.

In the crowd clustering about her eager for the last glimpse of friends she looked shy and nervous, and her brown eyes were dilated in alarm. Despite her thirty years, there was something girlish in her shrinking figure—a suggestion of the incipient emotions of youth. The fine lines that time had set upon brow and lips were results of the flight of undifferentiated days, and lacked the intensity of experimental records. One might have classified her in superficial survey as a woman in whom temperamental fires had been smothered, rather than extinguished, by the ashes of unfulfilment. To existence, which is a series of rhythmic waves of the commonplace, she offered facial serenity; to life, which is a clash of opposing passions, she turned the wistful eyes of ignorance.

A tall girl, carrying an armful of crimson roses, pressed against her, and waved a heavily scented handkerchief to some one upon the landing. On the other side, a man was shouting directions in regard to a missing piece of baggage. "I marked it myself," he declared frantically. "It was to have been shipped from New Orleans to the Cunard dock. I marked it 'Not wanted' with my own hands, and, by Jove, those dirty creoles have taken me at my word."

She rested her hand upon the railing, and leaned far over. Down below, a pretty girl in a pink shirt waist was kissing her gloved finger tips to a stout gentleman on deck. An excited group were waving congratulations to a bride and groom, who looked fatigued and slightly bored. She yawned and bowed her head to avoid the spoke of a black parasol sheltering the lady on her right. For the first time she recognized in this furtive shrinking a faint homesickness, and her thoughts recoiled to the dull Southern home, to the sisters-in-law who made her life burdensome, and to the little graveyard where the husband she had never loved lay buried. The girl with the crimson roses jostled her rudely, and from behind, some one was treading upon her gown. The insipid heat of the July sun flashed across her face, and in a vision she recalled the sweeping pastures of the old plantation, with the creek where the willows grew and the thrushes sang. Then the odor of the heavily scented handkerchief half sickened her. From the crowd some one was calling to the girl in tones of reassurance: "See you in London? Of course. Booked for 'Campania,' sailing twenty-sixth."

Suddenly the steamer gave a tremor of warning, and a volley of farewells ascended from below.

"Pleasant voyage!" called the man to the girl beside her. "Pleasant voyage!" called some one to the lady on her right. Then she realized that she was alone, and for the first time regretted that her father-in-law had not come. When the news of his delay had first reached her and she had volunteered to start alone, she had experienced a vivid elation. There was delight in the idea of freedom—of being accountable to no one, of being absolutely independent of advice. Now she wished that she had an acquaintance who would wish her godspeed, or shout an indistinct pleasantry from the crowded landing.

The steamer moved slowly out into the harbor, and the shore was white with fluttering good-byes. The girl still waved the scented cambric. Then the distance lapsed into gradual waves of blue.

She left the railing, and stumbled over a group of steamer chairs placed midway of the deck. She descended to her state-room, which was in the center of the ship. At the door she found the stewardess, who inquired if she was "Mrs. L. Smith."

"That is my name, and I am going to be ill. I know it."

"Lie down at once. And about this bag? I thought it would give you more space if I put it in the gentleman's room. He hasn't much luggage."

Lucy Smith looked up in mystification. "But it is mine," she explained, "and I want it."

Then the boat gave a lurch, and she undressed and climbed into her berth.

The next day, after a sleepless night, she struggled up and left her state-room, the stewardess following with her wraps. At the foot of the stairs she swayed, and fell upon the lowest step. "It is no use," she said plaintively, "I can't go up. I can't indeed."

The stewardess spoke with professional encouragement. "Oh, you're all right," she remonstrated. "Here's the gentleman now. He'll help you."

"Isn't there but one gentleman on board?" Mrs. Smith began, but her words failed.

Some one lifted her, and in a moment she was on deck and in her chair, while the stewardess wrapped her rugs about her and a strange man arranged the pillows under her head. Then they both left her, and she lay with closed eyes.

"Perhaps you would like yesterday's 'Herald'?" said a voice.

She started from an uncertain doze, and looked around her. Hours had passed, and since closing her eyes the sea had grown bluer and the sun warmer. A pearl-colored foam was glistening on the waves. "I beg your pardon," she replied, turning in the direction whence the words came, "did you speak?"

The man in the next chair leaned towards her, holding a paper in his hand. He was tall and angular, with commonplace features, lighted by the sympathetic gleam in his eyes.

"I asked if you would like a 'Herald'?" he repeated.

She looked at him reproachfully. "I am ill," she answered.

He smiled. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "You didn't look it, and it is so hard to tell. I offered a lemon to that gray-green girl over there, and she flew into a rage. *But are* you ill in earnest?"

"I shouldn't exactly choose it for jest," she returned; "though, somehow, it does make time pass. One forgets that there are such divisions as days and weeks. It all seems a blank."

"But it is very calm."

"So the stewardess says," she answered aggrievedly, "but the boat rocks dreadfully."

He did not reply, and in a moment his glance wandered to the card upon her chair. "Odd, isn't it?" he questioned.

She followed his gaze, and colored faintly. The card read: "Mrs. L. Smith." Then he pointed to a similar label upon his own chair, bearing in a rough scrawl the name, "L. Smith."

"It is a very common name," she remarked absently.

He laughed. "Very," he admitted. "Perhaps your husband is Lawrence Smith also."

The smile passed from her lips.

"My husband is dead," she answered; "but his name was Lucien."

He folded the newspaper awkwardly. Then he spoke. "Nicer name than Lawrence," he observed.

She nodded. "A name is of very little consequence," she rejoined. "I have always felt that about every name in the world except Lucy. Lucy is mine."

He looked into her eyes. Despite her illness, they shone with a warm, fawn-like brown. "I think it a pretty name," he said. "It is so soft."

"It has no character," she returned. "I have always known that life would have been different for me if I hadn't been called Lucy. People would not treat me like a child if I were Augusta or even Agnes—but *Lucy!*"

"People change their names sometimes," he suggested.

She laughed softly. "I tried to. I tried to become Lucinda, but I couldn't. Lucy stuck to me."

"It wouldn't be so bad without Smith," he remarked, smiling.

"That was a horrible cross," she returned. "I wonder if you mind Smith as much as I do."

At first he did not answer. To her surprise his face grew grave, and she saw the haggard lines about his mouth which his smile had obscured. "It was a deuced good chance that I struck it," he said shortly, and opened his paper.

For a time they sat silent. Then, as the luncheon gong sounded and the passengers flocked past, he rose and bent over her chair. "You will have chicken broth?" he said distinctly. "I will send the steward." And before she recovered from her surprise he left her.

A little later the broth was brought, and soon after the steward reappeared bearing iced prunes. "The gentleman sent you word that you were to eat these," he said. And she sat up in bewilderment, and ate the prunes silently.

"You are very kind," she remarked timidly, when he came up from the dining-saloon and threw himself into the chair beside her.

For an instant he looked at her blankly, his brow wrinkling. She saw that he was not thinking of her, and reddened.

"You were kind—about the prunes," she explained.

"The prunes?" he repeated vaguely. Then he brought himself together with a jerk. "Oh, you are the little woman who was sick—yes—I remember."

"They were very nice," she said more firmly.

"I am glad you liked them," he rejoined, and was silent. Then he broke into an irrelevant laugh, and the lines upon his forehead deepened. She saw that he carried an habitual sneer upon his lips. With a half-frightened gesture she drew from him.

"I am glad that you find life amusing," she observed stiffly. "I don't."

He surveyed her with a dogged humor. "It is not life, my dear lady, it is—you."

She spoke more stiffly still. "I don't catch your meaning," she said. "Is my hat on one side?"

He laughed again. "It is perfectly balanced, I assure you."

"Is my hair uncurled?"

"Yes, but I shouldn't have noticed it. It is very pretty."

She sat up in offended dignity. "I do not desire compliments," she returned. "I wish merely information."

Half closing his eyes, he leaned back in his chair, looking at her from under the brim of his cap. "Well, without comment, I will state that your hair has fallen upon your forehead and that a loosened lock is lying upon your cheek—no, don't put it back. I beg your pardon——"

A pink spot appeared in the cheek next to him. Her eyes flashed. "How intolerable you are!" she said.

The smile in his eyes deepened. "How delicious you are!" he retorted.

She rose from her chair, drawing herself to her full stature. "I shall change my seat," she began.

Then the steamer lurched, and she swayed and grasped the arm he held out. "I—I am so dizzy," she finished appealingly.

He put her back into her chair, and wrapped the rugs about her. As she still shivered, he added his own to the pile. When he placed the pillow beneath her head, she noticed that his touch was as tender as a woman's. The sneer was gone from his lips.

"But you will be cold," she remonstrated from beneath his rug.

"Not I," he responded. "I am a tough knot. If the fiery furnace has left me unscathed, a little cold wind won't do more than chap me."

His voice had grown serious, and she looked up inquiringly. "The fiery furnace?" she repeated.

"Oh, predestined damnation, if you prefer. Are you religious?"

"Don't," she pleaded, a tender light coming into her eyes, and she added: "The damned are not kind—and you are very kind."

Her words faltered, but they chased the recklessness from his eyes.

"Kind?" he returned. "I wonder how many men we left in America would uphold that—that verdict—or how many women, for that matter?"

Her honest eyes did not waver. "I will stand by it," she replied simply.

A sudden illumination leaped to his face. "Against twelve good and true men?" he demanded daringly.

"Against a thousand—and the President thrown in."

He laughed a little bitterly. "Because of the prunes?" He was looking down into her face.

She reddened. "Because of the prunes and—and other things," she answered.

A ghost of the sneer awoke about his mouth. "I never did a meaner thing than about the prunes," he said hotly. Then he turned from her, and strode with swinging strides along the deck.

That evening he did not speak to her. They lay side by side in their steamer chairs, watching the gray mist that crept over the amber line of the horizon. She looked at his set and sallow face, where the grim line of the jaw was overcast by the constant sneer upon his reckless lips. It was not a good face, this she knew. It was the face of a man of strong will and stronger passions, who had lived hard and fast. She wondered vaguely at the furrowed track he must have made of his past years. The wonder awed her, and she felt half afraid of his grimness, growing grimmer in the gathering dusk. If one were in his power, how quietly he might bend and break mere flesh and bone. But across the moodiness of his face she caught the sudden warmth of his glance, and she remembered the touch of his hands—tender as it was strong. She moved nearer, laying her fragile fingers on the arm of his chair. "I am afraid you are unhappy," she said.

He started nervously, and faced her almost roughly. "Who is happy?" he demanded sneeringly. "Are you?"

She shrank slightly. "Somehow I think that a woman is never happy," she responded gently; "but you——"

He leaned towards her, a swift change crossing his face, his keen glance softening to compassion. "Then it is dastardly unfair," he said. "What is goodness for, if it does not make one happy? I am a rough brute, and I get my deserts, but the world should be gentle to a thing like you."

"No, no," she protested, "I am not good."

His eyes lightened. "Any misdemeanors punishable by law?"

"I am discontented," she went on. "I rage when things go wrong. I am not a saint."

"I might have known it," he remarked, "or you wouldn't have spoken to me. I have known lots of saints—mostly women—and they always look the other way when a sinner comes along. The reputation of a saint is the most sensitive thing on earth. It should be kept in a glass case."

"Are you so very wicked?" she asked frankly.

He was gazing out to sea, where the water broke into waves of deepening gray. In the sky a single star shone like an emerald set in a fawn-colored dome. The lapping sound of the waves at the vessel's sides came softly through the stillness. Suddenly he spoke, his voice ringing like a jarring discord in a harmonious whole.

"Five days ago a man called me a devil," he said, "and I guess he wasn't far wrong. Only, if I was a single devil, he was a legion steeped in one. What a scoundrel he was!"

The passion in his tones caused her to start quickly. The words were shot out with the force of balls from a cannon, sustained by the impulse of evil. "Don't," she said pleadingly, "please, please don't."

"Don't what?" he demanded roughly. "Don't curse the blackest scoundrel that ever lived—and died?" Over the last word his voice weakened as if in appeal.

"Don't curse anybody," she answered. "It is not like you."

He turned upon her suspiciously. "Pshaw! how do you know?"

"I don't know. I only believe."

"I never had much use for belief," he returned; "it is a poor sort of thing."

She met his bitter gaze with one of level calm. "And yet men have suffered death for it."

Above her head an electric jet was shining, and it cast a white light upon her small figure buried under the mass of rugs. Her eyes were glowing. There was a soft suffusion upon her lashes, whether from the salt spray or from unshed tears, he could not tell.

"Well, believe in me if you choose," he said; "it won't do any harm, even if it doesn't do any good."

During the next few days he nursed her with constant care. When she came out in the morning, she found him waiting at the foot of the stairs, ready to assist her on deck. When she went down at night, it was his arm upon which she leaned and his voice that wished her "Good-night" before her state-room door. Her meals were served outside, and she soon found that his watchfulness extended to a host of trivialities.

It was not a confidential companionship. Sometimes they sat for hours without speaking, and again he attacked her with aggressive irony. At such times she smarted beneath the sting of his sneers, but it was more in pity for him than for herself. He seemed to carry in his heart a seething rage of cynicism, impassioned if impotent. When it broke control, as it often did, it lashed alike the just and the unjust, the sinner and the sinned against. It did not spare the woman for whose comfort he sacrificed himself daily in a dozen minor ways. It was as if he hated himself for the interest she inspired and hated her for inspiring it. He appeared to resent the fact that the mental pressure under which he labored had not annihilated all possibility of purer passion. And he often closed upon a gentler mood with burning bitterness.

"How about your faith?" he inquired one day, after a passing tenderness. "Is it still the evidence of virtues not visible in me?"

She flinched, as she always did at his flippancy. "There is circumstantial evidence of those," she replied, "sufficient to confound a jury."

There was a cloud upon his face. "Of

the ‘ ministering angel ’ kind, I suppose,” he suggested.

“ Yes.”

“ Your judgment is warped,” he went on. “ Do you expect to convince by such syllogisms as: It is virtuous to make presents of prunes. He makes me presents of prunes. Therefore he is virtuous.”

She looked at him with wounded eyes. “ That is not kind of you,” she said.

“ But, my dear lady, I am not kind. That is what I am arguing for.”

Her lips closed firmly. She did not answer.

“ Is the assertion admitted ? ” he inquired.

Her mouth quivered. He saw it, and his mood melted.

“ Do you mean to say,” he asked, adjusting the rug about her shoulders and regarding her with an intent gaze, “ that it makes any difference to you ? ”

The fragment of a sob broke from her. “ Of course it makes a difference,” she answered, “ to—to be treated so.”

His hand closed firmly over the rug, and rested against her shoulder.

“ Why does it make a difference ? ” he demanded.

She stammered confusedly. “Because—because it does,” she replied.

His face was very grave; the hand upon her shoulder trembled. “ I hope to God it does not make a difference,” he said. “ Look : There is a sail.”

They rose and went to the railing, following with unseeing eyes a white sail that skirted the horizon. At the vessel’s side porpoises were leaping on the waves. She leaned over, her eyes brightening, her loosened hair blowing about her face in soft, brown strands. There was a pink flush in her cheeks. “ I should like to be a porpoise,” she said, “ and to skim that blue water in the sunshine. How happy they are ! ”

“ And you are not ? ”

The flush died from her cheeks. “ I ? Oh, no,” she answered.

He leaned nearer; his hand brushed hers as it lay upon the railing.

“ Did love make you happy ? ” he asked suddenly.

She raised her lashes, and their eyes met. “ Love ? ” she repeated vaguely.

“ That husband of yours,” he explained almost harshly, “ did you love him ? ”

Her gaze went back to the water. A wistful tremor shook her lips. “ He was very good to me,” she replied.

“ And I suppose you loved him because he was good. Well, the reason suffices.”

She looked at him steadily. “ Because he was good to me,” she corrected. Then she hesitated. “ But I did not love him in the way you mean,” she added slowly. “ I know now that I did not.”

“ Eh ! ” he ejaculated half absently; and then: “ How do you know it ? ”

She turned from him, looking after the vanishing sail, just visible in the remote violet of the distance. “ There are many ways——”

His eyes rested upon the soft outline of her ear, half hidden in her blown hair. “ What are they ? ”

She turned her face still further from him. “ It made no difference to me,” she said, “ whether he came or went. It wearied me to be with him—and I was very selfish. When he kissed me it left me cold.”

His gaze stung her sharply. “ And if you loved some one,” he said, “ it would make great difference to you whether he came or went ? It would gladden you to be with him, and when he kissed you it would not leave you cold ? ”

“ I—I think so,” she answered.

He bent towards her swiftly; then checked himself with a sneering laugh. “ I’ll give you a piece of valuable advice,” he said; “ don’t allow yourself to grow sentimental. It is awful rot.”

And he threw himself into his chair. He drew a note-book from his pocket, and when she seated herself he did not look up. There was a gray cast about his face, and his lips were compressed. She noticed that he was older than she at first supposed and that the hand with which he held the pencil twitched nervously. Then she lay watching him idly from beneath lowered lids.

An hour later he looked up, and their glances met. With sudden determination he closed the book and replaced it in his pocket. “ You look pale,” he remarked abruptly.

“ Do I ? ” she questioned inanimatedly. “ I do not see any reason why I should not.”

“ Perhaps—so long as it is not unbecoming to you.”

“ Why will you say such things ? ” she demanded angrily. “ I detest them.”

“ Indeed ? Yes, pallor is not unbecoming to you. It gives you an interesting look.”

She rubbed the cheek next him with the edge of her rug until it glowed scarlet. “ There ! ” she exclaimed in resentment.

"That gives you a radiant look," he remarked composedly.

Her eyes flashed. "You will make me hate you," she retorted.

He smiled slightly, his eyes half sad. "I am trying to," he responded.

She stamped her foot with impatience. "Then you won't succeed. I will not hate you. Do you hear? I will not!"

"Is it a question of will?"

"In this case, yes."

"Do you hate as you choose—and love?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "I hardly think I could hate you if I would. Despite your—your hatefulness."

"Not though it were a part of wisdom?"

"Wisdom has nothing to do with——"

"With what?" he questioned.

"With hate."

"Nor with love?"

"Nor with love."

He shook himself free from an imaginary weight, passing his hand across his contracted brow. "Then so much the worse for hate," he responded, "and for love."

As she did not answer he spoke fiercely. "When you love, love a virtuous, straight-away plodder," he said. "Love a man because he is decent—because he is decent and plain and all the things that the romancers laugh at. Love a fool, if you will, but let him be a fool who goes to his office at nine and leaves it at six; who craves no more exciting atmosphere than the domestic one of house-girl worries and teething babies. If you ever find yourself loving a man like me, you had better make for the nearest lamp-post and—hang——"

"Hush!" she cried, her cheeks flaming. "How—how dare you?" Her voice broke sharply, and she fell to sobbing behind her raised hands.

"My God!" he said softly. She felt his breath upon her forehead, and a tremor passed over her. Then his hands fastened upon hers and drew them from her eyes. He was panting like a man who has run a race.

She was looking straight before her. A small homing bird alighted for a swift instant on the railing near them, scanning suspiciously the deserted corner—and she knew that that bird would be blazoned on her memory forever after. Then she felt the man's lips close upon her own.

"You shall love me," he said, "and right may go!"

II.

She stepped out upon the deck, her eyes shining. He met her moodily. "Shall we walk up into the bow?" he asked.

She nodded. "This is our last evening," she said. "We will make it long."

"However long we make it, there is always to-morrow."

Her face clouded. "Yes, there is to-morrow," she admitted.

She fell into step with him, and they walked the length of the deck. Once she lost her balance, and he laid his hand upon her arm. When she recovered herself, he did not remove it.

"We will go far up," she said. "We will look straight out to sea and forget what is behind us."

"Can we forget it?" he asked gloomily.

She smiled into his face. "I will make you," she answered. "Put your hands upon the railing—so—and watch the boat as it cuts the waves. Is it not like a bird? And see, the stars are coming out."

The salt spray dashed into their faces as they leaned far over. A wet wind blew past them, and she put up her hand to hold her hat. Her skirts were wrapped closely about her, and her figure seemed to grow taller in the gray fog that rose from the sea. The ethereal quality in her appearance was emphasized.

He drew away from her. "You are too delicate for my rough hands," he said.

"Am I?" she laughed softly; then a rising passion swelled in her voice: "I should choose to be broken by you to being caressed by any other man——"

His face whitened. "Don't say that," he protested hoarsely.

"Why not, since it is true?"

"It is not true."

A half-moon was mounting into the heavens, and it lit the sea with a path of silver. The pearl-colored mist floated ahead of the steamer, fluttering like the filmy garments of a water sprite. A dozen stars hung overhead.

"But it is true," she answered. Her words rang clearly, with a triumphant note. For a time he did not speak. In the light of the half-moon she saw the deepening furrows upon his face. His hands were clenched.

"There is time yet," he said at last, "to withdraw a false play. Take your love back."

She trembled, and her lips parted. "I cannot," she replied, "and I would not."

He stretched out his arms, as if to draw her towards him, and she faltered before the passion in his glance. Then he fell back. "What a mess you are making of your life!" he said.

But his warming eyes had reassured her. "The mess is already made," she responded.

"But it is not," he returned. Then he summoned his flagging force. "And it shall not be."

"How will you prevent it?"

"By an appeal to reason——"

She laughed. "What love was ever ruled by reason?"

"By proofs."

She laughed again: "What proof ever shattered faith?"

"Great God!" he retorted passionately. "Stop! Think a moment! Look things in the face. What do you know of me?"

"I know that I love you."

"I tell you I am a devil——"

"And I do not believe you."

"Go back to America, and ask the first man you meet."

"Why should I respect his opinion?"

"Because it is the opinion of the respectable public——"

"Then I don't respect the respectable public."

"You ought to."

"I don't agree with you."

Again he was silent, and again he faced her. "What is it that you love in me?" he demanded. "It is not my face."

"Certainly not."

"Nor my manners?"

"Hardly."

"Is there anything about me that is especially attractive?"

"I have not observed it."

"Then I'll be hanged if I know what it is!"

"So will I."

He sighed impatiently. "No woman ever discovered it before," he said, "though I've known all sorts and conditions. But then I never knew a woman like you."

"I am glad of that," she responded.

"I would give two-thirds of my future—such as it is—if I had not known you."

"And yet you love me."

He made a step towards her, his face quivering. But his words were harsh. "My love is a rotten reed," he said. Then he turned from her, gazing gloomily out to sea. Across the water the path of moonlight lay unrolled. Small brisk waves were playing around the flying steamer. Suddenly he faced her. "Listen!" he said.

She bent her head.

"From the beginning I have lied to you—lied, do you hear? I singled you out for my own selfish ends. All my kindness, as you call it, was because of its usefulness to me. While you looked on in innocence I made you a tool in my hands for the furtherance of my own purposes. Even those confounded prunes were sent to you from any other motive than sympathy for you——"

She shivered, supporting herself against the railing. "I—I don't understand," she stammered.

"Then listen again: I needed you, and I used you. There is not a soul in this boat but believes me to be your husband. I have created the impression because I was a desperate man, and it aided me. My name is not even Lawrence Smith——"

"Stop!" she said faintly. For an instant she staggered towards him; then her grasp upon the railing tightened. "Go on," she added.

His face was as gray as the fog which shrouded it. "I left America a hunted man. When I reach the other side, I shall find them still upon my tracks. It is for an act which they call by an ugly name; and yet I would do it over again. It was justice."

She was shivering as from a strong wind. "I—I don't think I understand yet," she said.

"I have led a ruined life," he went on hurriedly. "My past record is not a pretty one—and yet there is no act of my life which I regret so little as the one for which they are running me down. It was a deed of honor, though it left blood upon my hands——"

Her quivering face was turned from him.

"I reached New York with the assistance of a friend—the only man on earth who knows and believes in me. He secured a state-room from an L. Smith, who was delayed. I took his name as a safeguard, and when I saw yours beside me at table, I concluded he was your husband, and I played his part in the eyes of the passengers. It succeeded well." He laughed bitterly. "Lawrence was a guess," he added.

Then before her stricken eyes his recklessness fell from him. "Oh, if I could undo this," he said, "I would go back gladly to stand my chances of the gallows——"

A sob broke from her. "Hush," she said wildly. "Have you no mercy—none?"

"You must believe this," he went on passionately, "that at the last I loved you. You must believe it."

She shook her head almost deliriously.

"You must believe it," he repeated savagely. "If I could make you believe it, I would lie down to let you walk over me. You must believe that I have loved you as I have loved no other woman in my life—as I could love no other woman but you. You must believe that, evil as I am, I am not evil enough to lie to you now. You must believe it." He put out his hands as if to touch her, but she shrank away.

"No—no!" she cried. And she fled from him into the obscurity of the deck.

All that night she sat up on the edge of her berth. Her eyes were strained, and she stared blankly at the foam breaking against the porthole. Thought hung suspended, and she felt herself rocking mentally like a ship in open sea. She saw her future brought to bay before the threatening present, and she glanced furtively around in search of some byway of escape. The walls of the little state-room seemed closing upon her, and she felt the upper berth bearing down. She sobbed convulsively. "It was so short," she said.

When she came upon deck next day, it was high tide and the steamer was drawing into Liverpool. She wore a closely fitting jacket, and carried a small bag in her hand. Through her lowered veil her eyes showed with scarlet lids as if she had been weeping. The crowd of passengers, leaning eagerly over the railing, parted slightly, and she caught a glimpse of the English landing, peopled by strange English faces. A sob stuck in her throat, and she fell hastily into a corner. She dreaded setting foot upon a strange shore. She heard the excited voices vaguely, as she had heard them seven days ago upon sailing. They grated upon her ears with the harsh insistence of unshared gaiety, and made her own unhappiness the more poignant.

"Why, there is Jack!" rang out the voice of a woman in front of her. "Lend me the glasses. Yes, it is Jack! And he came up from London to meet me."

Then the steamer drifted slowly to the landing, and the voyage was over. She saw the gangways swung across, and she saw a dozen men stroll leisurely aboard. Yes; the end had come. "There is no harm in good-bye," said a voice at her side.

She turned hastily. He was looking down upon her, his eyes filled with the old haunting gloom. "Good-bye," she answered.

He held out his hand. "And you will go home like a sensible woman and forget?"

"I will go home."

His face whitened. "And forget?"

"Perhaps."

"It is wise."

She looked up at him, her eyes wet with tears. "Oh, how could you?" she cried brokenly. "How could you?"

He shook his head. "Don't think of me," he responded; "it is not worth the trouble."

The hand that held her bag shook nervously. "I wish I had never seen you," she said.

Then a voice startled them.

"So you have got your wife safely across, Mr. Smith," it said, "and no worse for the voyage. May I have the pleasure?"

It was the ship's surgeon, a large man with a jovial face. "I am afraid it was not the brightest of honeymoons," he added with attempted facetiousness. She looked up, her face paling, a sudden terror in her eyes.

A man with a telegram in his hand passed them, glancing from right to left. He stopped suddenly, wheeled round, and came towards them.

All at once her voice rang clear. She laid her hand upon the arm of the man beside her. "It is a honeymoon," she said, and she smiled into the surgeon's face, "so bright that even seasickness couldn't dim it. You know it has lasted eight years——"

The surgeon smiled, and the strange man passed on.

Some one took her hand, and they descended the gangway together. As she stepped upon the landing, he looked down at her, his eyes aflame.

"For God's sake," he said, "tell me what it means?"

Her glance did not waver. "It means," she answered, "that I am on your side forever."

His hand closed over the one he held. "I ought to send you back," he said, "but I cannot."

"You cannot," she repeated resolutely.

Then her voice softened. "God bless that detective," she added fervently.

Across the passion in his eyes shot a gleam of his old reckless humor. "It was Cook's man after a tourist," he said, "but God bless him."

THE WAR ON THE SEA AND ITS LESSONS.

By Captain Alfred T. Mahan,

Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "Life of Nelson," etc.

III.

THE REASONS FOR BLOCKADING CUBA.—THE AIMS AND MOVEMENTS OF ADMIRAL CERVERA.

FOR the reasons stated in my last paper, it was upon Cervera's squadron that the attention of instructed military students was chiefly turned at the outset of the war. Grave suspicions as to its efficiency, indeed, were felt in many quarters, based partly upon actual knowledge of the neglect of the navy practised by the Spanish government, and partly upon the inference that the general incapacity evident for years past in all the actions of the Spanish authorities, and notably in Cuba, could not but extend to the navy—one of the most sensitive and delicate parts of any political organization; one of the first to go to pieces when the social and political foundations of a state are shaken, as they were in the French Revolution. But, though suspected, the ineffectiveness of that squadron could not be assumed before proved. Until then—to use the words of an Italian writer who has treated the whole subject of this war with comprehensive and instructive perspicacity—Spain had "the possibility of contesting the command of the sea, and even of securing a definite preponderance, by means of a squadron possessed of truly exceptional characteristics, both tactical and strategic:" in short, by means of a "fleet in being."

It is true that in this estimate the writer quoted included the "Carlos V.," a new and high-powered armored cruiser, and also a number of protected cruisers, and of torpedo vessels of various kinds, all possessing a rate of speed much superior to the more distinctly fighting ships, in which consisted the strength of the United States squadrons. Such a fleet, homogeneous in respect to the particular function which constitutes the power of a "fleet in being," whose effectiveness lies in its legs and in its moral effect, in its power to evade pursuit and to play upon the fears of an enemy, should be capable of rapid continuous movement; and such a fleet Spain actually possessed when the war broke out—only it was not ready. "This splendid fleet," resumed our Italian critic, giving rein, perhaps, to a southern imagination, but not wholly without just reason, "would be in a condition to impose upon the enemy the character which the conflict should assume, alike in strategy and in tactics, and thereby could draw the best and greatest advantage from the actual situation, with a strong probability of partial results calculated to restore the equilibrium between the two belligerent fleets; or even of successes so decisive, if obtained immediately after the declaration of war, as to include a possibility of a Spanish preponderance." The present writer guards himself from being understood to accept fully this extensive programme for a fleet distinctly inferior in actual combative force; but the general assumption of the author quoted indicates the direction of effort which alone held out a hope of success, and which, for that reason, should have been vigorously followed by the Spanish authorities.

As the Spanish navy—whatever its defects in organization and practice—is not lacking in thoughtful and instructed officers, it is probable that the despatch of Cervera with only four ships, instead of at least the five armored cruisers, well qualified to act together, which he might have had, not to speak of the important auxiliaries also dis-

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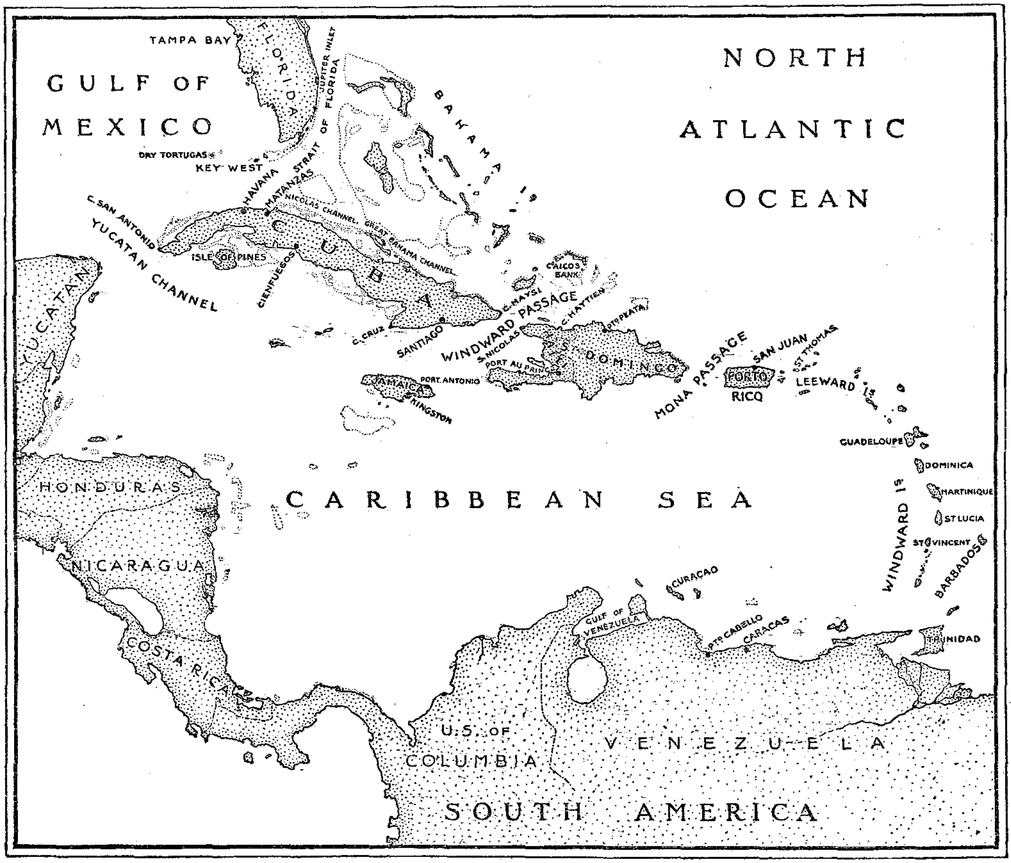
Note.—The following paper had been written and prepared for publication, as it now stands, before the letters of Admiral Cervera, published in the Madrid "Epoca" of November 5th, were known on this side of the Atlantic.

posable, was due to uninstructed popular and political pressure, of the same kind that in our country sought to force the division of our fleet among our ports. That the Spanish government was thus goaded and taunted, at the critical period when Cervera was lying in Santiago, is certain. To that, most probably, judging from the words used in the Cortes, we owe the desperate sortie which delivered him into our hands and reduced Spain to inevitable submission. "The continuance of Cervera's division in Santiago, and its apparent inactivity," stated a leading naval periodical in Madrid, issued two days before the departure and destruction of the squadron, "is causing marked currents of pessimism, and of disaffection towards the navy, especially since the Yankees have succeeded in effecting their proposed landing. This state of public feeling, which has been expressed with unrestricted openness in some journals, has been sanctioned in Congress by one of the Opposition members, uttering very unguarded opinions, and reflecting injuriously upon the navy itself, as though upon it depended having more or fewer ships." The Minister of Marine, replying in the Cortes, paraphrased as follows, without contradiction, the words of this critic, which voiced, as it would appear, a popular clamor: "You ask, 'Why, after reaching Santiago, has the squadron not gone out, and why does it not now go out?' Why do four ships not go out to fight twenty? You ask again: 'If it does not go out, if it does not hasten to seek death, what is the use of squadrons? For what are fleets built, if not to be lost?' We are bound to believe, Señor Romero Robledo, that your words in this case express neither what you intended to say, nor your real opinion." Nevertheless, they seem not to have received correction, nor to have been retracted; and to the sting of them, and of others of like character, is doubtless due the express order of the Ministry under which Cervera quitted his anchorage.

Like ourselves, our enemy at the outset of the war had his fleet in two principal divisions. One, still somewhat formless and as yet unready, but of very considerable power, was in the ports of the Peninsula; the other—Cervera's—at the Cape de Verde Islands, a possession of Portugal. The latter was really exceptional in its qualities, as our Italian author has said. It was exceptional, in a general sense, because homogeneous and composed of vessels of very high qualities, offensive and defensive; it was exceptional also, as towards us in particular, because we had of the same class but two ships—one-half its own force—the "New York" and the "Brooklyn"; and, moreover, we had no torpedo cruisers to oppose to the three which accompanied it. These small vessels, while undoubtedly an encumbrance to a fleet in extended strategic movements in boisterous seas, because they cannot always keep up, are a formidable adjunct—tactical in character—in the day of battle, especially if the enemy has none of them; and in the mild Caribbean it was possible that they might not greatly delay their heavy consorts in passages which would usually be short.

The two main divisions of the Spanish fleet were thus about 1,500 miles apart when war began on the 25th of April. The neutrality of Portugal made it impossible for Cervera to remain long in his then anchorage, and an immediate decision was forced upon his government. It is incredible that among the advisers of the Minister of Marine—himself a naval officer—there was no one to point out that to send Cervera at once to the Antilles, no matter to what port, was to make it possible for the United States to prevent any future junction between himself and the remaining vessels of the navy. The squadron of either Sampson or Schley was able to fight him on terms of reasonable equality, to say the least. Either of our divisions, therefore, was capable of blockading him, if caught in port; and it was no more than just to us to infer that, when once thus cornered, we should, as we actually did at Santiago, assemble both divisions, so as to render escape most improbable and the junction of a reinforcement practically impossible. Such, in fact, was the intention from the very first; for, this done, all our other undertakings, Cuban blockade and what not, would be carried on safely, under cover of our watching fleet, were the latter distant ten miles or a thousand from such other operations. The writer, personally, attaches but little importance to the actual consequences of strictly offensive operations attempted by a "fleet in being," when of so inferior force. As suggested by Spanish and foreign officers, in various publications, they have appeared to him fantastic pranks of the imagination, such as he himself indulged in as a boy, rather than a sober judgment formed after considering both sides of the case. "I cannot but admire Captain Owen's zeal," wrote Nelson on one occasion, "in his anx-


NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
GULF OF MEXICO
TAMPA BAY
FLORIDA
JUPITER INLET
STRAIT OF FLORIDA
BAHAMA IS
DRY TORTUGAS
KEY WEST
HAVANA
MATANZAS
NICOLAS CHANNEL
GREAT BAHAMA CHANNEL
C. SAN ANTONIO
YUCATAN CHANNEL
ISLE OF PINES
CIENFUEGOS
CUBA
YUCATAN
CAICOS BANK
C. MAYSI
WINDWARD PASSAGE
C. HAYTIEN
PTO PLATA
C. CRUZ
SANTIAGO
S. NICOLAS
PORT AU PRINCE
HAITI
ST. DOMINGO
PORT ANTONIO
JAMAICA
KINGSTON
MONA PASSAGE
SAN JUAN
ST. THOMAS
PORTO RICO
LEEWARD IS
GUADELOUPE
DOMINICA
MARTINIQUE
ST LUCIA
ST VINCENT
BARBADOS
WINDWARD IS
CARIBBEAN SEA
HONDURAS
NICARAGUA
COSTA RICA
CURACAO
GULF OF VENEZUELA
PTO CABELLO
CARACAS
TRINIDAD
U.S. OF COLUMBIA
VENEZUELA
SOUTH AMERICA

MAP OF THE WEST INDIES.—MADE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF CAPTAIN MAHAN TO ILLUSTRATE HIS ARTICLE.

ious desire to get at the enemy, but I am afraid it has made him overleap sand-banks and tides, and laid him aboard the enemy. I am as little used to find out the impossible as most folks, and I think I can discriminate between the impracticable and the fair prospect of success." The potentialities of Cervera's squadron, after reaching the Spanish Antilles, must be considered under the limitations of his sand-banks and tides—of telegraph cables betraying his secrets, of difficulties and delays in coaling, of the sudden occasional accidents to which all machinery is liable, multiplied in a fleet by the number of vessels composing it; and to these troubles, inevitable accompaniments of such operations, must in fairness be added the assumption of reasonable watchfulness and intelligence on the part of the United States, in the distribution of its lookouts and of its ships.

The obvious preventive to the disadvantage thus incurred by Spain would have been to add to Cervera ships sufficient to force us at least to unite our two divisions and to keep them joined. This, however, could not be done at once, because the contingent in Spain was not yet ready; and fear of political consequences and public criticism at home, such as that already quoted, probably deterred the enemy from the correct military measure of drawing Cervera's squadron back to the Canaries, some 800 or 900 miles; or even to Spain, if necessary. This squadron itself had recently been formed in just this way; two ships being drawn back from the Antilles, and two sent forward from the Peninsula. If Spain decided to carry on the naval war in the Caribbean—and to decide otherwise was to abandon Cuba in accordance with our demand—she should have sent all the armored ships she could get together, and have thrown herself frankly, and at whatever cost, upon a mere defensive policy for her home waters, relying upon coast defenses—or upon mere luck, if need were—for the safety of the ports. War cannot be made without running risks. When you have chosen your field for fighting, you must concentrate upon it, letting your other interests take their chance. To do this, however, men must have convictions, and conviction must rest upon knowledge; or else ignorant clamor and contagious panic will sweep away every reasonable teaching of military experience. And so Cervera went forth with his four gallant ships, foredoomed to his fate by folly, or by national false pride, exhibited in the form of political pressure disregarding sound professional judgment and military experience. We were not without manifestations here of the same ignorant and ignoble clamor; but fortunately our home conditions permitted it to be disregarded without difficulty.

It may be profitable at this point to recall a few dates; after which the narrative, avoiding superfluous details, can be continued in such outline as is required for profitable comment, and for eliciting the more influential factors in the course of events, with the consequent military lessons from them to be deduced.

On the 20th of April, the President of the United States approved the joint resolution passed by the two houses of Congress, declaring the independence of Cuba and demanding that Spain should relinquish her authority there and withdraw her forces. A blockade, dated April 22d, was declared of the north coast of Cuba, from Cardenas on the east to Bahia Honda, west of Havana; and of the port of Cienfuegos, on the south side of the island. On the 25th of April, a bill declaring that war between the United States and Spain existed, and had existed since the 21st of the month, was passed by Congress, and approved the same evening by the President; thus adding another instance to the now commonplace observation that hostilities more frequently precede than follow a formal declaration. On the 29th of April, Admiral Cervera's division, four armored cruisers and three torpedo destroyers, quitted the Cape de Verde Islands for an unknown destination, and disappeared during near a fortnight from the knowledge of the United States authorities. On the 1st of May, Commodore Dewey by a dash, the rapidity and audacity of which reflected the highest credit upon his professional qualities, destroyed the Spanish squadron at Manila, thereby paralyzing also all Spanish operations in the East. The government of the United States was thus, during an appreciable time, and, as it turned out, finally, released from all military anxiety as to the course of events in that quarter.

Meantime the blockade of the Cuban coasts, as indicated above, had been established effectively, to the extent demanded by international law, which requires the presence upon the coast, or before the port, declared blockaded of such a force as shall constitute a manifest danger of capture to vessels seeking to enter or to depart. In the reserved, not to say unfriendly, attitude assumed by many of the European states, the precise character of which is not fully known, and perhaps never will be, it was not only right, but practically necessary, to limit the extent of coast barred to merchant ships to that which could be thus effectually guarded, leaving to neutral governments no sound ground for complaint. Blockade is one of the rights conceded by universal agreement to belligerent states which directly, as well as indirectly, injures neutrals, imposing pecuniary losses by restraints upon trade previously in their hands. The ravages of the insurrection and the narrow policy of Spain in seeking to monopolize intercourse with her colonies had, indeed, already grievously reduced the commerce of the island; but with our war there was sure to spring up a vigorous effort, both legal and contraband, to introduce stores of all kinds, especially the essentials of life, the supply of which was deficient. Such cargoes, not being clearly contraband, could be certainly excluded only by blockade; and the latter, in order fully to serve our military objects, needed at the least to cover every port in railway communication with Havana, where the bulk of the Spanish army was assembled. This it was impossible to effect at the first, because we had not ships enough; and therefore, as always in such cases, a brisk and perfectly lawful neutral trade, starting from Jamaica and from Mexico, as well as from Europe and the North American continent, was directed upon the harbors just outside the limits of the blockade—towards Sagua la Grande and adjacent waters in the north, and to Batabano and other ports in the south.

Although this, to a considerable degree, frustrated our purposes, it afforded no ground for complaint. On the contrary, we were at times hard driven, by want of vessels, to avoid laying ourselves open to reclamation, on the score of the blockade being invalid, even within its limited range, because ineffective. This was especially the case at the moment when the army was being convoyed from Tampa, as well as immediately before, and for some days after, that occasion; before, because it was necessary then to detach from the blockade, and to assemble elsewhere, the numerous small vessels needed to check the harmful activity of the Spanish gunboats along the northern coast; and afterwards, because the preliminary operations about Santiago, concurring with dark nights favorable to Cervera's escape, made it expedient to retain there many of the lighter cruisers, which, moreover, needed recoaling—a slow business when so many ships were involved. Our operations throughout labored—sometimes more, sometimes less—under this embarrassment, which should be borne in mind as a constant, necessary, yet perplexing element in the naval and military plans. The blockade, in fact, while the army was still unready and until the Spanish navy came within reach, was the one decisive measure, sure though slow in its working, which could be taken; the necessary effect of which was to bring the enemy's ships to this side of the ocean, unless Spain was prepared to abandon the contest. The Italian writer already quoted, a fair critic, though Spanish in his leanings, enumerates among the circumstances most creditable to the direction of the war by the Navy Department the perception that "blockade must inevitably cause collapse, given the conditions of insurrection and of exhaustion already existing in the island."

From this specific instance the same author, whose military judgments show much breadth of view, later on draws a general conclusion which is well worth the attention of American readers, because much of our public thought is committed to the belief that at sea private property—so called—that is, merchant ships and their cargoes, should not be liable to capture in war; which, duly interpreted, means that the commerce of one belligerent is not to be attacked or interrupted by the other. "Blockade," says our Italian, "is the fundamental basis of the conflict for the dominion of the seas, when the contest cannot be brought to an immediate issue;" that is, to immediate battle. Blockade, however, is but one form of the unbloody pressure brought to bear upon an enemy by interruption of his commerce. The stoppage of commerce, in whole or in part, exhausts without fighting. It compels peace without sacrificing life. It is the most scientific warfare, because the least sanguinary; and because, like the highest strategy, it is directed against the communications—the resources—not the persons, of the enemy. It has been the glory of sea-power that its ends are attained by draining men of their dollars, instead of their blood.

The establishment and maintenance of the blockade was, in the judgment of the present writer, not only the first step in order, but also the first, by far, in importance, open to the government of the United States as things were; prior, that is, to the arrival of Cervera's division at some known and accessible point. Its importance lay in its two-fold tendency: to exhaust the enemy's army in Cuba, and to force his navy to come to the relief. No effect more decisive than these two could be produced by us before the coming of the hostile navy, or the readiness of our own army to take the field, permitted the contest to be brought, using the words of our Italian commentator, "to an immediate issue." Upon the blockade, therefore, the generally accepted principles of warfare would demand that effort should be concentrated, until some evident radical change in the conditions dictated a change of object—a new objective; upon which, when accepted, effort again should be concentrated, with a certain amount of "exclusiveness of purpose."

Blockade, however, implies not merely a sufficient number of cruisers to prevent the entry or departure of merchant ships. It further implies, because it requires, a strong supporting force, sufficient to resist being driven off by an attack from within or from without the port; for it is an accepted tenet of international law that a blockade raised by force ceases to exist; that it cannot be considered reëstablished before a new proclamation, and reoccupancy of the ground in force; whence it follows that merchant vessels trying to enter or depart cannot be arrested, prior to such reëstablishment, in virtue of the previous proclamation. Consequent upon this requirement, therefore, the blockades on the north and on the south side, to be secure against this military accident, should each have been supported by a division of armored ships capable of meeting Cervera's division on fairly equal terms; for, considering the distance between Cienfuegos and Havana, one such division could not support both blockades. In the first paper of this series it has already been indicated why it was impossible so to support the Cienfuegos blockaders. The reason, in the last analysis, was our insufficient sea-coast fortification. The Flying

Squadron was kept in Hampton Roads to calm the fears of the seaboard, and to check any enterprise there of Cervera, if intended or attempted. The other division of the armored fleet, however, was placed before Havana, where its presence not only strengthened adequately the blockading force proper, but assured also the safety of our naval base at Key West; both objects being attainable by the same squadron, on account of their nearness to each other.

It should likewise be noticed that the same principle, of concentration of effort upon the single purpose—the blockade—forbade, *a priori*, any attempts at bombardment by which our armored ships should be brought within range of disablement by heavy guns on shore. If the blockade was our object, rightly or wrongly, and if a blockade to be secure against serious disturbance required all the armored ships at our disposal—as it did—it follows logically and rigorously that to risk those ships by attacking forts is false to principle; *unless* special reasons can be adduced, sufficiently strong to bring such action within the scope of the principle, properly applied. It is here necessary clearly to distinguish. Sound principles in warfare are as useful and as necessary as in morals; when established, the presumption in any case is all on their side, and there is no one of them better established than concentration. But as in morals, so in war, the application of principle, the certainty of right, is not always clear. Could it always be, war would be an exact science; which it is not, but an art, in which true artists are as few as in painting or sculpture. It may be that a bombardment of the fortifications of Havana, or of some other place, might have been expedient, for reasons unknown to the writer; but it is clearly and decisively his opinion that if it would have entailed even a remote risk of serious injury to an armored ship, it stood condemned irretrievably (unless it conduced to getting at the enemy's navy), because it would hazard the maintenance of the blockade, our chosen object, upon which our efforts should be concentrated.* There is concentration of purpose, as well as concentration in place, and *ex*-centric action in either sphere is contrary to sound military principle.

The question of keeping the armored division under Admiral Sampson in the immediate neighborhood of Havana, for the purpose of supporting the blockade by the lighter vessels, was one upon which some diversity of opinion might be expected to arise. Cervera's destination was believed —as it turned out, rightly believed—to be the West Indies. His precise point of arrival was a matter of inference only, as in fact was his general purpose. A natural surmise was that he would go first to Porto Rico, for reasons indicated in a former paper. But if coal enough remained to him, it was very possible that he might push on at once to his ultimate objective, if that were a Cuban port, thus avoiding the betrayal of his presence at all, until within striking distance of his objective. That he could get to the United States coast without first entering a coaling port, whence he would be reported, was antecedently most improbable; and, indeed, it was fair to suppose that, if bound to Havana, coal exigencies would compel him to take a pretty short route, and to pass within scouting range of the Windward Passage, between Cuba and Haiti. Whatever the particular course of reasoning, it was decided that a squadron under Admiral Sampson's command should proceed to the Windward Passage, for the purpose of observation, with a view to going further eastward, if it should appear advisable. Accordingly, on the 4th of May, five days after Cervera left the Cape de Verde, the Admiral sailed for the appointed position, taking with him all his armored sea-going ships—the "Iowa," the "Indiana," and the "New York"— and two monitors, the "Amphitrite" and the "Terror." Of course, some smaller cruisers and a collier accompanied him.

It is almost too obvious for mention that this movement, if undertaken at all, should be made, as it was, with all the force disposable, this being too small to be safely divided. The monitors promptly, though passively, proceeded to enforce another ancient maritime teaching: the necessity for homogeneousness, especially of speed and manœuvering qualities, in vessels intending to act together. Of inferior speed at the best, they had, owing to their small coal endurance, and to minimize the delay in the progress of the whole body consequent upon their stopping frequently to coal, to be towed, each by an armored ship; an expedient which, although the best that could be adopted, entailed endless trouble, and frequent stoppages through the breaking of the tow-lines.

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* A principal object of these papers, as stated in the first, is to form a correct public opinion; for by public opinion, if misguided, great embarrassment is often caused to those responsible for the conduct of a war. As concrete examples teach far better than abstract principles, the writer suggests to the consideration of his readers how seriously would have been felt, during the hostilities, the accident which has just [December 14th] befallen the battleship "Massachusetts," a month after the above sentences were written. An injury in battle, engaged without adequate object, would have had the same effect, and been indefensible.

Shortly before midnight of May 7th, the squadron was twenty miles north of Cape Haitien, about six hundred sea miles east of Havana. It was there learned, by telegrams received from the Department, that no information had yet been obtained as to the movements of the Spanish division, but that two swift steamers, the "New York"* and the "St. Louis," lately of the American transatlantic line, had been sent to scout to the eastward of Martinique and Guadaloupe. The instructions to these vessels were to cruise along a north and south line, eighty miles from the islands named. They met at the middle once a day, communicated, and then went back in opposite directions to the extremities of the beat. In case the enemy were discovered, word of course would be sent to Washington, and to the Admiral, if accessible, from the nearest cable port. The two vessels were directed to continue on this service up to noon of May 10th, a time very carefully calculated to meet the extreme possibilities of slowness on the part of the Spanish division, if coming that way; afterwards they were to go to a given place, and report. It may be added that they remained their full time, and yet missed by a hair's breadth sighting the enemy. The captain of the "New York" ("Harvard") afterwards told the writer that he believed another stretch to the south would have rewarded him with success. The case was one in which blame could be imputed to nobody; unless it were to the Spaniards, in disappointing our very modest expectations concerning their speed as a squadron, which is a very different thing from the speed of a single ship.

Among the telegrams received at this time by the Admiral from the Department were reports of rumors that colliers for the Spanish division had been seen near Guadaloupe; also, that Spanish vessels were coaling and loading ammunition at St. Thomas. Neither of these was well founded, nor was it likely that the enemy's division would pause for such purpose at a neutral island, distant, as St. Thomas is, less than a hundred miles from their own harbors in Porto Rico.

Immediately after the receipt of these telegrams, the Admiral summoned all his captains, between 12 and 4 A.M., May 9th, to a consultation regarding the situation. He then decided to go on to San Juan, the chief seaport of Porto Rico, upon the chance of finding the Spanish squadron there. The coaling of the monitors, which had begun when the squadron stopped the previous afternoon, was resumed next morning. At 11.15, May 9th, a telegram from the Department reported a story, "published in the newspapers," that the Spanish division had been seen on the night of the 7th near Martinique. The Department's telegram betrayed also some anxiety about Key West and the Havana blockade; but, while urging a speedy return, the details of the Admiral's movements were left to his own discretion. The squadron then stood east, and on the early morning of the 12th, arrived off San Juan. A bombardment of the place followed at once, lasting from 5.30 to 7.45 A.M.; but, as it was evident that the Spanish division was not there, the Admiral decided not to continue the attack, although satisfied that he could force a surrender. His reasons for desisting are given in his official report, as follows:

> The fact that we should be held several days in completing arrangements for holding the place; that part [of the squadron] would have to be left to await the arrival of troops to garrison it; that the movements of the Spanish squadron, our main objective, were still unknown; that the Flying Squadron was still north, and not in a position to render any aid; that Havana, Cervera's natural objective, was thus open to entry by such a force as his, while we were a thousand miles distant, made our immediate movement toward Havana imperative.

It will be noted that the Admiral's conclusions, as here given, coincided substantially with the feeling of the Department, as expressed in the telegram last mentioned. The squadron started back immediately to the westward. During the night of this same day, Thursday, May 12th, towards midnight, reliable information was received at the Navy Department that Cervera's squadron had arrived off Martinique—four armored cruisers and three torpedo destroyers, one of the latter entering the principal port of the island.

The movements of the Spanish division immediately preceding its appearance off Martinique can be recovered in the main from the log of the "Cristobal Colon," which was found on board that ship by the United States officers upon taking possession after her surrender on July 3d. Some uncertainty attends the conclusions reached from its examination, because the record is brief and not always precise in its statements; but, whatever inaccuracy of detail there may be, the general result is clear enough.

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* Afterwards named the "Harvard."

At noon of May 10th, the division was 130 miles east of the longitude of Martinique, and fifteen miles south of its southernmost point. Being thus within twelve hours' run of the island, Admiral Cervera evidently, and reasonably, considered that he might now be in the neighborhood of danger, if the United States government had decided to attempt to intercept him with an armored division, instead of sticking to the dispositions known to him when he sailed—the blockade of Cuba and the holding the Flying Squadron in reserve. In order not to fall in with an enemy unexpectedly, especially during the night, the speed of the division was reduced to something less than four knots per hour, and the torpedo destroyer "Terror" was sent ahead to reconnoiter and report. The incident of her separating from her consorts is not noted—a singular omission, due possibly to its occurring at night, and so escaping observation by the "Colon;" but it is duly logged that she was sighted "to port" next morning, May 11th, at 9 A.M., and that, until she was recognized, the crew were sent to their quarters for action. This precaution had also been observed during the previous night, the men sleeping beside their guns; a sufficient evidence of the suspicions entertained by the Spanish admiral.

At 10 A.M., by which hour, or very soon afterwards, the communication of the "Terror" with the Admiral recorded by the log must have taken place, there had been abundance of time since daybreak for a fifteen-knot torpedo destroyer, low-lying in the water, to remain unseen within easy scouting distance of Martinique and thence to rejoin the squadron, which would then be forty or fifty miles distant from the island. She could even, by putting forth all her speed, have communicated with the shore; possibly without the knowledge of the American representatives on the spot, if the sympathies of the inhabitants were with the Spaniards, as has been generally believed. However that may be, shortly after her junction the division went ahead again seven knots, the speed logged at noon of May 11th, which, as steam formed, was increased to ten knots. At 4 P.M., Martinique was abeam on the starboard hand—north. At sundown the ships went to general quarters, and the crews were again kept at their guns during the night. By this time Cervera doubtless had been informed that Sampson's division had gone east from Cuba, but its destination could have been only a matter of inference with him, for the bombardment of San Juan did not take place till the following morning. The fact of keeping his men at quarters also justifies the conclusion that he was thus uncertain about Sampson, for the stationariness of the Flying Squadron would be known at Martinique.

After mentioning that the ship's company went to quarters, the log of the "Colon" adds: "Stopped from 5.15 to 6 A.M." Whether the 5.15 was A.M. or P.M., whether, in short, the squadron continued practically motionless during the night of May 11–12, can only be conjectured, but there can be little doubt that it did so remain. The Spaniards still observe the old-fashioned sea-day of a century ago, abandoned long since by the English and ourselves, according to which May 12th begins at noon of May 11th. A continuous transaction, such as stopping from evening to morning, would fall therefore in the log of the same day, as it here does; whereas in a United States ship-of-war, even were our records as brief and fragmentary as the "Colon's," the fact of the stoppage, extending over the logs of two days, would have been mentioned in each. It is odd, after passing an hour or two in putting this and that together out of so incomplete a narrative, to find recorded in full, a few days later, the following notable incident: "At 2.30 P.M., flagship made signal: 'If you want a cow, send boat.' Answered: 'Many thanks; do not require any.'" Log-books do state such occurrences, particularly when matters of signal; but then they are supposed also to give a reasonably full account of each day's important proceedings.

Whatever the movements back and forth, or the absence of movement, by the Spanish ships during the night, at 7.10 A.M. the next day, May 12th, while Sampson's division was still engaged with the forts at San Juan, they were close to Martinique, "four miles from Diamond Rock," a detached islet at its southern end. The next entry, the first for the sea-day of May 13th, is: "At 12.20 P.M. lost sight of Martinique." As the land there is high enough to be visible forty or fifty miles, under favorable conditions, and as the squadron on its way to Curaçao averaged eleven knots per hour, it seems reasonable to infer that the Spanish admiral, having received news of the attack on San Juan, though possibly not of the result, had determined upon a hasty departure, and a hurried run to the end of his journey, before he could be intercepted by Sampson, the original speed of whose ships was inferior to that of his own, and whom he knew to be hampered by monitors.

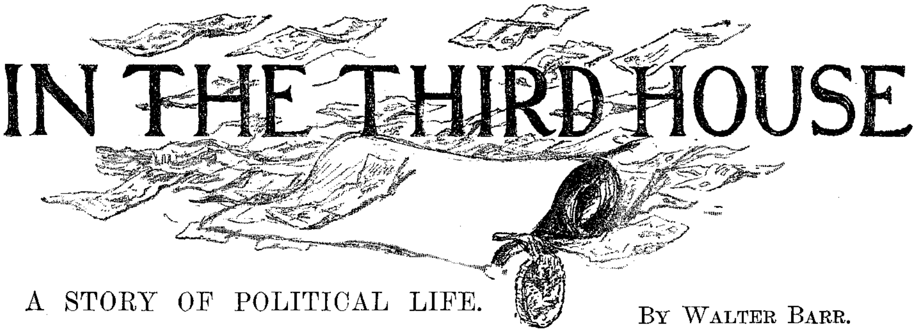
The Spaniards did not take coal at Martinique. This may have been due to refusal by the French officials to permit it, according to a common neutral rule which allows a neutral only to give enough to reach the nearest national port. As the ships still had enough to reach Curaçao, they had more than enough to go to Porto Rico. It may very well be, also, that Cervera, not caring to meet Sampson, whose force, counting the monitors, was superior to his own, thought best to disappear at once again from our knowledge. He did indeed prolong his journey to Santiago, if that were his original destination, by nearly two hundred miles, through going to Curaçao, not to speak of the delay there in coaling. But if the Dutch allowed him to take all that he wanted, he would, in his final start, be much nearer Cuba than at Martinique, and he would be able, as far as fuel went, to reach either Santiago, Cienfuegos, or Porto Rico, or even Havana itself—all which possibilities would tend to perplex us. It is scarcely probable, however, that he would have attempted the last-named port. To do so, not to speak of the greater hazard through the greater distance, would, in case of his success, not merely have enabled, but invited, the United States to concentrate its fleet in the very best position for us, where it would not only have "contained" the enemy, but have best protected our own base at Key West.

What Cervera's actual reasonings were is unknown to the writer, and probably will remain unknown until he sees fit to publish them, or until he has appeared before the court-martial which, by the almost universal practice of naval nations, awaits a commander who has lost a ship or incurred a considerable disaster; a practice merciful as well as just, bringing to the light the man's merits as well as his faults, if such there be, and confronting idle gossip with an authoritative expert judgment. The course being usual, implies no antecedent implication of blame, and therefore is never invidious as regards an individual. Till it is decided whether such a court shall be convened, it is not to be expected that the Spanish admiral will reveal the line of his defence, or lay himself open to attack by the statement of inferences and decisions, which at the time of their formation may have been sound, and yet in the event have proved unfortunate.

In the absence of certain knowledge, conjectural opinions, such as the writer has here educed, are not unprofitable; rather the reverse. To form them, the writer and the reader place themselves perforce nearly in Cervera's actual position, and pass through their own minds the grist of unsolved difficulties which confronted him. The result of such a process is a much more real mental possession than is yielded by a quiet perusal of any ascertained facts, because it involves an argumentative consideration of opposing conditions, and not a mere passive acceptance of statements. The general conclusion of the present writer, from this consideration of Cervera's position, and of that of our own government—which will be further elaborated and discussed in the next paper—is that the course of the Spanish admiral was opportunist, solely and simply. Such, in general, and necessarily, must be that of any "fleet in being," in the strict sense of the phrase, which involves inferiority of force; whereas the stronger force, if handled with sagacity and strength, constrains the weaker in its orbit as the earth governs the moon. Placed in an extremely false position by the fault, militarily unpardonable, of his government, Admiral Cervera doubtless did the best he could. That in so doing he caused the United States authorities to pass through some moments of perplexity is certain, but it was the perplexity of interest rather than of apprehension; and in so far as the latter was felt at all, it was due to antecedent faults of disposition on our own part, the causes of which have been in great measure indicated in the previous papers. The writer is not an angler, but he understands that there is an anxious pleasure in the suspense of playing a fish, as in any important contest involving skill.

To say that there was any remarkable merit in the movements of the Spanish admiral is as absurd as to attribute particular cleverness to a child who, with his hands behind his back, asks the old conundrum: "Right or left?" "It is all a matter of guess," said Nelson, "and the world attributes wisdom to him who guesses right;" but all the same, by unremitting watchfulness, sagacious inference, and diligent pursuit, he ran the French fleet down. At Martinique, Admiral Cervera had all the

West Indies before him where to choose, and the United States coast too, conditioned by coal and other needs, foreseen or unforeseen. We ran him down at Santiago; and had he vanished from there, we should have caught him somewhere else. The attempt of the Spanish authorities to create an impression that some marvelous feat of strategy was in process of execution, to the extreme discomfiture of the United States Navy, was natural enough, considering the straits they were in and the consciousness of the capable among them that a division of that force should never have been sent across the sea; but, though natural, the pretension was absurd, and, though echoed by all the partisan press in Europe, it did not for a moment impose as true upon those who were directing the movements of the United States ships.



IN THE THIRD HOUSE

A STORY OF POLITICAL LIFE.

By Walter Barr.

"THAT makes only seventy-three," said the smooth-faced man; "we've got to get two more."

"We've got to quit loser," said the man with a black mustache, "and we might as well face the music. There's no possibility of getting a single one more. Not a man in the other list can be touched, and you know it as well as I do, Cantwell."

"I know that I'm never whipped until the last name on the roll is called. Send for Shacklett as soon as you can, Baird, and let's go over it again."

Baird stepped over to the button, and called the bellboy. While that youth with carefully-combed hair, blacked shoes, and worn jacket was sauntering up the stairs, Baird wrote a note. He did not look pleased. He stopped in the middle to say that he knew when he was whipped. Cantwell finished his scrutiny of the list of names before him, and then remarked again that they had "got to win out."

The minute hand of the clock held aloft by Mercury on the mantel had not passed over much more than a quarter of a circle before Shacklett came in, with a knock that apparently was merely to announce his arrival rather than to ask admission. He felt at home in that room in the Leland. Six weeks before, he had waited for the answer to his knock before walking in, and for the next three weeks he had entered that door at all times of the day and night. He knew where the cigars were kept, when the box on the table became empty. He knew which of the two chairs on the side opposite the grate and away from the window was the more comfortable. When he came up the elevator, he never gave the number of the room to the boy, but merely said, "Parlor floor." Once when he left the elevator, Senator Cunningham was in the act of leaving this room, and Shacklett walked down the corridor in the opposite direction with an expression of interested amusement on his face and a mental note for future use.

"Good morning," he said impersonally, as he laid his hat and cane on the bed. "How's the game going now? Got 'em all in hand, or have you dropped the cards? It looks up at the Country Club like old Laney's going to give you a fight for your money. Just passed him on the street, and he talked about you without swearing; sure you've got 'em stacked to beat him?" And Shacklett smiled that smile which his friends seldom saw, and his enemies knew only too well meant either a royal flush or else a game of bluff on nothing. It was a pleasant smile unless one noticed the eyes; they glittered in a way which meant that the prey was in sight.

"We need two more; can you get 'em?" came from Cantwell like an order from the quarter-deck, and yet with a faint tinge of appeal in the tone.

"Don't know; how bad do you want 'em?" And Shacklett stepped up to the mirror to give his hair that characteristic pat with his fingers.

"Can you get them for three thousand apiece?" said Cantwell.

Shacklett turned around, took a cigar, turned that same smile upon both men like a sweeping searchlight, lighted the cigar, and reached for his hat and cane.

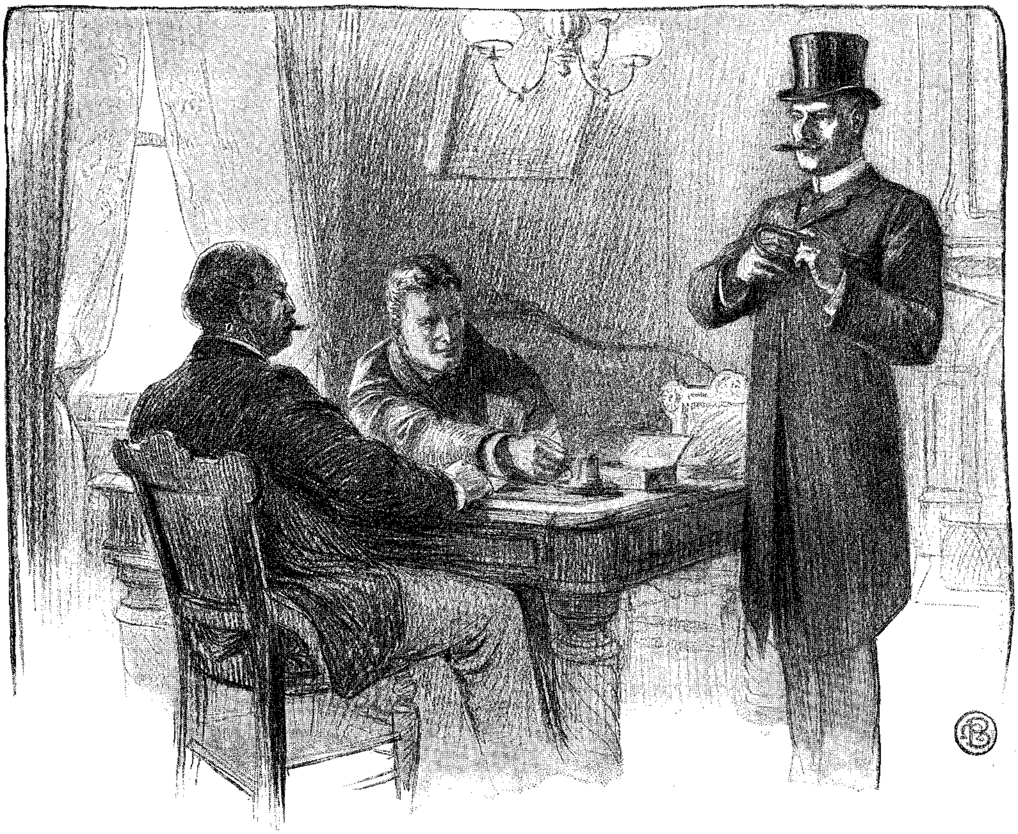
"I thought you wanted to see me," he remarked in the most pleasant of tones; "I'll go over to the Senate and see the vote."

"What do you want?" Baird exclaimed; but Cantwell merely reached for the ash-receiver and said, "Can you get two more is what I want to know."

"I can't promise; you know I've got some pretty leary ones now and made them right. It's a long shot, and I can't tell what I can do. If you must have them, I'll try; and I can get them if anybody can, I guess you know; how hard shall I try?"

Cantwell's voice had a vibrant ring as he played his very last card in the words: "I'll give you forty thousand dollars for two more votes; two or none, you understand."

"I can't promise you anything, gentlemen," said Shacklett; "I don't know whether I can get them or not. Give me the money in centuries, and I'll either deliver the votes at roll-call or return it to you this evening. You know it's a big contract, and it's uncertain. You've stirred up such a hullabaloo that it's worth a man's life to even dream about your bill. You ought to have got down here with your money a month sooner. And you ought to have let Lee of Lawrence alone; he's making more noise than all your Chicago papers even. The members from Egypt wouldn't dare to vote for a bill to allow Chicago to move to Edwards County now. If one of them was in the chair and recognized a Chicago man on a point of order, he couldn't be elected school director at



"'*I thought you wanted to see me,' he remarked.*"

home if he was the only man in the district that could read and write. Every farmer knows this bill is a plain old Chicago steal, and you've got to simply ask a man to ruin himself for so much a ruin. But I'll see if I can find one willing to be ruined between now and two o'clock;" and Shacklett broadened his smile into a little laugh as he went out.

He walked rapidly to the elevator, dropped to the first floor, and only nodded to several senators in the lobby on his way to the street. He was not planning. He had done that while in Cantwell's and Baird's room. He wanted to get to the State House in the shortest time, and he looked a little vexed when he found no carriage at the entrance to the hotel. He walked quietly around the corner, and started up the street that looks directly up to the Capitol of Illinois through the grating of the same kind of a railroad bridge that crosses Buckwheat Creek in Arkansas.

But Shacklett saw neither the State House dome nor the ugly, brown bridge. He saw the face of a girl over at Warsaw. He had not meant to tell her that he loved her, but that evening when they were coming home from Nauvoo along the river road he half told it, and the girl insisted on his telling the other half. The moon was only a little more than a slim crescent hanging over the Iowa bluffs, but every ray of its spectral brightness was reflected from each wave in the river. The lights of Keokuk shone like a string of gems along the top of the high bluff, and the red and green lights below along the western shore and over the locks of the canal added to the supernatural tone of the scene. So close that they felt it to be at their very feet, the Mississippi glided as smoothly as a giant serpent and as powerful as a monster anaconda. No one can ride along that river road upon the very bank without feeling the influence of a power greater than himself in the clutches of which he is borne along. One may catch his breath at its powerful beauty, but he cannot forget the immensity of it all.

The hoarse tone of an excursion boat growling out notice of its approach had turned the conversation between Shacklett and the girl along the channel of the friends waiting eagerly in the town for the signal that the passengers had safely returned. The next minute Shacklett was talking about the wrong of making one's friends wait for him; the echoes of the last long blast from the boat's whistle had not died away before he had let slip the thought that was with him most of the time: a man ought not to ask a girl to wait until he had gained a competency upon which to support a wife.

He had meant to stop with that. He had told her a hundred times with his eyes that he loved her, and it was in keeping with his diplomatic character to embrace the opportunity of saying to her in this way that he would never tell her so with his lips.

"Do you think that fair to the girl?" she asked.

"It is the only thing that is just to her," he replied in a tone that his friends knew always closed an argument.

"But suppose the girl would rather wait than accept the other life?"

"She will not be that big a fool; she will be just as happy with some other fellow as with me"—that last word was a slip that he always charged to the witchery of the omnipotent river. The girl that Shacklett could love with his whole soul was of necessity a girl that could talk as frankly and yet as carefully as the shrewdest lobbyist spoke to the member who was chiefly concerned about fooling himself as well as his constituents.

"Not if she really loves you," she said clearly; "and you are doing her the greatest injury of her life in allowing her to suffer because of false philanthropy on your part. She has as good a right to cast her own future as you have to cast yours, and a much better right than you have to cast hers for her."

Shacklett hated sham unless there was good reason for it; he only helped a legislator to fool himself when it was absolutely necessary in order to obtain results. He ceased to be impersonal.

"No; I can't argue against that—I've tried to do it to myself—but nevertheless I shall not tie you up like that house-boat until I am able to pilot you through the rapids"—and the girl knew that the matter was settled as well as Cantwell knew that it was useless to talk to Shacklett about an ordinary amount for those last two members.

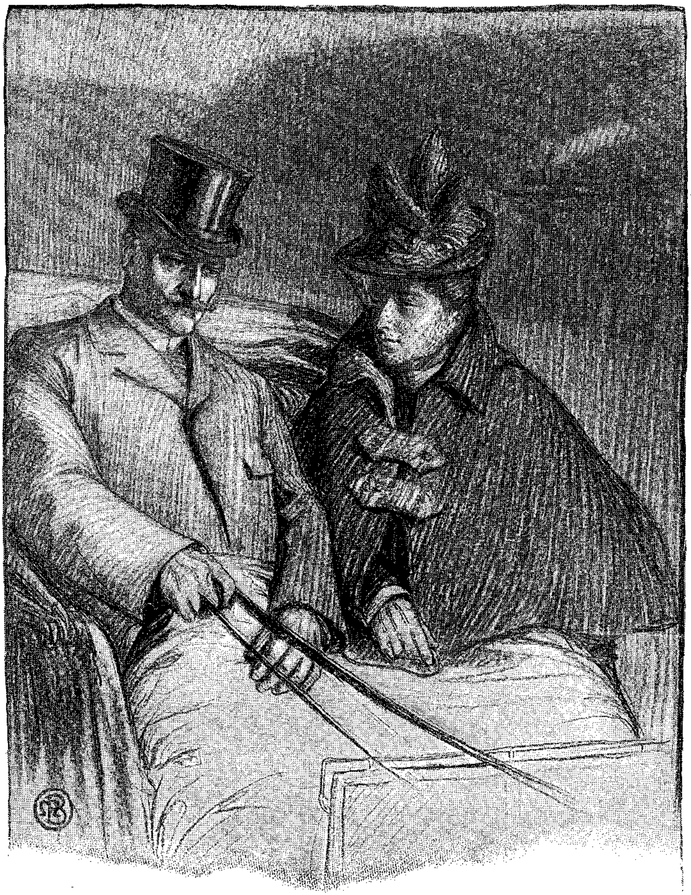
"And, nevertheless, I shall control my own future," she said. That was four years ago, and Shacklett knew that the home was waiting for him when he reached it, as surely as the house-boat wintering in the canal would finally tie up in the warm sunlight at New Orleans.

Now, for the first time, Shacklett saw the home and the girl closer to him than the railroad bridge and the portico of the State House. He had at least fifteen thousand dollars in his pocket that would be his own money, unless Graves made a bull. Graves was not always sure; but this "rake-off" ought to make him as certain as a sharpshooter. Anyhow, those chances had to be taken. There was no way to improve them except to make Graves over, and that could not be done in two hours.

Once when Shacklett had run over to Hamilton to see the girl, they had watched a lumber boat pushing a raft through the draw of the long bridge. There were acres of lumber, and at the foot of the rapids the force of the current gave it a momentum of millions of tons. But patience and the pilot had swung the long raft through the narrow opening as deftly as the boy guides his little sled on the hill.

They had spoken of how proud they would be after accomplishing the feat that the man at the wheel in the high pilot-house took as a matter of course. Shacklett felt the same elevation now that his self-sacrifice, and what he thought to be the infinitely greater self-sacrifice of the girl, in their patient waiting had at last given him the thing he sought for most in life. He never worked without a definite object. The one thing which he had kept in view for seven years was to lay the toga from a Western State at the feet of the girl in the Senate chamber at Washington. To get the toga seemed infinitely easier than to get the money which would justify him in marrying the girl. Now he had it in his pocket, and in two hours it would be his own—unless Graves failed him.

It might as well be said for the satisfaction of the good people who cannot make the distinction between buying votes in the legislature and other equally illegal methods of obtaining things, that such a thing as stealing the money of the Chicago gang would never have entered Shacklett's mind. If there had been danger of that, Cantwell would not have given it to him, of course. Both knew that there could be no real demand made for the return of the money given for such a purpose by that gang; but both knew it was as safe with Shacklett as with the cashier of the First National Bank. Shacklett had long since got past the stage of moralizing about the purchase of legislators. It was five years before that he was a clerk of committee, and ever since he had been a close student of that particular genus. He read the remarks about bribery in the papers exactly as the rest of us read Tolstoi; and he had no more intention of living up to the standard of the civil service reformers than the rest of us have of living up to the example of Jesus of Nazareth. He watched a new legislature come in as the orator watches the people ushered into his audience; and he looked at the members *seriatim* as the physiologist studies the animals in his laboratory, but with a little more enjoyment in vivisec-



"*Not if she really loves you.*"

tion. It was as near right to use a legislator for one's own purpose as it was to open an oyster shell or shoot a bear. The whole genus were in Springfield solely because of the operation of the law of the survival of the strongest in practical politics. If they succumbed to the stronger lobbyist, the law was still fulfilled. Shacklett, however, could not have formulated all this, for he was little given to introspection; but it paints the legislature from his point of view. Below him, his field of vision was filled with the legislature; above him, it could contain only the girl. And as he walked rapidly down under the bridge and up the steps of the State House, he was looking upward at the girl—nearer than she had ever been to him before.

Shacklett took the elevator to the second floor, and went directly to the office of the board of which Graves was chief clerk. As he walked through to the private office of the secretary with his staid dignity, not so much as glancing to either side, nor seeming to notice even Graves, anybody not acquainted in the Third House at Springfield would have been sure that he was the executive officer of the board. That was a way that Shacklett had. He never beckoned a man to him, even by so much as a turn of the eyes; when he went past a friend without speaking, that friend followed him; it saved much suspicion on the part of the people who had an interest in knowing whom he met.

When Graves came into the inner office and shut the door, Shacklett was not sitting down in the best chair as usual; contrary to his habit, he was waiting by the mantel in an attitude of impatient haste. Graves's heart sank as visions of revelations, exposures, and warnings flitted before his mind at the unusual hurry of his old friend.

"Say, do you know where you can get one more vote for the Chicago bill?" Shacklett began at once. "They need two. If you can get one, I'll dig up the other if I have to hold him up with a gun. There's twenty thousand in it for a vote, if you can get it and I can get mine. We've got to get 'em for that money, but two is too big a contract for me. Can you get one of them?"

"Where's the money?" queried Graves.

"In my pocket. We've got less than two hours to get 'em in. Man, we can't let a chance like this slip by us. We can't overlook such a bet."

"I don't know," said Graves slowly; "I believe I can get him. I wouldn't ask it of him for less; but twenty thousand——"

"There's not a man outside now that a thousand won't get as quick as a million. See him right away. I'll see my man, and be back here in an hour. Remember, it's got to be both or none." And Shacklett sauntered out through the outer office, and when once in the corridor, walked as fast as he dared to the elevator.

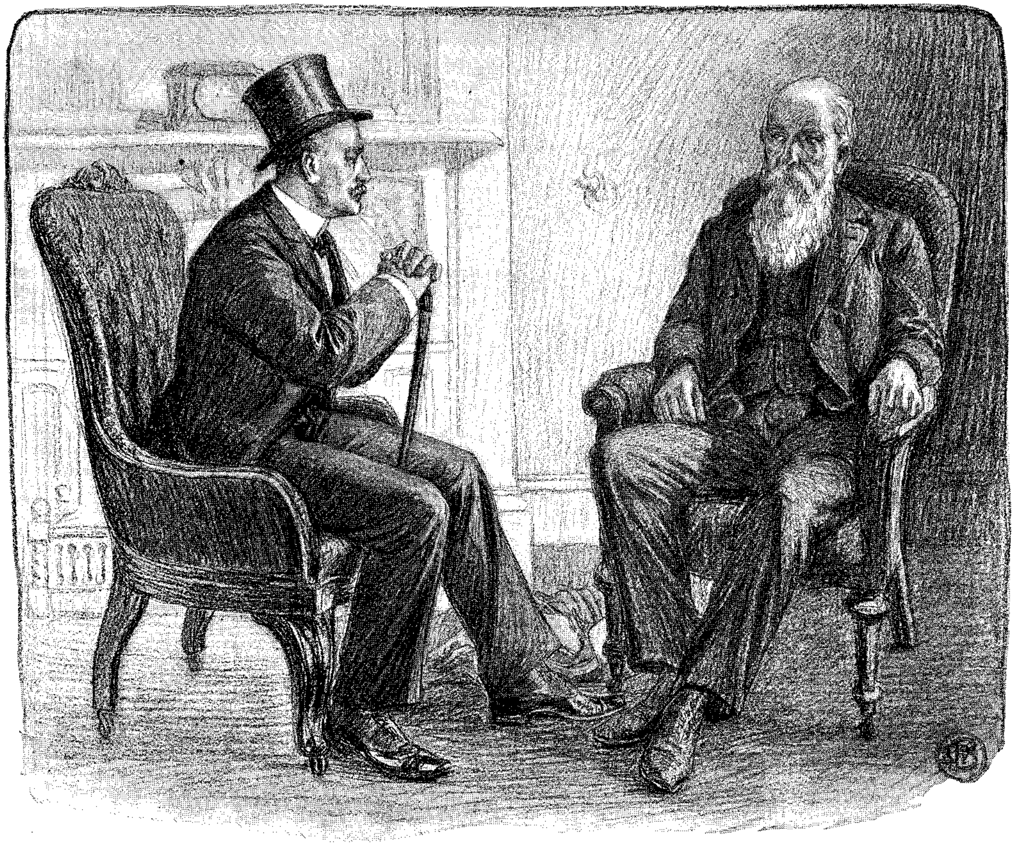
Down to the first floor, through the east entrance, with sundry nods to some members and a word to others coming in slowly to the Senate and House chambers, into a carriage just dismissed by the lieutenant-governor, and Shacklett was driving as fast as the horses could trot toward the St. Nicholas,—almost as soon as Graves had secured his own hat and met his member in one of the committee-rooms.

Shacklett told the cabman to wait, and went into the long office of the hotel with a sharp look around, then walked through into the writing-room; but the man he most desired to see of all the human family was not there. Up an elevator again, and in ten seconds more he walked into a room without knocking.

Old Senator McNamara was in. He looked very different from the senators from the districts with low numbers, up near Cook County. He was a farmer who had come from Kentucky to the same part of Illinois that Logan, Morrison, Dubois, and others have made famous. He had arrived in time to sit on the knee of Jesse K. Dubois and ask lisping questions about the man Lincoln whose name he heard so often. He had grown up without much schooling, but with the hard sense and Irish wit which made him a natural politician. Best of all, those who lived nearest and knew him best knew that he never had been so much as accused of any questionable act. He was called "John" by most of the inhabitants of three counties, and "Honest John" by the young lawyers who traded school districts with one another in order to "conduct a campaign" with fervid oratory.

"Hello, John," began Shacklett before he removed his hat. "Let that laundry alone, and sit down for about ten minutes. I want to talk to you like a brother."

John McNamara let the collars and cuffs fall to the floor, and dropped into a chair, while Shacklett drew up another, pushed back his hat, and rested both hands on his cane. He was going to talk for twenty thousand dollars—and the girl—and when that hat went back in that way, the other side always went to work with increased energy.



"'*Now I'm going to go home disgraced.*'"

"Now, John," he began at once, "I'm not going to talk about any account with you. You know how the books stand, and I'll admit there's a little balance due me since I turned that trick at the ville for you and knocked out old Putnam; but that cuts no ice now. I did that because you've always been a friend, even if you never got a chance to do much for me. Now's your chance." The old man nodded energetically, and opened his mouth to speak, but Shacklett went on rapidly. "It's the chance of my lifetime. I'm not going to offer to buy you; you know I'm too smart for that, and that I know that a million couldn't touch you with a telegraph pole. But there's twenty thousand dollars in it for me for one more vote for the Chicago bill. You know what that is to me. Will you do it and not take a cent, but do it for me?"

The old senator from Egypt, whom some of the city members got a good deal of fun out of at times, scarcely moved his head, and his tone was as even as if he was discussing the price of wheat or the best crop to follow clover.

"Noel," he said, "I never called on you for anything yet that you didn't accomplish for me. You always got there, and you always got there for me. I don't forget such things. There was that time you came down and saved that convention for me—I know that you gave up a week in Chicago to do that, and there was a hot time among the boys there then, too. I've never done much thanking with words in my life—summers I don't take to tellin' a feller how much I thank him. But I never yet went back on a friend that asked my help.

"You know that it's no use to offer me money, and you haven't done it. If you had, I don't know but what that would o' evened up our score to date. But you know me too well—or maybe you was too smart. Anyhow, I guess you know that there's not money enough to buy me in Chicago—and never will be.

"But I'll vote for the bill for you. I know what the money is to you, and you won't lose any sleep about the morals of spending it, I guess. Only them Chicago fellers and their members mustn't come around me. I'll follow the lead of Forsythe, their steering committee, and if there's anything to be said off the floor, you must come and tell me—now don't say a word till I'm done talking.''

Shacklett's eyes were shining, which they had not done for years, and which he had carefully trained them for years not to do, and he was about to become effusively thankful, which he had never been before in his life—though he had never won so much before. But Senator McNamara went on without a change in his tone nor the tightening of his control over himself and his visitor. Shacklett afterward envied him his poise from the bottom of his heart. The next words made Shacklett glad that he had not interrupted the monologue.

"You know my position, Noel,'' the stream of language flowed on without a ripple, "and you know exactly what this is to me. The folks down home call me 'Honest John,' and no man dares to say a word about my honesty. When the Chicago crowd threw a lot of money into the district to help Walsh beat me, and it got out, that made me solid as long as I want to stay. I'm going to quit now. You know it. I'm going home knowing that I never touched a cent of crooked money and am as honest as I was when I came here.

"But I'm going home covered with the filth of the stock-yards whether I stole a hog or not. They'll believe that I was bought. I can't make them believe anything else, and you can't, by a long shot. They'll say I got a big pile, for it would take a fortune to get me. They'll wonder at all the stores o' nights what I done with it. They'll come around to sell me their blasted farms and a new buggy; and they'll watch to see how Mary and the girls dress.

"As long as I live they'll say to strangers: 'That's old John McNamara; he used to be in the Senate, but he sold out the time of them big Chicago deals; he got a big pile; nobody'd 'a' believed he'd done it.'

"And then when I die, they'll say of my children that Bob has a nice farm—his father got rich selling out when he was in the Senate; and that Carrie married well because she was rich—her father made a lot of money when he was a senator and them big Chicago bills was passed. Yesterday I thought I'd go down into my grave old Honest John McNamara; now I'm going to go home disgraced among the people that've known me so long, if you say so. It shan't be said that I ever went back on a friend. If you say so, Noel, I'll vote for the bills. But I want you to understand the situation. Send me some kind o' word I'll understand when the tussle begins in the Senate, and I'll play your suit.''

The old man got up and began to count his collars on the floor as if his laundry slips were the most important things in the world. The conference was closed, very evidently. Shacklett went out without a word, and with his face as impassive as it was the time he won the twenty-five hundred dollars from the member from Cook County on a pair of sevens.

He did not ring for the elevator, but walked down the stairs, and went out the side entrance. As he passed the Palace, he saw the man he felt sure Graves had in mind, sitting on the sidewalk in front of the office with a clerk in the auditor's office and a deputy warden of a penitentiary telling stories. Even Shacklett could not guess what he had said to Graves.

For as Shacklett walked up to the State House again, it all depended upon whether Graves had been successful. Shacklett hoped from the bottom of his heart that Graves had failed. That would settle the matter easily. If Graves had not failed, then the whole decision would be on his own shoulders. He had thought it all over before he got to the street. He would be the meanest rascal that ever sold his brother if he accepted McNamara's offer; he knew that; but then there was the twenty thousand dollars—and the girl. What the girl would think did not matter, for she would never know it. Whether the devil or the training of his own mother won, in either case she would never know anything about it. It was a nasty thing to do, and a dirtier thing than Shacklett had ever done; but a man's a fool if he does not sell his soul when the devil offers such a price, he reasoned. The more he thought about it, the more mixed up he became; finally by the time that he was passing under the railroad bridge again, he seemed to be watching a struggle going on in some other man's mind, as he might look at a fight between a brakeman and a tramp on a passing train, which had come into his environment from somewhere indefinite and was going out into somewhere unknown. It was no use to argue it any longer. What Graves had done—or rather had failed to do—would probably settle the whole question, and what was the use of bothering with it now? This was what he found running through his brain as he walked up the pavement to the wide steps. He felt that it was about three to one that the devil would win, if Graves did have his man. Twenty thousand and the girl, in his own opinion of himself, probably had a bigger "pull" than the inborn and inbred instincts of a gentleman—he gave them no higher name. And so, with the devil a favorite at three to one, he went in to see the end of the game.

As Shacklett entered the door of the outer office, Graves picked up an account book with a preoccupied air, and went into the inner chamber of his chief. Shacklett affably greeted the man in the outer office, shook hands with a postmaster from down country, passed the stenographers and minor clerks in the inner office with dignity, and went on into the private room of the secretary of the board. He gently shut the door, and found Graves standing in the middle of the floor facing him.

"Well, did you get him?" asked Shacklett heartily, and with one of those most cordial smiles generally reserved for asking about the health of the baby of a member from the country.

"You bet I did; did you get yours?" Graves almost shouted.

"What did he say?" asked Shacklett, ignoring the question addressed to himself.

"He wouldn't take a cent of money, but said if I wanted him to he'd vote for the bill. Said it would ruin him up at home and all that, and that people would always talk about his family as the children of that man that was in the Senate the time the Chicago bills were passed and sold out to the gang, and all that; but he said he'd vote all right to make me the twenty thousand, if I said so. Did you get yours?"

When Graves had a fortune hanging on the answer, it was cruel of Shacklett to ignore the momentous question again; but he only asked:

"Are you going to have him do it?"

"Course; that twenty thousand's too much for me to let go by; it's kind o' mean, but I can't stand the pressure. What did your man say?" And Graves was almost in a frenzy of impatience.

"Stuff's off; I couldn't get mine," said Shacklett quietly.

DEWEY AT MANILA.

OBSERVATIONS AND PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS DERIVED FROM A SERVICE WITH THE AMERICAN FLEET IN THE PHILIPPINES FROM APRIL, 1898, TO OCTOBER, 1898.

By Edward W. Harden.

Illustrated with Photographs Taken by Mr. J. T. McCutcheon, and other Pictures.

ADMIRAL DEWEY had information regarding the Spanish ships and fortifications in Manila, but the events there have shown that this information was not correct. He had a fairly accurate description of all the Spanish ships in Manila, and he had reports as to the number and size of the guns, of the land fortifications, and their location. He had heard that the Spanish officers were sinking mines in the harbor and bay; but, of course, he did not know their location. He sailed down to Manila with only the most general idea of the sort of resistance he would meet.

The British Government, through the Governor in Hong Kong, declared its neutrality the moment war was declared, and ordered our squadron to leave the waters of the harbor within forty-eight hours. Penalties were provided for any British citizen who gave aid in any way to either belligerent. The selling of coal or supplies of any kind, even provisions, to our ships, was interdicted, and no British citizen was allowed to ship on any of our vessels, or in any way to help our cause.

Admiral Dewey had made every preparation possible. He had purchased two ships, the "Nanshan" and "Zafiro," the first of

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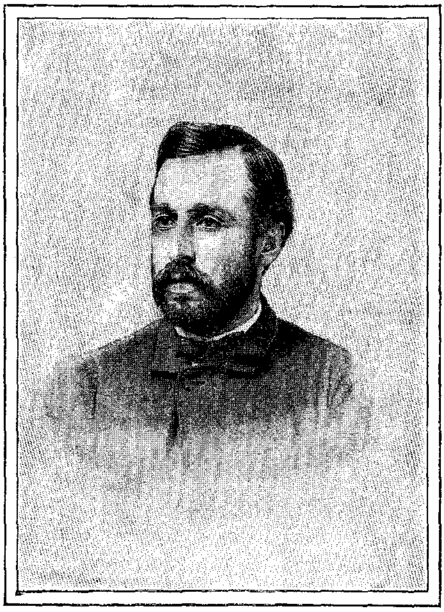
Editor's Note.—Mr. Harden, accompanied by Mr. McCutcheon, went out on the "McCulloch" and joined Admiral Dewey's fleet just before it sailed for Manila. He remained with it until a short time ago, when he came home to report to the Government on some special investigations that it was a part of his mission to the Philippines to conduct. Thus he was present, and in a position of special confidence, not only through the fighting, but through the even more delicate and trying transactions that followed, and his article is the first account of the entire campaign in the Philippines that the public has yet had.

which had a cargo of 3,000 tons of the best Welsh coal, and in the "Zafiro" he had six months' stores for the fleet; but the coal supply was sufficient for only a moderate distance of steaming. Then, too, the Admiral had only sixty per cent. of the full war complement of ammunition. He had no base of supplies to fall back upon for coal, ammunition, or provisions; there was no port open to him to which to take one of his ships in case it should become disabled. Seven thousand miles of water separated him from San Francisco—his only refuge.

The order to leave the waters of the bay at Hong Kong was received late on Saturday afternoon, April 23d. He had to be out of the harbor on Monday afternoon. There was, practically, only one place to go—that was to a Spanish port which he could capture and make his own base of supplies. As a matter of fact, our squadron did go first to Mirs Bay, twenty-five miles by sea from Hong Kong, and remained there, in Chinese waters, until Thursday, April 27th. China had not yet declared her neutrality, but she was likely to do so at any time. The Admiral had, therefore, either to go to the Philippine Islands and wrest a port from the Spaniards, or go home. His orders were, "Capture or destroy the Spanish fleet."



GEORGE DEWEY AS A LIEUTENANT—ABOUT 1863

From Admiral Dewey's earliest photograph, taken at the time of the Civil War. Reproduced by the courtesy of Mrs. Henry E. Fifield.

GEORGE DEWEY AS CAPTAIN OF THE "PENSACOLA"—1885.

At the time this portrait was taken the "Pensacola" was the flag-ship on the European station. Reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Edward Dewey.

There was nothing to be gained by waiting, and Dewey did not hesitate. As soon as Oscar F. Williams, the United States Consul at Manila, arrived in Mirs Bay, the fleet got under way, and headed straight for the Philippine Islands.

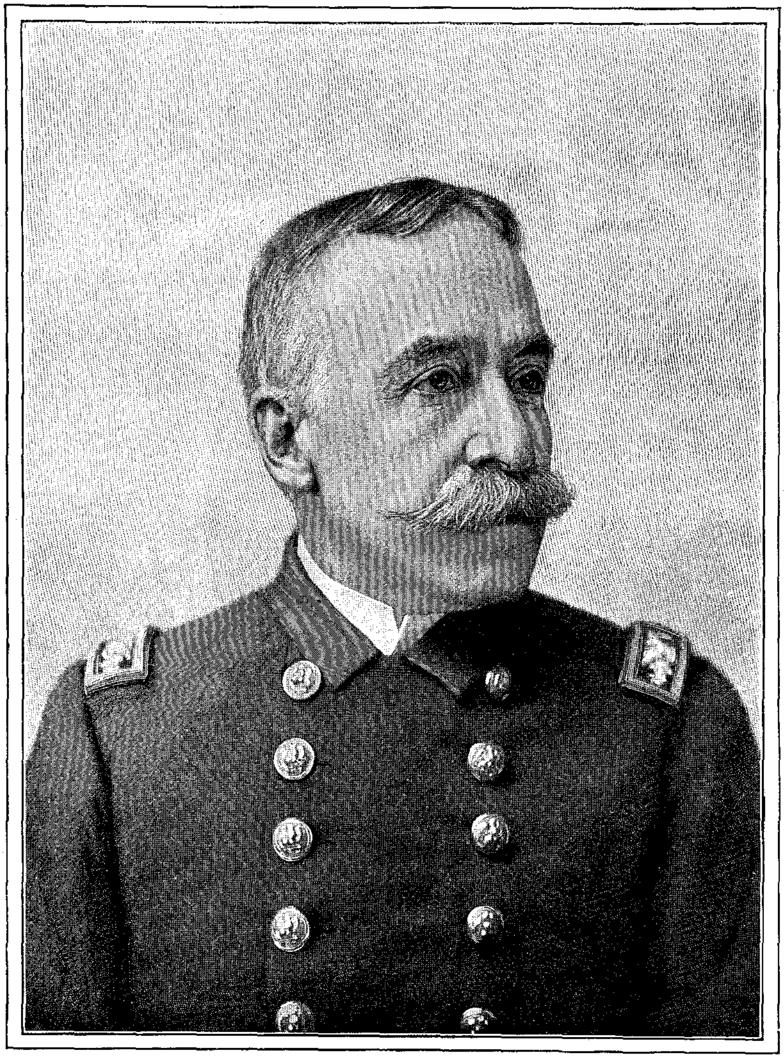
The Spaniards knew that we had started, but they expected we would lie outside Corregidor, make a reconnoiter, and, perhaps, send in one or two ships to find out what the conditions were. That is what some naval commanders might have done, but Admiral Dewey was trained in a different school. He had served with Farragut, and he remembered what Farragut said: "Damn the torpedoes; go ahead." He went ahead in two senses. He went into Manila Bay, and he took the "Olympia" in first. If a torpedo-boat had been lying there in wait, or if our fleet had passed over mines that could have been exploded, the flag-ship would probably have been the one which would have been singled out for destruction.

On Saturday night we were running down close to Corregidor with all lights out except a single one at the stern, to serve as a guide to the vessel immediately behind. It was the hour before the battle, the most trying that can be experienced. We were slipping down in the darkness on waters which were supposed to be filled with mines, close by dark hills where we knew that guns had been placed, into a bay where we were practically certain the Spanish ships were lying in wait for us.

DISCOVERED BY THE SPANISH.

When the head of our line was still a mile off Corregidor, we saw, from the top of the island near where the lighthouse is, the quick flash of a signal light. It appeared to be a heliograph,—undoubtedly announcing our approach to the south mainland, where there was a telegraph station connected with Manila. We saw the answering flash from the other side of the pass, and we knew that we were discovered. Everyone waited for the flash of a gun and the deep boom which would show that hostilities had begun. There was no sound. Our ships went on with never a stop or a change from the course that had been given, closer and closer to the place where the guns lay in wait for us.

I was standing on the port side of the "McCulloch," looking over towards Corregidor, when a sailor who stood close beside me pointed into the darkness ahead and in a hoarse whisper said: "What is that light?" I looked in the direction he pointed, and there, burning on the water, was a ghostlike light, which flickered, died down, then flamed up again. I thought of torpedo-boats; but torpedo-boats carry no lights to let the enemy know of their approach. Then I thought it was a beacon light placed on the water to give the range of our ships. The silhouette of a



From a late photograph.

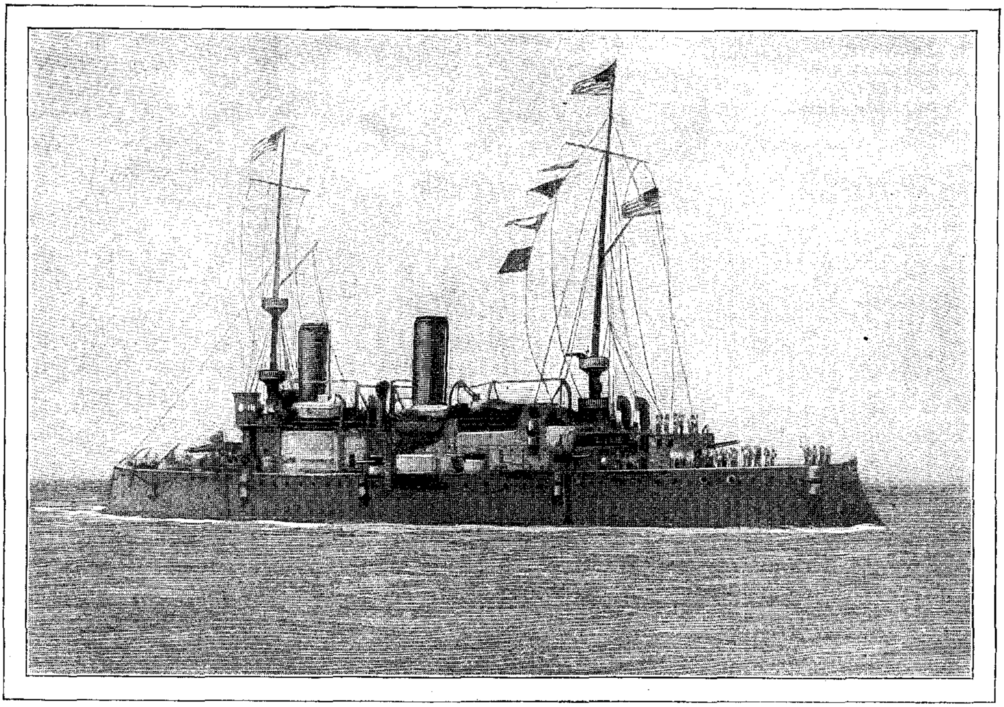
Geo. Dewey.

ship's hull against this light would make an excellent target for the gunners. The ships were in line; but in order to lessen the danger of collision, the ship immediately in the rear of the "Olympia" was 100 yards on the starboard quarter, and the one behind that 100 yards on the port. The light was between the two lines of ships, so that each vessel passed within 50 or 100 yards of it. This was most trying. On went the ships; the light flickered and flared. It grew larger as we approached, and finally we were where its light must have shone upon our hull and rigging. Still there was no sound of guns. We were upon it when our suspense was ended. An officer of the "McCulloch" figured out that it was a life-buoy accidentally dropped overboard from one of our vessels ahead. The can attached to it, containing a powder which burns when it touches the water, had been set on fire as soon as it struck.

Then the smokestack of the "McCulloch" caught fire, blazing up furiously, and betraying our approach to those who watched on shore. The "McCulloch" had received Australian instead of Welsh coal in Hong Kong, and this fuel makes a great deal of smoke and soot. Three times the smokestack caught fire, and each time we knew that Spanish eyes marked the location of our ship, as well as that of others whose rigging must have shone in the glare. We wondered why they did not open fire. We wondered till the feeling grew into a sort of resentment against the Spaniards. Why did they not fire? At the time we thought, perhaps, they were waiting for us to pass over their hidden mines; but our ships went on and on; and ahead of us, we on the "McCulloch" could see the one light on the stern of each of the six ships which preceded us. The land had grown nearer and nearer, and already the "Olympia," leading the line, had passed the direct range of the batteries of Corregidor. Still there was no sound. Our ship steamed at a speed of six knots until she was about in line. Then it was that for the third time the funnel flared up with a ruddy light. It lasted for a minute. There was a wait of perhaps two minutes, and then came the first shot of the battle of Manila.

THE FIRST GUN OF THE BATTLE.

A flash of fire lighted up a rock called El Fraile, only half a mile to the starboard. The dull boom of a heavy gun followed so close upon the flash that we knew



THE "OLYMPIA," ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAG-SHIP. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN AN INTERVAL OF THE BATTLE.

This picture was taken by J. T. McCutcheon during the battle of Manila, as the "Olympia" passed the "McCulloch" with flags flying and men cheering, in the intermission between the first and second attacks.

DON BASILIO AUGUSTIN Y DAVILA,

Captain-General of the Philippines at the time of the fall of Manila.

ADMIRAL PATRICIO MONTOJO Y PASARON,

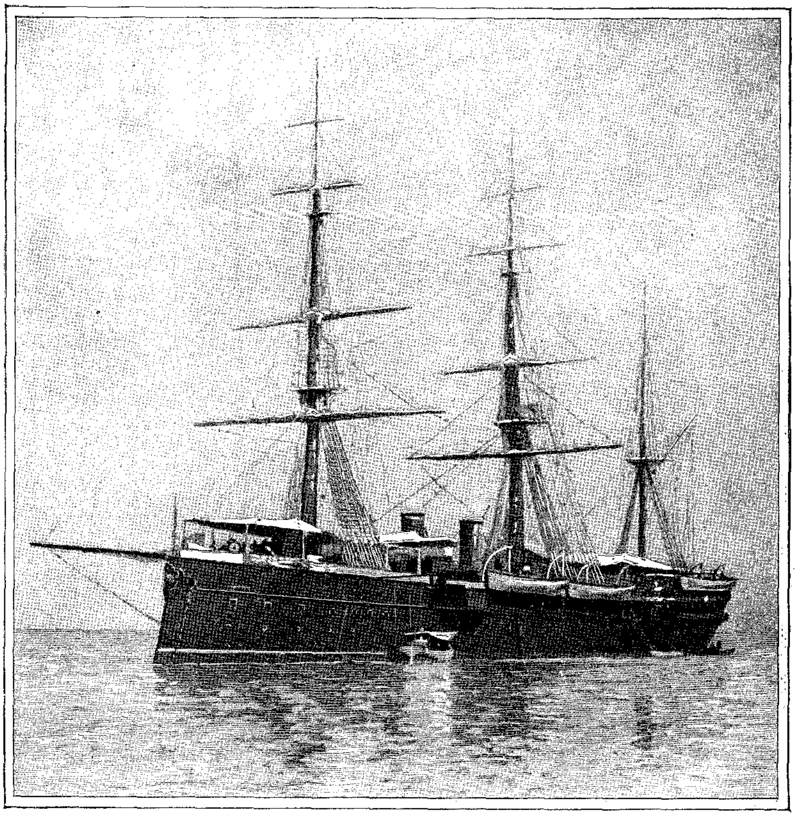
Commander of the Spanish fleet at Manila.

it could not be far away, and we heard above our heads the whistle of a shell, which sounded something like the whirr of a partridge. An order rang out from the bridge of the "McCulloch" to fire five shots from the after starboard gun, but before the first shell could be put in place there was another order—to belay. From the "Concord," only a short distance ahead, a shell from a six-inch gun was fired. Another shot came from the fort, passing close to the "Concord." Then the order for the "McCulloch" to fire her starboard gun was repeated, and three shots were fired in rapid succession, aimed at the dark mass of rock at the right. Two more shots from the fort on El Fraile, and the "Boston" fired two shells—one from her after eight-inch and one from a five-inch gun. Then all was silent again.

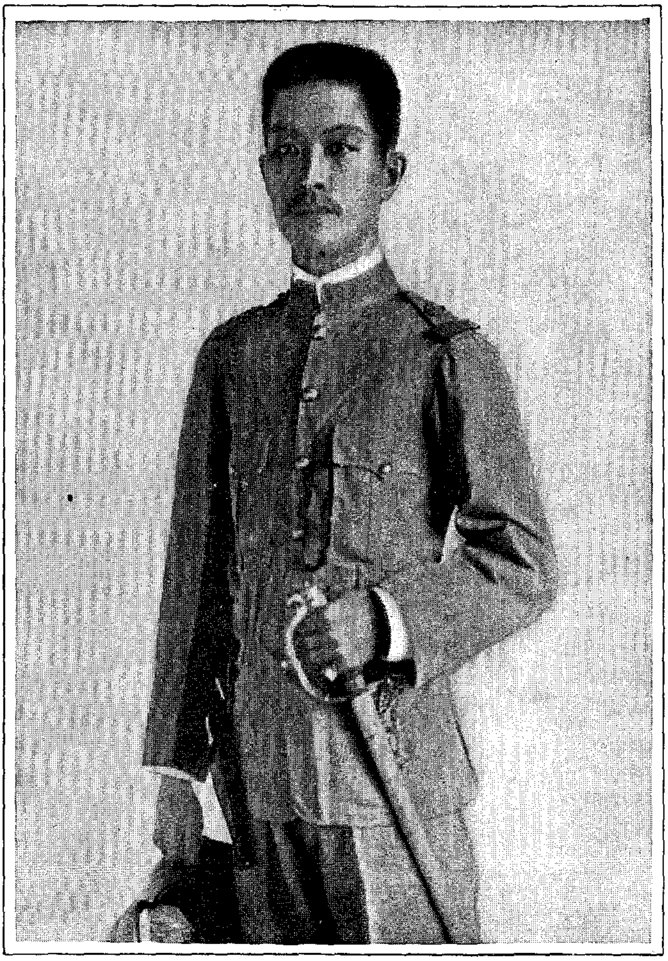
When our ships had safely passed the forts at the entrance to the bay, we knew that there was nothing to resist us until we encountered the Spanish fleet. From Corregidor to Manila is a distance of twenty-seven miles, and our ships were headed directly for the city; and from that time on until daylight we steamed slowly, at a speed of six knots an hour, which would bring our ships off the city just at break of day.

The word was passed that all whose duties did not keep them up might sleep. Officers and men threw themselves down on the deck; and all slept as soundly during the three hours between two and five as they had the night before or when the ships were in the harbor at Hong Kong.

As the first gray of morning shone in the eastern skies, our ships rode directly off Manila. Those who had been sleeping seemed to waken at the same moment. Each man



ADMIRAL MONTOJO'S FLAG-SHIP, THE CRUISER "REINA CRISTINA."



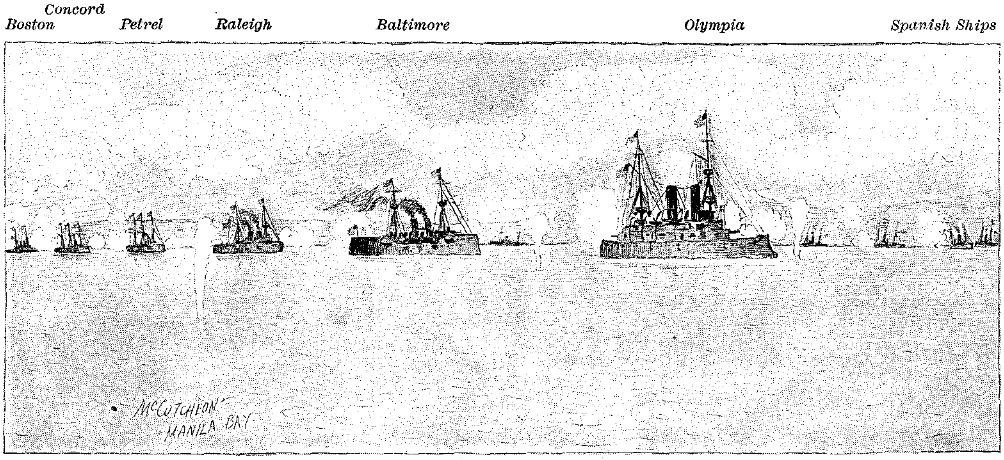
AGUINALDO IN MILITARY DRESS.

This recent portrait of the leader of the Filipinos is reproduced by special permission of "Collier's Weekly."

drank a cup of coffee and went to his station. Ahead of us we could see dimly the masts of ships, which, as the light grew brighter, we saw were merchant vessels. Almost at the same moment, one of the officers, looking through his glass, discovered the tops of the Spanish fighting ships off Cavite. From every mast and gaff were broken out our battle flags, and with the "Olympia" in the lead, we headed for Cavite.

THE FIGHT.

As our ships passed from behind the merchant ships lying in the harbor, the nine-inch guns of Fort Luneta spoke out a welcome—a challenge to us. The shells passed far overhead, and fell harmlessly in the water beyond. Under orders of the Admiral, these shots were not replied to until the "Concord" came in line. The Spanish got the range of our vessels, and the shells were dropping uncomfortably near, when the "Concord" replied with two shots. One of her shells buried itself in the sand twelve feet from one of the



GENERAL PANORAMA

Drawn by J. T. McCutcheon on the "McCulloch" as the Americans swung close big guns on the "Luneta." This was too close for the Spanish gunners, and not another shot was fired from the fort.

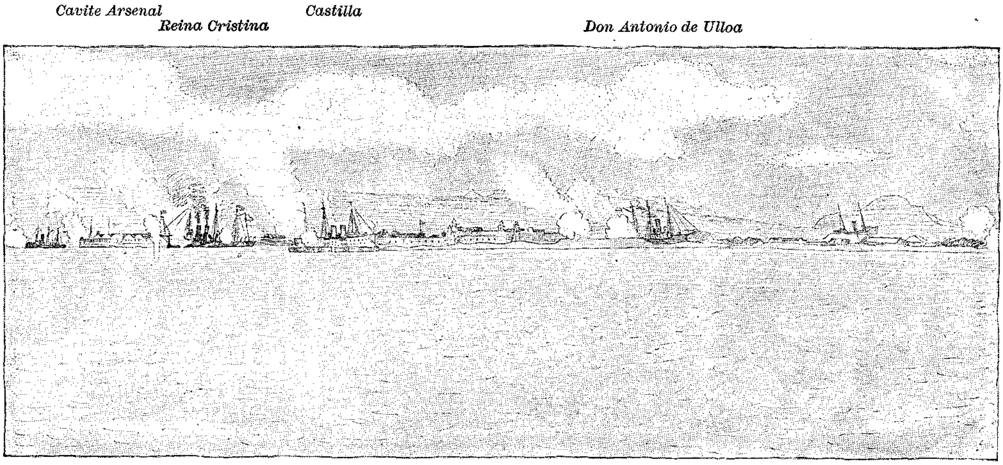
Sangley Point, near Cavite, had two modern breech-loading guns, and these opened fire long before our ships were in range. We did not reply to these shots. Our squadron continued on its course, running almost due south, until within two miles of the shore, when, at a point where it curved around to the west, we turned and followed the contour of the beach, passing parallel to, and perhaps 5,000 yards from, the Spanish ships and forts.

Just as the turn was made, the sun came up from behind the hills with the suddenness of a shot, and tinged the whole bay with red. It shone full upon the Spanish ships, and brought out every mast and rope. As the "Olympia" swung round she opened with her forward eight-inch guns. A puff of smoke, the deep boom of the guns, and there was a splash in the water, apparently within 100 yards of the "Reina Cristina," the Spanish flag-ship. Then the five-inch guns took up the duel, and the "Baltimore," swinging around in line, opened with her big guns. As each ship in our squadron turned into line, the thunder of its guns added to the noise. From a hundred guns on ship and shore the Spaniards replied. Our vessels passed along the entire line of ships and forts, firing as rapidly as the guns could be loaded and properly aimed. On they went, in perfect formation, the single line of battle, the port guns engaging the enemy until the "Olympia" had passed the Sangley Point fort, when she turned sharply about, and proceeded down the course again, a little nearer to the shore, bringing her starboard guns into action. Each ship, as it came to the point where the "Olympia" had turned, swung around, followed into line, and again we passed. Five times our ships went up and down that line, each time with lessened distance, and all the time they kept up a steady, rapid fire upon the enemy. The Spaniards were not slow about returning the fire. There was an almost continuous roar of their guns from the time the "Olympia" opened until, after passing for the fifth time, our vessels turned away, and started slowly across the bay out of the range of fire.

THE STOP "FOR BREAKFAST."

Some interesting stories have been told about the Admiral's withdrawal from action at the time he did. The generally accepted theory is that he wished to give his men breakfast. That is an interesting story; but, unfortunately, it is not true.

When our ships left Hong Kong for Manila, as has been stated, they had only sixty per cent. of their war complement of ammunition. After two hours' fighting, the Admiral sent to the powder magazine to inquire how many rounds remained for the five-inch guns. The answer came back, "Fifteen." This gave him much concern. The smoke was so thick that to signal to each ship in the fleet and learn what he wanted to know would have been an extremely difficult thing to do; so he decided to withdraw from action in order to learn how much ammunition remained in the other ships, and to transfer from one to another as this could be done to advantage. After the ships had retired, he found that



OF THE BATTLE.

to the Spanish forts and fleet on the first round. (*See map on page* 376.)

his question had been misunderstood, and that there had been fifteen rounds *fired* from each of the five-inch guns. The amount in the ammunition rooms was considerably more than this. Having withdrawn, however, the Admiral concluded to wait until the men could have a little rest and breakfast. The pause was good, for the men were tired, though still eager, and we had a chance to see how our work was being done. Two of the Spanish ships were on fire, and from the shore came the sound of explosions, which indicated that the battle had gone badly for the enemy.

The battle was resumed at 11.20. This time it was a short fight, and at 12.45 our victory was complete. The Spanish flag came down, and signals were run up on the "Olympia" which read: "The enemy has surrendered."

MANILA WARNED.

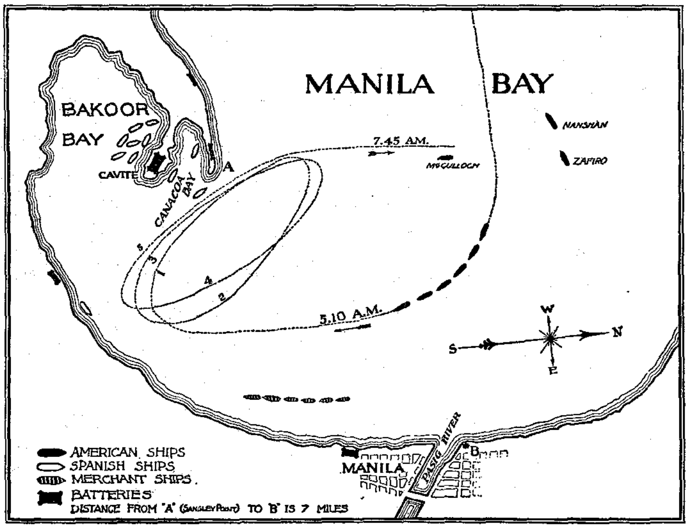
As soon as the last Spanish flag had come down, the fleet steamed across the bay, passing defiantly the guns of Manila. They remained silent, and we came to anchor just outside the line of merchant shipping. Admiral Dewey had finished the specific task that had been assigned to him, but his work was not ended.

At two o'clock a pulling boat from the "Olympia" came alongside the "McCulloch," putting Consul Williams on board. He was bearing an ultimatum from the Admiral to the Captain-General in Manila. The message was brief: "If you fire upon my ships, or if any hostile demonstration is made, I will destroy the city." The "McCulloch" steamed alongside the "Buccleugh," an English sailing ship, whose captain carried the Admiral's note ashore to Ramsay Walker, the British Consul in Manila, who delivered it to Captain-General Augustin. The Captain-General of the Philippines never violated the text of this ultimatum. From that day until the final surrender of Manila, our ships lay unmolested in the harbor. Not a single hostile act was committed.

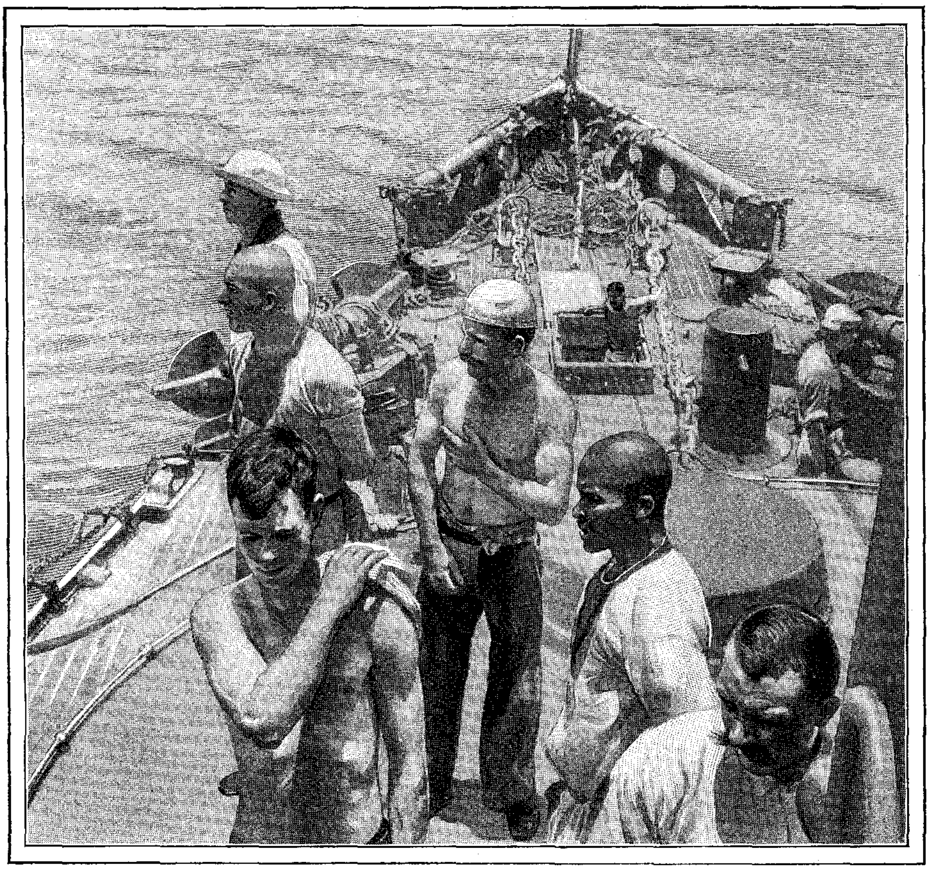
Sunday night was a time of worry for some of the men in the fleet, because of our knowledge that in the Pasig River there lay one, possibly two, gunboats; and our information was that there were also some torpedo-boats lying behind the forts guarding the entrance to the Pasig. The "McCulloch" was ordered to anchor in the channel, just outside the river's mouth, and to lie there all night to guard the fleet from any attack from boats lying in the river. The "McCulloch" was equipped with four six-pounders and two three-inch guns, and while she was probably not a match for the vessels in the river, she could, at least, have given warning of their approach.

CUTTING THE CABLE.

The cable line which connects Manila with Hong Kong and the outside world was in operation when our fleet sailed into the bay, and the Spaniards used it after the battle to make reports to the Spanish Government in Madrid. Admiral Dewey sent word to the Spanish that, if they would allow him to communicate with Washington over this cable, he would leave it undisturbed, allowing the authorities in Manila to keep in close communication with Madrid. If this was refused, he would cut the cable. They replied that they would not permit him to use the cable. On Monday afternoon the "Zafiro" was sent out in the bay, off Sangley Point, where, throwing over grappling irons, she steamed slowly across to a point where the chart showed the cable. The first time across she caught it,



MAP SHOWING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN FLEET, AND THE POSITIONS OF THE SPANISH SHIPS, MERCHANT SHIPS, AND BATTERIES DURING THE BATTLE IN MANILA BAY.



SAILORS ON THE "OLYMPIA'S" FORWARD TURRET DURING A BRIEF "CEASE FIRE" IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE.

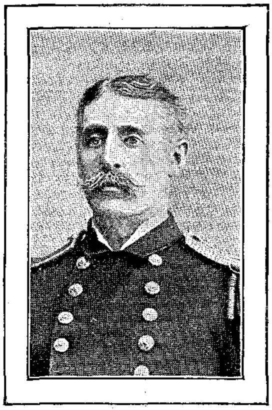
By special permission of the New York "Herald;" from a photograph taken by Mr. Stickney, correspondent of the "Herald," who was on the "Olympia's" bridge with Admiral Dewey during the entire fight.

pulled it up on deck, and cut it in two, one end being buoyed to mark its location. The Admiral did not do this to keep out of communication with Washington. It may be he was well enough pleased not to be under constant orders from home; but that he cut the cable for that reason is only another good story.

TAKING CAVITE'S SURRENDER.

On Monday morning, May 2d, Captain Lamberton, who was Admiral Dewey's Chief-of-Staff, went aboard the "Petrel," which ran over close to Cavite and put him ashore to receive formally the surrender of the Spaniards. It was not at all certain that the surrender would be made without protest, and as Captain Lamberton left the "Petrel" he said to Captain Wood, "If I am not back in an hour, you will open fire upon Cavite." When he got ashore, he found that the Spaniards wanted to talk at great length over the surrender. The time passed, and the Captain, looking anxiously at his watch, saw a half-hour grow to three-quarters, and still no adjustment. Finally, he said, "Unless you surrender unconditionally, and unless I am away from here in fifteen minutes, the 'Petrel' will shell Cavite." The Spaniards had seen the "Petrel" at work the day before, and they did not care for any more of that close inshore fighting; so Captain Lamberton got away within the hour, and all the terms which we had laid down to the Spaniards had been complied with. That afternoon our squadron moved across the bay and came to anchor off Cavite.

I went ashore first on Tuesday, May 3d. By that time the Spaniards had all left Cavite and gone by land into Manila. The troops had taken with them their arms, and the people who lived in Cavite had removed from their homes everything that could be easily transported. Although only two days had passed, the natives from the surrounding country had already been looting the houses.



THE LATE CAPTAIN GRIDLEY

of the "Olympia." Shortly after the battle, Captain Gridley started home on sick leave, and died in Japan.

CAPTAIN LAMBERTON,

Admiral Dewey's Chief-of-Staff at the time of the battle. Now Captain of the "Olympia."

The marauders could be seen on Bakoor Bay in boats laden almost to the gunwales with all sorts of loot taken from the arsenal before the marine guard was stationed there and from the houses of the town. Before the week ended everything of value was stripped from the houses, and they were left with nothing but the bare walls and floors.

THE WRECKED SPANISH SHIPS.

In the small bay which separates the point of land on which Cavite is located from Sangley Point were the wrecks of three ships—the "Reina Cristina," the flag-ship of Admiral Montojo; the "Castilla," and the "Don Antonio de Ulloa." The "Reina Cristina" and the "Castilla" had been set on fire by shells from the American ships, and for two days had burned, until nothing was left but a mass of twisted iron and charred wood. The "Don Antonio de Ulloa" had been sunk by shells from our ships, but had not burned. She was in some five fathoms of water, and at low tide a good portion of her decks was above water. I went on board the second day after the battle. From the signal lockers I got two signal flags; and one of the boat's crew, who dived into the cabin, brought up a clock which he gave me. This clock, of American make, had stopped at three and one-half minutes past twelve, indicating, within a few minutes, the time at which the "Ulloa" had sunk. The "Castilla" was still on fire when I rowed around her, and the masts—charred sticks of timber—were still smoking. The "Reina Cristina" was soon burned out, and on the second day there was only a little smoke coming from the forward part of the ship.

In the waters of Bakoor Bay, inside the point occupied by the Cavite arsenal, were the sunken hulks of the eight other Spanish ships which had been destroyed. Only two—the "Isla de Luzon" and the "Isla de Cuba"—were worth saving, and these have since been raised and sent to Hong Kong for overhauling. When this is finished, they will be added to the American fleet in Asiatic waters.

The arsenal at Cavite contained immense quantities of naval stores. There was enough ammunition there to have kept all the guns of the Spanish fleet and of the land forts in continuous action for a week. There were immense quantities of compasses, chains, and anchors, ropes, sails, spars, and all the material which go to the fitting up of a ship. Much of this material was found available for use on our ships, and the holds were quickly filled with naval stores taken from the store-rooms in Cavite.

The guns on Sangley Point and those which guarded the approach to Manila Bay were destroyed by order of Admiral Dewey. There were 10,000 Spanish soldiers in the islands, and the Admiral feared that they might capture some of these fortifications, and that considerable damage might be done to our fleet in consequence. He sent gangs of men to each of the forts, who destroyed the guns by wrapping bands of gun-cotton around them behind the muzzle and exploding these with electricity. The stores of ammunition were blown up, and the defenses of

CAPTAIN WILDES

of the "Boston."

CAPTAIN DYER

of the "Baltimore."

Manila were destroyed, except those within the city limits.

DEWEY'S REPORT OF HIS VICTORY.

It was not until Thursday, May 5th, that the Admiral started a ship, the "McCulloch," for Hong Kong with the news of the victory. We got under way at two o'clock, having on board Flag-Lieutenant Brumby bearing the Admiral's despatches. The "Boston" and "Concord" were to act as convoys past the mouth of the bay, and the course set by the "Boston," which was in the lead, would have taken our ships out through Boca Grande to the south of Corregidor. When still a mile from the island of Corregidor, the "Boston" made a sharp turn to starboard. The smoke came from her funnels in clouds, and signal flags were run up on her halliards. Before the signals could be made out, one of the officers on the "McCulloch" discovered, just beyond the island, the fighting top of a warship. By this time the signals had been read, and they said: "Clear ship for action." The "Concord" and "McCulloch" had turned sharply with the "Boston," and as we passed further around the point of the island, we could see the outlines of the ship a mile beyond Corregidor. But the wind was carrying her flag directly astern, so that it could not be made out by the people on our ship. She was very large; to us she looked bigger than a mountain. Her hull was painted black, and we took her for a battleship. So far as we knew, Spain had no ships of her size in those waters, but it was the part of wisdom to be prepared. Cleared for action, the ships went as fast as engines could drive towards the stranger. Suddenly the forward eight-inch gun of the "Boston" boomed out. We thought then that there was no question as to what was before us. We looked anxiously through our glasses to see the shot strike, and to see an answering shot from the big guns of the other vessel. A second time the "Boston" fired, and we saw the shot lift the water in a little cove, on the island of Corregidor, where a steam launch was flying the Spanish flag. A shifting of the wind turned the flag of the strange vessel. It was the tricolor of France, on the cruiser "Bruix" from Saigon, too late to see the battle of Manila.

COMMANDER WOOD

of the "Petrel."

COMMANDER WALKER

of the "Concord."

THE ADMIRAL'S FLAG.

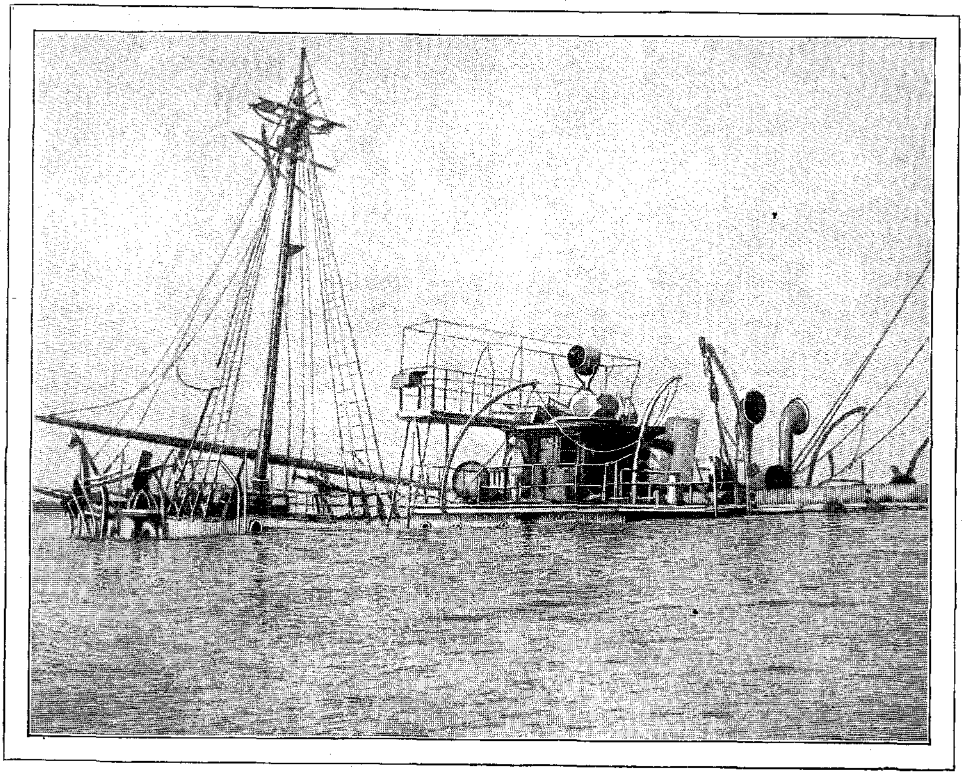
President McKinley had directed Secretary Long to cable the congratulations of the President and the American people to the Admiral, and also advice of the latter's promotion to the grade of Rear-Admiral. This cablegram was taken down to Manila by the "McCulloch" on her return trip. We left Hong Kong a little before two o'clock on Sunday, arrived in Manila at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and the cablegram was delivered to Admiral Dewey at once. There was a rumor throughout the fleet that the President had recognized the Admiral and his victory, but no official word of it was given out that night. When, at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, the flags went up, glasses were turned on the "Olympia's" mainmast to see what flag would be run up there. It was the blue flag, but there were two stars on it instead of one, and from

CAPTAIN COGHLAN

of the "Raleigh."

CAPTAIN HODGSON

of the "McCulloch."



THE WRECK OF THE "DON ANTONIO DE ULLOA," IN CANACAO BAY.

From a photograph by J. T. McCutcheon.

that moment it was Admiral, instead of Commodore, Dewey.

DEWEY AND THE GERMANS.

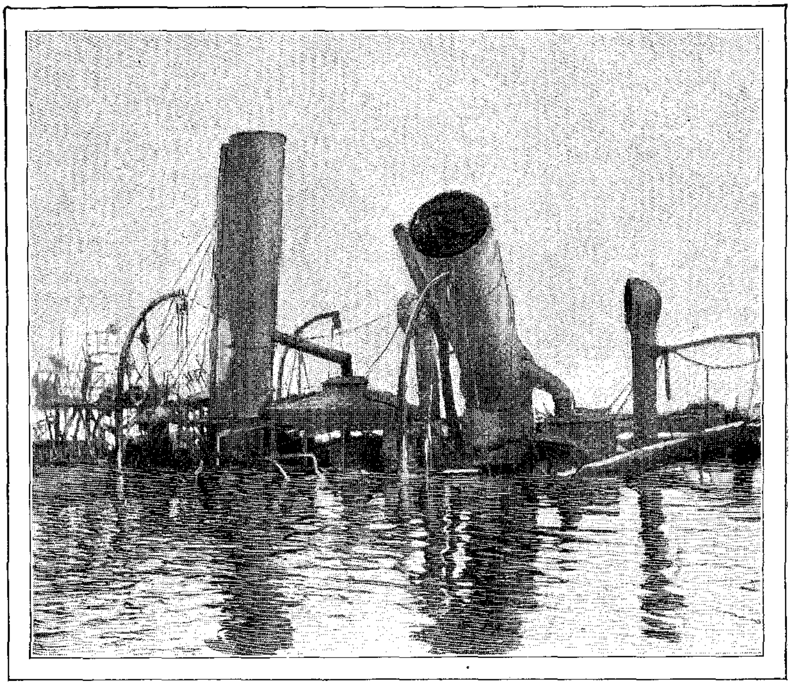
During the long weeks our ships were lying in Manila Bay blockading the city, there was much to try the patience of the Admiral, but the most serious matter was the attitude of the German ships in the bay. The French were the first to be represented there by naval vessels after the battle, the French cruiser "Bruix" arriving from Saigon on Thursday, May 5th. On Saturday, May 7th, the English cruiser "Immortalité" came in. A few days later the German cruiser "Cormoran" arrived, and she was followed by the "Irene," and, later, by the "Deutschland," the "Prinzess Wilhelm," the "Kaiserin Augusta," and the "Kaiser." The German navy had a fleet of eight vessels on the China station, and of these all but two, the "Gefion" and the "Arcona," were sent to Manila under the command of Vice-Admiral Von Diederichs.

To the Americans the German ships were a constant menace. While at no time was there any overt act committed, there was always the danger of it; and for more than two months our ships were outclassed by the ships of another nation which, under no view we could take of the case, needed them in those waters. If they had shown a friendly feeling, or had even been strictly neutral, it would not have been so bad. During all the time, however, the officers of the German fleet were going ashore night and day; were entertained by the Spanish officers; were visiting the Spanish lines, and, as we heard at the time and believed, and as we still believe, they were offering to the Spaniards suggestions as to the placing and handling of their guns.

An outsider not familiar with the situation, coming into Manila and seeing the actions of the two fleets, would have thought that the Germans were blockading the city and that our ships were looking on. The German ships were constantly under way, running up and down the bay, and part of the time some of them were stationed at Mariveles, at the entrance to the bay, while the others were anchored off the city. At night they were constantly signaling, using the Ardois system, or throwing flashes with searchlights on the clouds in the sky.

These flashes could readily be seen at Mariveles Bay.

One night at midnight the flagship signaled the "McCulloch" that a steamer was entering the bay, and ordered her to get under way and speak the stranger. The "McCulloch" had not gone more than a mile when the "Kaiser" began throwing searchlight flashes on the clouds. These continued for more than half an hour. There would be nine flashes in rapid succession, then a pause; then nine more and a pause. The "McCulloch" steamed to Corregidor as rapidly as possible, but when she arrived, there was no sign of a ship. Some of our officers declared that this was a prearranged signal from the German fleet to warn an incoming vessel that her presence had been discovered and that we had a ship under way to meet her.

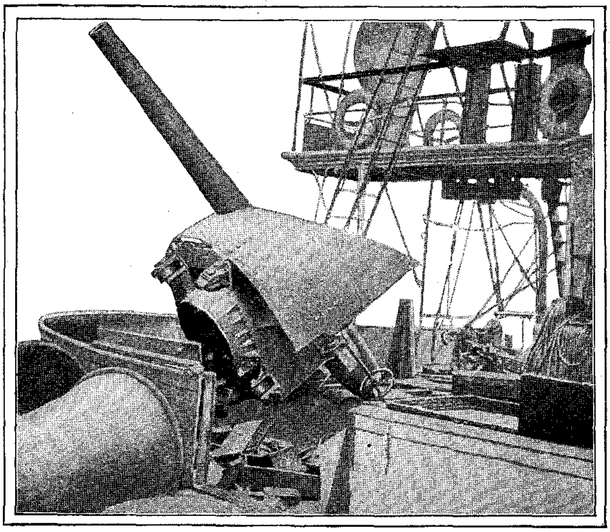


THE "REINA CRISTINA," SUNKEN AND DESTROYED, IN CANACAO BAY, OFF THE CAVITE ARSENAL.

From a photograph taken by J. T. McCutcheon.

THE "IRENE" INCIDENT.

There has been a good deal of discussion over the "Irene" incident, in which the German cruiser of that name was stopped and boarded by one of our officers. I was on the ship which overhauled the "Irene," so I know what happened. Flag-Lieutenant Brumby came on board the "McCulloch" one morning and ordered her to run down to Corregidor. We steamed away, reaching the island at the entrance of the bay about twelve o'clock. No vessels were in sight; so the "McCulloch" passed Corregidor and went on up the mainland. When about five miles from the island, we saw the smoke of a steamer heading in. We ran on until almost even with her. Then put up the signals, "We desire to communicate with you," at the same time stopping our engines and lowering a boat for a boarding officer. The



AN OVERTURNED GUN ON THE WRECKED "ISLA DE LUZON."

By special permission of the New York "Herald;" from a photograph taken by Mr. Stickney, correspondent of the "Herald," at the battle of Manila Bay.

vessel kept right on, and it was not until signals were displayed a second time that she hove to and received our boarding officer. On his return, the officer reported that the vessel was the "Irene"—a point regarding which we were in doubt when the signals were first displayed—and that she was on her way from Subig Bay to Mariveles. She was allowed to proceed. The story was told that the "McCulloch" fired a shot across the "Irene's" bow, but this is not true.

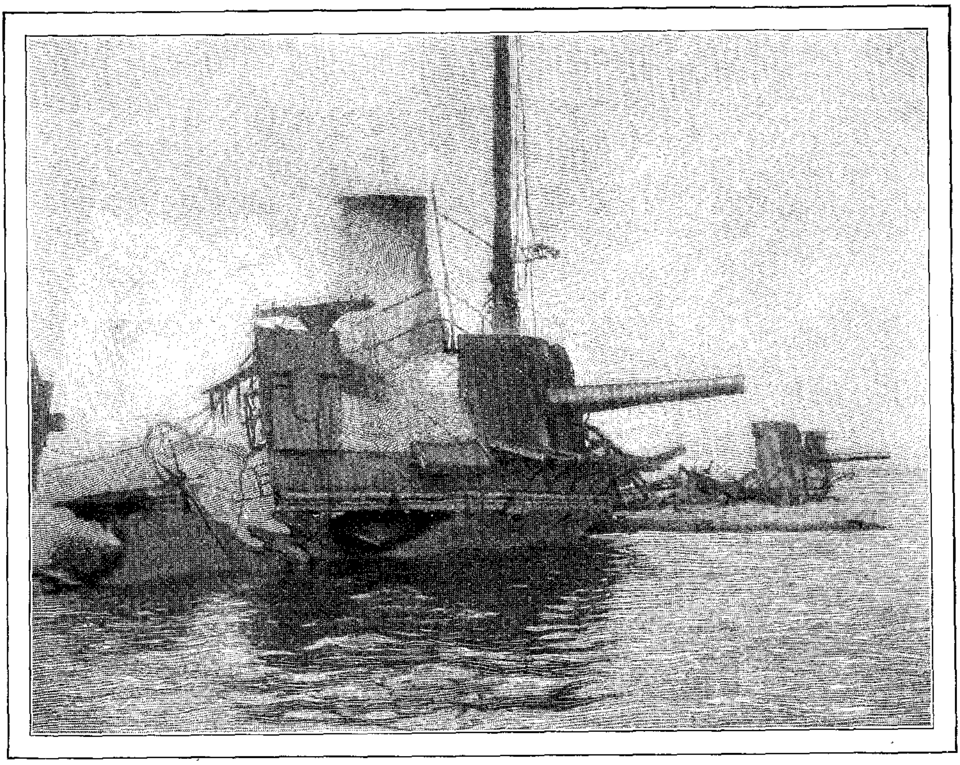
At this time the relations between Admiral Dewey and Admiral Von Diederichs were strained almost to the breaking point. A day or two later, Admiral Dewey sent a message to Admiral Von Diederichs, saying that thereafter vessels would not be permitted to move about in the harbor at night. Admiral Von Diederichs replied that this order would be complied with. But on the same day, his flag-officer went aboard the "Olympia" to say that the German Admiral, while he did not object to the boarding of a vessel of his when it first arrived, must remonstrate against interference with a ship after it had once arrived and had gone out of the bay.

DEWEY TO VON DIEDERICHS.

Admiral Dewey replied that he would board every ship that came into the bay, no matter how often she might have been in before. He said, further, that he was displeased with the actions of the Germans; and he desired to know whether the United States and Germany were at peace or at war. If at peace, he would expect the German Admiral to pursue a different course in future; if at war, he wished to know it in order that he might take action accordingly. This message brought the Germans to time, and from that day on there was less cause for complaint.

NEWS FROM SAMPSON AND SCHLEY.

The first news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet reached Manila July 17th. We had had a ship in Hong Kong, but she left there on Sunday, July 3d, the day the battle occurred, and before the news from Santiago had been received. Our latest despatches said that Sampson's blockade was being maintained, and the ship had to add only the omi-



THE WRECK OF THE SPANISH CRUISER "CASTILLA" IN CANACAO BAY, THE SMOKE STILL ISSUING FROM HER CHARRED SUPERSTRUCTURE.

From a photograph taken by J. T. McCutcheon.

nous news that Cámara's fleet was in Suez, with the ships coaled and ready to start for Manila. This fleet comprised ships which were superior to Admiral Dewey's. I had, by the same ship, a letter from Consul-General Wildman in Hong Kong in which he said that Cámara's fleet was surely on its way and that we were going to have a harder battle than that of May 1st. The days passed, and no further news was received. We were figuring on the date when Cámara would reach Manila, and according to our reckoning ten days more would be sufficient.

A little after twelve o'clock on Sunday, July 17th, smoke was seen at Corregidor. A steamer of some sort was coming in. When she got near enough for us to make her out, we recognized the Japanese cruiser "Naniwa." A steam launch from the "Olympia" took a boarding officer alongside. He returned in a few minutes, and as he slipped aboard the "Olympia" we heard a cheer from the men and knew that some good news had come.

A "cornet" or fleet signal was run up on the "Olympia's" signal halliards, indicating a message for all the vessels of the squadron. We waited breathlessly. Soon we saw on each of the "Olympia's" gun turrets a signal boy who began wigwagging a message. We read it as it came letter by letter:

"Cervera's entire fleet destroyed off Santiago harbor. Americans lose one man killed. Ships uninjured."

Our enthusiasm grew at every wave of the signal flags. When it had ended, a cheer went up from every vessel in the fleet that must have been heard in Manila, seven miles away. The news was soon known to all the people of the city. Captain-General Augustin was incensed that it should have become public, and he put under arrest the Spanish officer who had given it out on his return from the "Naniwa," and threatened to have him shot.

OTTO VON DIEDERICHS, VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

Commander of the German squadron in Manila Bay.

The relations between the Americans and English were very different from those between the Americans and Germans. Communication between Admiral Dewey and the Spanish authorities was carried on through the British ships, and almost every day a launch from the "Immortalité" would come alongside the flag-ship, bringing some message for the Admiral. Captain Sir Edward Chichester, in command of the "Immortalité," and the ranking British officer in the bay, was a frequent caller on Admiral Dewey. According to the story told and believed by the officers in the American fleet, the German Admiral one day sent his flag-officer to put to Captain Chichester this question:

"In case the German fleet should find it necessary to protest against the Americans bombarding Manila, what action would be taken by the British?"

Captain Chichester is said to have replied:

"Say to Admiral Von Diederichs that he will have to call on Admiral Dewey to learn what the British ships will do in such an event. Admiral Dewey is the only man authorized to answer this question."

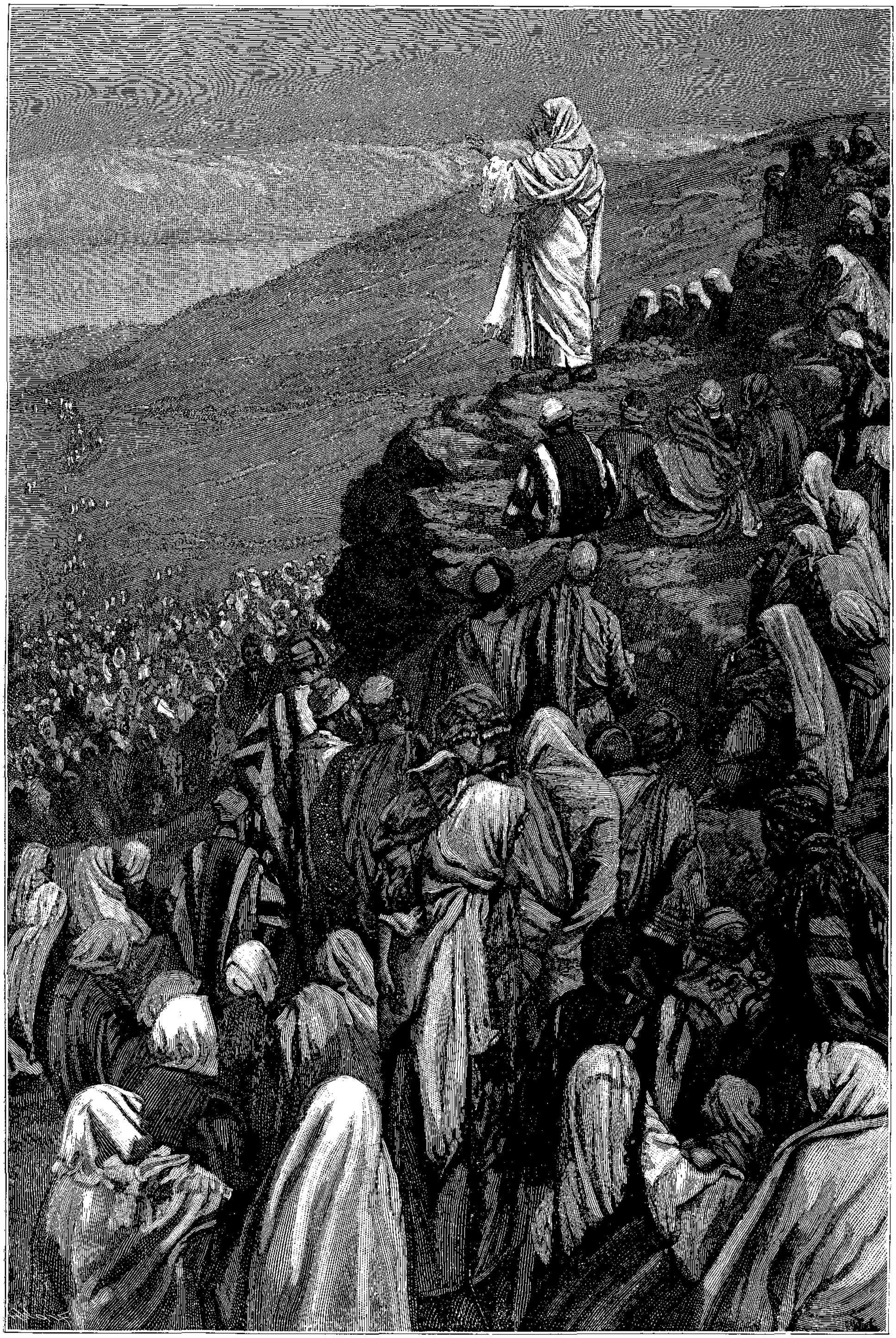
Admiral Dewey and General Merritt sent an ultimatum to the Captain-General in Manila on Sunday, August 7th, announcing that the American land and naval forces would move on the city at any time after August 10th. On Tuesday, the ships of the foreign fleets were ordered from the danger zone, and the German and French ships steamed down the bay to anchor almost out of sight of our vessels. The British had three warships in the harbor at the time, and the Japanese two, besides a number of merchant vessels put under the flags of these countries to serve as ships of refuge for British and Japanese citizens in Manila. These ships steamed across and came to anchor with our fleet off Cavite.

Early on the morning of Saturday, August 13th, our squadron cleared for action. Battle flags were run up at every mast and gaff, to be broken out when our ships started for Manila. The British cruiser "Immortalité" also got under way, and passed close astern of the "Olympia." Her men had manned the rigging; her officers were drawn up at attention on deck, and her band was stationed on the quarter-deck to give us a parting send-off. Just as the Englishman came alongside the "Olympia," the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," and every Briton cheered. After the "Star Spangled Banner," the band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Just at nine o'clock, our ships got under way, and stood across the bay for Manila and the last battle of the war with Spain. As the screws began turning, the order rang out, "Break out the battle flags," and the British tars cheered again in a way that let us know their sympathies were with us.

When the war was over and the peace protocol had put an end to all hostilities, our ships were despatched one at a time to Hong Kong to be docked. The "Olympia" was the first to go, and after she had come to anchor, the men were given the first shore liberty they had had in almost four months. They had plenty of money, and they started in to have a good time, sailor fashion. Every British sailor or soldier seen was impressed into the celebration, and there were in Hong Kong that night scenes of wild hilarity such as the city had not witnessed in many months. The "Kaiserin Augusta" was in the harbor at the time, and some of her sailors were ashore. A crowd of American sailors ran across them in a beer hall, and hostilities began at once. The Germans outnumbered the Americans three to one, and our sailors were having a hard time of it, when there was a shout from a crowd of British sailors who were passing. They immediately took our side, and the result was that the Germans were whipped very thoroughly. Two of them went to a hospital, and three more were carried aboard their ship on stretchers. When it was over, the American and British tars took the oath of brothers-in-blood, and they did not take it on unleavened bread and salt either.

Emilio Aguinaldo y Famy is the full name of the man who has led the Filipinos in their fight against the Spaniards and proclaimed himself President of the Filipino Republic. To Admiral Dewey he is Don Emilio. The Admiral has treated Aguinaldo with uniform courtesy, but he never has recognized him officially in any way. He has never called him General or President, and, what is more to the point, has never written him a letter which Aguinaldo can use in future to show that his operations were carried on with the consent of the Admiral. Aguinaldo came to Manila with twelve other Filipinos on the second trip of the "McCulloch" from Hong Kong. He went ashore at Cavite, and immediately began recruiting volunteers for the insurgent army. After the first day or two on shore, Aguinaldo established headquarters on the main street in Cavite, put out guards, and set up a government of his own. From that time on he worked independently of the Americans, and while Admiral Dewey gave him countenance, he gave him no aid except in allowing his people to take certain stores from the Cavite arsenal. The Admiral received Aguinaldo frequently both on shore and on shipboard. When he saw him on shore, he would stop inside the arsenal grounds and send for Aguinaldo to come to him. That was a small point of etiquette, but it was one which the Admiral always insisted upon. When Aguinaldo went on board the "Olympia," he was received with every courtesy, but not in his official capacity as President.

Aguinaldo has the most profound respect for Admiral Dewey. During the first two months of the blockade of Manila Bay, fresh provisions for our fleet had to be obtained from shore. The natives used to bring goods off in small boats, and every morning the port side of each vessel was surrounded by a crowd of native *banquos* offering eggs and chickens, bananas and mangoes to sailors and ships' stewards. One morning not a native boat was to be seen. Aguinaldo had ordered that no more supplies be taken off to the American ships. That day he sent one of his aids off to Admiral Dewey to ask for some favor. The Admiral referred to Aguinaldo's order, and pointing his finger at the frightened aid, said: "Tell Don Emilio for me, that this has got to stop, it has got to stop, it has got to stop." When Admiral Dewey says anything once he means it; when he says it twice he means it harder; but when he says it three times it has got to come or there will be a fight. Aguinaldo evidently knew this, for no sooner had his aid gone ashore than he came back as fast as the steam launch would carry him with the compliments of General Aguinaldo to Admiral Dewey and an assurance that it was all a mistake. From that time on the port gangway ladders were never free from natives with supplies.



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Engraved on wood, expressly for McClure's Magazine, by Henry Wolf, from the original painting by J. J. Tissot.

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